THE
Dean *of* COLERAINE.

A
MORAL HISTORY,

Founded on the

MEMOIRS

OF AN

ILLUSTRIOUS FAMILY in *Ireland.*

Tranſlated from the FRENCH.

In THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

WHatever may have been ſaid concerning the Taſte of this Age, I confeſs, for my own Part, that I have not obſerved any one good Writer who has failed of Succeſs. If bad Writers have alſo ſucceeded, it has been either from the Licentiouſneſs of their Works, with regard to Morality or Religion, or from the Satire and Detraction they contain'd. 'Tis not Depravity of Taſte, therefore, but Depravity of Heart, the Libertiniſm or Malignity of Mankind, that we ought to complain of in this and all other Ages.

If the Work I now publiſh ſhould not pleaſe that good Taſte which I own to exiſt, I ſhall at leaſt have this ſecret Satisfaction, that I choſe rather to renounce all Applauſe, than to ſeek it by Ways that I condemn. As the State of my Fortune does not permit me to write on Subjects that require Time and Tranquillity, I confine myſelf to Thoſe that are the moſt ſimple, *the moſt* virtuous, *and the moſt* agreeable. *Theſe three Characters ſuit extremely with my Situation; the firſt, becauſe it leſſens the Labour of Compoſing; the ſecond, becauſe it falls in with my Profeſſion and Principles; the third, becauſe by contributing to the Sale of the Work, it anſwers the chief End that I purſue in being an Author.*

All the three are ſo perfectly well united in this Hiſtory, that I cannot ſufficiently bleſs the good Fortune which threw the Materials of it into my Hands. It little imports my Readers, that I ſhould give them an exact Detail of this Incident: I need only inform them, that the Indulgence they have ſhewn to ſome of my former Works *of this Kind, made the Illuſtrious Brethren, whoſe Adventures I now preſent, believe I might touch over their Manuſcript to ſome Advantage. They required the greateſt Part of the proper Names to be kept concealed, which was almoſt the only Reſtriction they laid me under. For the reſt, I have made uſe of the Liberty they left me of retrenching certain domeſtic Particularities, which the Difference of Cuſtoms might have made to appear tedious, and perhaps ridiculous.*

I have ſo carefully huſbanded the Moral of my Tale, that a juſt Idea of the Author's Deſign muſt not be expected

pected in the first Volume. But, from the Judgment I have formed upon reading over the whole Work, I conceive that our Dean proposed to bring together, in the History of his own Family, all those Rules of Religion *that are reconcileable with the* Customs and Maxims of the World ; *in order to shew how far a Christian may conform to the latter, and at what Bounds he should stop. An Undertaking of this Nature will be thought of Importance, if the Execution answer the Grandeur of the Project. However that be, the Reader will remark, in the very Beginning, such Openings into the Characters of our three Brothers and their Sister, as will give him a Glimpse of what he is to expect in the Sequal.*

George *is an honest Man, but without any other Principles than those of Natural Morality. The Dean is a Christian of the first Order, rigorous even to Excess ; till acknowledging, at last, the Necessity in human Society of sometimes yielding to the Weakness of another, he seeks, with the Ballance of the Gospel in his Hand, all those Modifications and Mediums that Charity demands, and Christian Justice tolerates.* Patrick *and* Rose *seem to me two ambiguous Characters; good, but weak, and form'd as if on purpose to give the other two continual Occasion to exert their Virtues, and consequently to put in the clearest Light the Difference between two worthy Men, one of whom follows only the Maxims of this World, and the other those of Christianity.*

Will any one think, that a Design so serious can render my Subject susceptible of those Agreements which I have seem'd to promise? It would be Assurance indeed to tell the Reader, that he may depend upon my Performance : However, the Matter I have to work on appears to me so rich, that I am not afraid to exhort him once more to hope the best. Tho' I have not before so openly declared it, in all my other Works I had the same Point in View, as far as this Kind of Writing will admit. Whether I kept to it or no, and was at the same Time agreeable, I leave those to determine who have read The Life of Cleveland, *or* The Memoirs of the Marquis *de Bretagne.*

THE

THE PREAMBLE.

THEY who undertake to write either a general or particular Hiſtory, commonly put Pen to Paper from one of theſe three Motives: Either to raiſe a Name, in preſenting to the Publick a Relation worthy of their Attention, and conſequently capable of fixing the Author in their Eſteem as long as the Work maintains a Reputation: Or from ſome View of Self-Intereſt, which engages them to wiſh, that certain obſcure and doubtful Actions, wherein they have borne a Share, ſhould be laid open to the World in a Senſe not only honourable for themſelves, but favourable to their Party: Or, finally, to gratify ſome Reſentments of Ill-will, if they happen to have powerful Reaſons to bear an Animoſity againſt any Perſon; of Envy, if they look upon the Fortune or Reputation of another with an Eye of Jealouſy; or from a natural Malignity, if they have the Misfortune to be of ſuch a miſchievous Humour as to find Pleaſure in Detraction, which inceſſantly hurries People of that turn to vent the Poiſon of their Hearts by thoſe two dangerous Inſtruments, the Tongue and the Pen.

It is plain, that of theſe three Sources, two of them are ſuch, to which the Fidelity and Impartiality agreeable to Hiſtory ought not to give the leaſt Attention: for Truth has no Enemy to fear more powerful than unruly Paſſions, and perſonal Intereſts. As to the firſt Motive, although it carries the Appearance of leſs Suſpicion than the other two; becauſe it is in the main true, that the Love of Glory is a noble Spur, which may actuate the Soul of a Writer in the ſame Manner as that of an Hero, and provoke each of them in their Career to avoid every Thing tending to caſt a Blemiſh on a Deſign ſo excellent. Yet I am not ſatisfied whether this Ardour itſelf of deſiring to merit the Applauſe of the Publick, ought not to create in us a Fear, that an Hiſtorian who propoſes to himſelf no other Aim, may not nevertheleſs be tempted to deviate from the ſtrait Path of Truth. As plain Truth is not always acceptable, it is no eaſy Taſk for one, who is upon every Occaſion deſirous of pleaſing, to contain himſelf within Bounds ſo ſtrict as he has laid down for his own Conduct; at leaſt he will be apt to diſguiſe if he be not capable of altering the Truth. One may paint and imbelliſh a Subject over much; and ſet it off with too many Graces; and, which makes it more pernicious, the Diſguiſe is laid on with ſo much the more Art in Proportion to the Intention of pleaſing; yet the Author muſt maintain certain Appearances of Sincerity, without which he may ſoon bid adieu to his Reputation. And this Manner of deſtroying Truth, as it is the moſt ſubtle, ſo it is in the main the moſt dangerous.

It follows from hence, that we ſhould have few faithful Hiſtories, if theſe were the only three Mo-

tives that without Reſerve could engage an Hiſtorian to take up the Pen. But I have not yet mentioned one Motive, which is infinitely more elevated than the moſt noble of the other three, and which without Doubt is only capable of exalting an Hiſtorian to that Degree of Perfection, as to make him regarded for a Pattern: I mean, *an Appetite of rendering himſelf profitable.* The whole is ſo well couched in theſe few Words, that there is no Neceſſity of any further Explanation of them for ſuch who can comprehend the plain Meaning of the Words.

Having ſaid thus much, ſhall I dare to advance further, that *Utility* is my Motive in this Undertaking? And ſhall not I accuſe myſelf at the firſt ſetting out of aſpiring to a Perfection which ſurpaſſes my Strength? I anſwer, that in aſcribing ſo much Virtue to the *Appetite of rendering one's ſelf uſeful*, I ſuppoſe, that ſuch Perſon has for a Foundation all the natural and acquired Abilities neceſſary in every Reſpect to form a good Writer; and unfortunately theſe are not at all the Things of which I can boaſt any Share. I may therefore affirm, that though I have Ideas juſt enough of the Particulars neceſſary for the Perfection of the Work I have undertaken, yet my Talents are far inferior to my Deſign. Nevertheleſs, the Motive engaging me is juſt what I have mentioned, and I am ſo fully perſuaded that it is proper to form good Hiſtorians, when they find themſelves ſupported with good Qualities, in which I am deficient, that I verily believe that alone is capable of affording a Supply to the Meanneſs of my Parts. If I have not imparted to me the Beauty of Imagination, which is a Gift of Nature, and the Graces of Style, which are moſt commonly the Effects of Art, yet to make ſome

Amends, I ſhall be ſincere in my Relation, modeſt in my Expreſſions, and not only prudent and reaſonable, but ſolidly Chriſtian in the Principles of my Moral. I ſhall forbear either to approve of or flatter Vice even in the Perſons who have been the moſt dear to me, and I ſhall endeavour to turn the moſt profane Events to the Inſtruction of Youth, and the Edification of People of all Ages and Conditions, and conſequently to the Honour of Heaven and Advantage of human Society.

THE

DEAN of *COLERAINE.*

BOOK I.

THE Hiſtory I give the Publick is rather that of my two Brothers and Siſter, than my own. I was advanced into my fortieth Year, and the Profeſſion I had embraced ſeemed to promiſe me as much Tranquillity for the Remainder of my Life, as I had to that Time enjoyed. An Eccleſiaſtical Benefit of a moderate Income, a commodious Habitation, a Caſt of Mind and Inclinations which gave me a Taſte for the Duties of my Employment, a great Love for Retirement and Study, were the Foundations of my Fortune and Repoſe; and as it was Choice that diſpoſed me to this Kind of Life, there was not the leaſt Appearance, that I could be weary of a Condition, with which I was ſo well ſatisfied.

Nature had given me one Advantage, which I voluntarily ſlighted. I was the firſt-born of my Family: but I muſt not conceal the Reaſons that made me renounce this Pre-eminence, and by which Heaven happily inſpired me in a good Hour with a Hatred for the World and a Taſte for Solitude. I

was born with three Defects, from which all the Application and Remedies of Art could not ſet me free. My Legs were bowed and crooked, and bore no bad Reſemblance in Shape to the two Crotchets of a Parentheſis; yet they were ſtrong and robuſt enough, and of an equal Length not to be any Impediment to my walking upright. To add to this Infirmity, I had a Bunch on my Back, and a Counterpoiſe of the ſame Sort and Bulk before; and, to compleat my Diſgrace, my Face was diſfigured by two large Warts regularly planted above my Eyes, which ſpreading on my Forehead appeared like two horns; add to this, that my Head was exceeding large, my Waiſt full, thick, bundled together, and extremely ſhort: in fine, my whole Figure ſeemed to deſtine and mark me out for ſome other State than the World, where Raillery much leſs ſpares the Imperfections of the Body, than the Vices and Irregularities of the Soul.

I therefore did myſelf Juſtice from the firſt Moment I began to know myſelf, and I had at leaſt this Satisfaction in forming the Deſign of renouncing the World, that my Deſires ſquaring with my Neceſſities, I had not any Violence in bringing myſelf to a Submiſſion. However, my Mother having died in giving me Life, my Father found ſo little Inclination to a ſecond Marriage, that this Reaſon for a long time put a Stop to his granting me the Liberty of entering into the Eccleſiaſtical State. He loved me, yet had need of all his paternal Indulgence to find me amiable. He laboured to diminiſh the ill Opinion I had of my ſelf, and often inculcated to me, that my Wit and Judgment (of which he aſſured me I had a larger Proportion than was common to thoſe of my Age) would ſupply the Advantages which Nature had refuſed me; and when I inſiſted on the Exceſs of my Deformity, he would anſwer in Raillery, that his Deſign was to marry me in good Time, to the End I might give him grand Children leſs diſagreeable than myſelf. In ſhort, when I had attain'd to my ſixteenth Year he look'd out for a Wife for me, without giving me Notice of the great Pains he took in the Search.

He

He then found out one, perhaps the moſt beautiful young Lady in the whole Province, and continuing to leave me in Ignorance of his Reſolution, he one Day carried me with him to viſit her. I ſaw there a moſt bewitching Creature; but what I thought moſt ſurpriſing, after the Picture I have drawn of myſelf, I found her ſo full of Complaiſance and Kindneſs for me, that I could have wiſhed not only to have felt a Paſſion for the Lady, but to have merited her's.

Ambition produced in her Heart the ſame Effect as Love. She was of a Birth inferior to mine, and my Father having prepoſſeſſed her with the Deſign of our Viſit, ſhe gave leſs Attention to my perſonal Qualities, than to the Title of Counteſs, which ſhe flatter'd herſelf ſhe ſhould enjoy in becoming my Spouſe. Our Houſe, though extremely fallen from its ancient Splendour, yet held one of the firſt Ranks for Quality in the County of *Antrim*. We traced our Original to the famous *Donald O Neal*, who in former Times was King of that Part of *Ireland*, which we call *Cuid Guilly*, and to which the *Engliſh* give the Name of *Ulſter*. In Truth every Thing had changed its Face, ſince *Cromwell* and *Ireton* put the finiſhing Hand to the Reduction of our unhappy Country to Slavery; and the Rigour of the Yoke being laid indifferently upon the Nobles and People, there were few Families that had not a feeling Senſe of the publick Calamity. Add to this Miſchief, that our Family having continued faithful to the ancient Religion was another Obſtacle, which took from my Father all thoſe Advantages that he might have drawn from his Birth, and alſo carried the Appearance of bereaving him of all Hopes of Fortune for his Poſterity. Notwithſtanding, we continued to maintain ſome Remains of Diſtinction in our Country, and comforted ourſelves under the Diſgraces wherein the *Engliſh* held us, by conſidering, that we yet found ourſelves not baniſhed but ſtill among our Countrymen. Our Subſtance, of which we had loſt the greater Part in the late Wars, was yet ſufficient to provide us an honourable Maintenance, in compariſon at leaſt with

other Noblemen of the Province, who had been almoſt intirely ſtripped naked by the Avarice and Cruelty of the Conquerors.

My Father, having obſerved with Pleaſure, that my Deformity did not at all diſguſt the Lady whom he deſigned for my Spouſe, thought the Succeſs of his Project infallible; ſince he could not imagine that any Difficulties would ariſe from my Reſiſtance. I cannot really tell how it fell out, that I ſhould remain inſenſible to ſuch an Abundance of Charms; for in ſpight of my Temper, which was naturally ſerious, I had always a Heart ſuſceptible of Tenderneſs and Love. But I was apparently chill'd by the ſtrong Impreſſion which my perſonal Imperfections made on me; or rather Heaven, which called me to another Vocation, was watchful over my Mind, to prevent in it any Softneſſes. Whatever it was, nothing could equal my Father's Surpriſe, when having diſcovered his Views of matching me into this Houſe, he found, that I rejected all his Offers, and proteſted that my Reſolution was to live a ſingle Life. In vain did he renew his Inſtances, and reiterate the ſame Commands. All he could obtain from my Obedience was, to bear him company in ſome other Viſits to the ſame Place. I was received there with the ſame Air of Satisfaction, and my Intentions appearing to be ſufficiently underſtood by thoſe of my Father, ſhe continued to treat me with a Goodneſs, which made the Temptation very dangerous. Nevertheleſs, in the very midſt of the Peril, and it may be in the Moment when it was moſt urgent, ſince I was then alone with the beautiful Creature who occaſioned it, I formed a moſt extraordinary Deſign, the Succeſs of which hath made me thankful to Heaven for having inſpired me with it.

Upon Occaſion of ſome Queſtions which ſhe aſked me concerning the Age and Health of my Father, I told her, that being yet under forty Years old, and enjoying a perfect Health, it was ſtrange that he ſhould be ſo determinately bent againſt Marriage, which nevertheleſs was an Engagement abundantly more ſuitable

able for him than me; that Self-love did not at all hinder me from opening my Eyes upon my Imperfections, and confeſſing, that my Heart and my Perſon would be but a ſorry Preſent for a Lady of her Merit; that the Juſtice which I knew how to do my ſelf, and the ſincere Eſteem I had for her, made me with Reaſon fear that ſhe did herſelf Violence in ſuffering my Preſence and Converſation; in fine, that it were to be wiſhed for her Sake, and for the Intereſt of our Houſe, that my Father, inſtead of offering me, had himſelf made a Tender of his Heart and Hand unto her: I added, that if ſhe could reliſh this Overture, and lend a helping Hand to my Project, I did not at all deſpair of bringing it to a good Iſſue. And obſerving that my Propoſal had thrown her into a little Embarraſment, I intreated her to unfold herſelf freely, and to depend intirely upon my Sincerity and Honour. Having pondered on the Matter for a Moment, ſhe made me an Anſwer, which did not leave me the leaſt Room to doubt of her true Sentiments. She ſaid, that ſhe took my Addreſſes as a very high Honour, but ſince I had ſo little Taſte for Matrimony, ſhe found herſelf ſo prepoſſeſſed in Favour of our Houſe, that ſhe would freely accept of my Father's Hand, if ſhe could not obtain that of his Son. I diſcovered an infinite Joy to find her in this Diſpoſition. Thus, being perſuaded of my Sincerity, ſhe made no Difficulty of committing to me the Care of her Intereſts, and of promiſing that ſhe would ſpare nothing on her Part to give her Power of triumphing over the Indifference of my Father.

As the ſole Reaſon that eſtranged him from Women was the Remembrance of my Mother, whom he had loved paſſionately, it was no difficult Taſk for a young Lady, bleſſed with as much Wit as Beauty, and who made it her Study to appear amiable in his Eyes, to efface thoſe Ideas, which Time alone ought before now to have enfeebled. I ſeconded her beſides with all my Power, and I had two Cauſes for my Zeal, which were pretty near equal;

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the Deſire of ſeeing my Father happy by a new Marriage, and the Fear of being myſelf obliged to enter into that State, if he ſhould perſiſt in his firſt Reſolutions. By Force then of Importunity and Application I acquired not only a Stepmother, who during the whole Courſe of her Life highly merited my Reverence and Affection, but alſo Liberty to follow my Inclination of embracing the Eccleſiaſtical State, to which I had the Call of Heaven. In the firſt Year of this happy Marriage the Almighty gave me a Brother, and his Birth was as it were a Signal for the Permiſſion I obtained of entering into a new Courſe of Life.

I got my Father's Conſent to go to *Carrick fergus*, and apply myſelf to a more regular Courſe of Study under the Care of ſome *Romiſh* Eccleſiaſticks, who there privately taught the Divine and Human Sciences. I ſpent many Years there, and did not return to my Father's Houſe until I had received Holy Orders from the Catholick Archbiſhop of *Armagh*. Being irretrievably engaged to the Service of Heaven, I conſidered the Choice of two Sorts of Employments, to which a *Romiſh* Prieſt might apply himſelf in *Ireland*. Since the Reformation had become the prevailing Religion in *Ireland*, there were few Towns in it, or even Villages, which were intirely made up of Catholicks: Nevertheleſs, there were yet a Number ſufficient to form from an Union of divers Places ſome conſiderable Pariſhes, which are ordinarily under the Conduct of a Parſon or a Dean, and ſometimes even of many Prieſts. In other Places of the Kingdom, where it would be difficult enough to reckon two Catholicks among an hundred Proteſtants, they received no other ſpiritual Succour than from travelling Miſſionaries, who imploy their Zeal from Town to Town, either to comfort the ſmall Number of the Faithful, or to reclaim to the *Roman* Communion ſuch Proteſtants as they may gain over by their private Exhortations: But they have need of great Circumſpection to contain themſelves within the Bounds allowed by the Laws; and if they are of the Regular Clergy, they cannot take one ſingle Step that does not

not expoſe them to Puniſhment; becauſe their very Entrance into the Realm is forbidden under the Penalty of Death. Having then the Choice of either of theſe two Parties, I might poſſibly have followed the Motions of my Zeal, that made me look upon the ſecond as the moſt laborious and moſt apoſtolick; but the redoubled Inſtances of my Father and my Stepmother ſtopped me ſhort againſt my Inclinations, and fixed me in a Pariſh the neareſt to their Manſion-Houſe.

This was a little Town called *Killerine* or *Coleraine*, ſeated on the River *Bann*, at the Extremity of the County of *Antrim*, and dependant on the Juriſdiction of the Biſhop of *Londonderry*. The *Romiſh* Religion had been ſo well preſerved in this Place, that the much greater Part of the Inhabitants made an open Profeſſion of it. The Clergy were numerous there, and the Dean, who was their Head, had a Reſpect pay'd him little inferior to a Biſhop. I engaged myſelf to this Town, having firſt received the Miſſion of the Archbiſhop of *Armagh*; and I lived there many Years in profound Quiet, dividing my Time between the Functions of my calling and the Study of the Holy Scriptures. Ten Years had paſſed over in this Tranquillity, when the Dean happening to die, my Birth, and the Rank in which my Father ſtood, made them caſt their Eyes on me to fill that Dignity. I was obliged to ſubmit to the Choice, notwithſtanding the Weakneſs of my Talents, and to renew my Endeavours at leaſt of employing in the Execution of my Duty all the Ardour and Application of which I was capable.

During this Time Heaven had continued to ſhed its Bleſſings upon my Father's Marriage; his Spouſe brought him a ſecond Son five Years after the Birth of the firſt, and a Daughter two Years after that. They all three ſo happily ſhared the Gifts of Nature, that ſhe ſeemed to ſtudy to make a Sort of a Reparation to our Family for her Rigour to me. *George*, who was the eldeſt, at the Age of Fifteen paſſed for a Man the beſt made, and of the moſt a-

greeable Air in our Province. His Brother *Patrick*, though not ſo tall nor robuſt, yet drew more Attention to him by the extraordinary Beauty of his Face, and the Graceſulneſs of his whole Form. As for their Siſter, whoſe Name was *Roſe*, nothing had been for a long Time ſeen in the County of *Antrim* ſo perfect and amiable. I ſaw them grow up with Admiration, and I ſometimes aſked my Father if he repented his leaving me at liberty to embrace an Eccleſiaſtical State, and of charging himſelf with the Care of providing Heirs for himſelf. The Land whereon he made his Reſidence, being near enough to *Coleraine*, I had the Liberty of going there often; and without neglecting the Duties of my Function, I watched over the Education of his Children, who were as dear to me as to him. I took his two Sons by Turns to my Houſe, to begin the forming of their Minds and Manners, and to fit them for purſuing the uſual Courſe of Studies in *Trinity College*, * *Dublin*. They there diſtinguiſhed themſelves by their Application and the Progreſs they made in the Sciences. Heaven at this Time took their Mother to itſelf; but although this Loſs made my Father deſirous of calling them Home about him, yet I prevailed on him to let them continue where they were, to finiſh the Courſe of their Studies; and *Roſe* and I took on us the Care of aſſuaging his Grief. At laſt they returned from *Dublin* ſuch as I wiſhed them to be, that is to ſay, filled with Judgment and Sentiments becoming their Birth, and their Bodies and Minds ſufficiently formed to do Honour to thoſe who had the Care of their Education.

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* *This Scene muſt be in the Reign of King* James *the ſecond, who changed the College from a* Proteſtant *to a* Popiſh *Foundation, and when thoſe of the latter Communion were admitted to ſtudy there.*

Not-

Notwithſtanding ſo many Advantages, their Parts and Behaviour ſeemed to be unprofitable. Religion was an Obſtacle, which perſonal Merit could not vanquiſh; inſomuch that with all the Qualifications which uſually give a Diſtinction in the World, they were, like their Father, condemned to lead a private Life in the County of *Antrim*, and confine themſelves to domeſtick Buſineſs. This Reaſon, which I always had in View, was the Thing which obliged me in a more particular Manner to give them a Taſte for the Sciences; thinking that they would in them at leaſt find a virtuous and agreeable Remedy againſt the Irkſomeneſs of Idleneſs. The Want of civil Imployments, from which their Religion abſolutely ſecluded them, was not all; they could have no Hopes of advancing themſelves in the Army: But I was not ignorant to what Perils they might be expoſed by Ambition; and the Examples of a great Number of Lords, who would not have changed their Religion but from this Motive, made me apprehenſive enough what I had to fear from them. My Father entred with me into theſe Sentiments, and we concluded to forbear at leaſt for ſome Time from employing them in the World, till the Times ſhould be a little more free, and a Reign more favourable to the *Roman* Religion than that of King *William*.

In this Manner they ſpent many Years, ſometimes in Study, ſometimes in the Diverſions of the Field, and other innocent Amuſements, which they could procure in a Province removed far from Court, and at a Diſtance from great Towns. They came often to *Coleraine*, and I pay'd them frequent Viſits at their Eſtate. If I had as much Tenderneſs for them as my Father, they in Return bore as much Reſpect and Friendſhip to me as they did to him. There never was a Family better united, and more Harmony. We ſpent our Lives in ſuch ſweet Tranquillity, that nothing but Self-love could buſy us in wiſhing for a Change. Beſides, we hitherto appeared to be very much eſtranged from all thoſe Schemes

that

that could trouble our Repoſe; although, to ſpeak freely, I had already made ſome Remarks, which had given me a good Inſight into thoſe Things which I feared would come to paſs.

Notwithſtanding the continual Calm in which we lived, I had Occaſion more than once to penetrate into the Bottom of the Characters of my Brothers and Siſter. Their natural Inclinations diſcovered themſelves in order to betray them. In their Opinions, in the Choice of their Pleaſures, in the very Object of their Studies, I had room to obſerve that my two Brothers did not always agree in Sentiments; and that this Diſagreement proceeded from a Difference in their Tempers. They had both of them a great deal of Wit, but the tempering of that Metal (if I may be allowed ſuch a Metaphor) was not at all the ſame. *George* had a Wit more piercing than juſt; or rather, being naturally daring and peremptory, he had got a Habit of judging of every Thing at the firſt View, as if his Penetration had ſpared him the Labour and Slowneſs of ſifting the Argument; and though it often fell out that he found himſelf in Miſtakes, he drew from the ſame Principle an extreme Attachment to his firſt Sentiments: Inſomuch that it was no eaſy Matter to bring him to own that he was in the wrong. Another Effect of the ſame weak Side was, that every Thing that preſented itſelf to him in a briſk and ſparkling Form, and conſequently laid a ſtrong Hold of his Wit and Imagination, could not much fail of ſtrongly prepoſſeſſing him on either Side of the Queſtion. So that the firſt Impreſſion went a great way with him in determining the whole Argument. From this Diſpoſition it happened, that notwithſtanding his Retirement and the Tranquillity of his Occupations, he nouriſhed ſecretly in his Heart an ardent Love for the World, of which he had got ſome Taſte in *Dublin*, and which he had figured to himſelf more flattering from the Ideas repreſented to him in his reading. The Nobility of his Birth, the Misfortune to be born in ſuch a Country as *Ireland*, his continual

Wiſhes

Wiſhes for ſome happy Revolution to bring about a Change in the Government, as well as in his own Fortune, ſuch were the ordinary Subjects of his Converſation and Thoughts. His Library was made up of nothing but hiſtorical Works, ſerious Hiſtories or Romances; he had the ſame Taſte for every Thing that could help to augment in his Imagination this Phantom of the World, with which he was charmed, yet in other Reſpects he was in all his Sentiments good, ſincere, generous, ſober, intrepid, and, in one Word, furniſhed with every Quality neceſſary to form an honeſt Man in the common Acceptation of the Words.

Patrick, though he was five Years younger, was of a Character much more difficult to penetrate. Although nothing was ſo amiable and ſo prepoſſeſſing as his Form, nothing alſo appeared more ſweet, and more complaiſant and flexible than his Humour. He was always in a Diſpoſition to oblige; to ſubmit and acknowledge the Merit of others, and the Truth of their Sentiments; to condemn his own Opinion when he was brought to ſee his Error, and to teſtify his Gratitude to thoſe who did him ſo good an Office; and this he would do with ſo much Grace, and ſo little Affectation, that it was ſurpriſing to find ſuch an uncommon Docility in a young Man, in whom were equally united all the Accompliſhments of Wit and Perſon. But that which was difficult to underſtand in his Character was, that *Patrick* was as inſupportable to himſelf, as he appeared amiable in the Eyes of others. He could find nothing that was capable of giving him Satisfaction, or of making him reliſh one real Sentiment of Pleaſure. The moſt painful Occupations were no more to him than an Amuſement, which always left ſome Void to fill in the Bottom of his Heart. Whatever Delights he had the Art of diffuſing in Converſation, or in a Party of Pleaſure, he drew no Benefit to himſelf from thoſe things which created high Satisfaction in others. Under a gay and undiſturbed Countenance he carried a ſecret Fund of Melancholly

cholly and Inquietude, which would not ſuffer him to have a Senſe of any Thing but of himſelf, and which without Intermiſſion provoked in him a Longing for every Thing he wanted. Theſe devouring Wants, this Abſence of an unknown Good, were Impediments to his Happineſs. I have drawn this Picture of his Heart from a Copy which he himſelf has an hundred times given me in bitterly bewailing his own peculiar Lot. In fine, he was very exact in acquitting himſelf of the ordinary Duties of Society; yet he found himſelf often under Conſtraint from the Obſervances of Decorum. He voluntarily preferred Solitude to any Commerce with the World: his Books being his only Conſolation. A juſt and ſolid Argument, a happy Expreſſion, a delicate Turn, a Sentiment tender and well conducted, gave him more Pleaſure than all the Riches and Honours of the World; becauſe he found in them ſomething which ſerved at leaſt to tickle his Heart and his Reaſon for a Moment, and every Thing elſe gave him only Fatigue, and even inſpired him with Averſion and Diſguſt.

This is an exact Character of *Patrick*, ſuch as I have known him to be during the whole Courſe of his Life. However, I did not come at this Knowledge all of a ſudden. Upon his Return from the College of *Dublin*, I diſcovered by a cloſe Attention, that he had ſomething very extraordinary in his Character, but it took me up a good while throughly to unfold this very puzzling Riddle. By Force of my Obſervations I thought I had got Poſſeſſion of one Part of his Secret, and in the End I prevailed on him by Importunity and the moſt tender Marks of Friendſhip to ſuffer me clearly to read the Bottom of his Soul. He made me all the Diſcoveries which I wanted to unravel. His Diſeaſe, though of a Nature ſo ſtrange, did not appear to me to be without Remedy. I offered him then one, which without Doubt would from that Time have been proper to have wrought his Cure, if he had had Fortitude enough to reliſh the firſt Bitterneſs; but the Queſtion was how to ſubmit to ſome Violences, to which *Patrick* was not at that

time in the leaſt diſpoſed. I in vain attempted to make him comprehend, that what he looked upon as a Misfortune might poſſibly be a Favour from Heaven, that called him in an eſpecial Manner to the Service of God, and who did not ſend him the Trials of thoſe perpetual Afflictions, under which he groaned, for any other Reaſon than to give him a Longing for that only Good, to the Poſſeſſion of which the Repoſe of the Heart is attached. My Exhortations were at that Time unprofitable: Not that he had Occaſion to ſubdue in his Heart any Habits contrary to the common Duties of Religion; but he had not as yet any Taſte of that ſublime Virtue to which I exhorted him, and which I thought neceſſary for his Repoſe. We ſhall ſee by what Steps it pleaſed Heaven to conduct him to it.

If I had Occaſion of a little Study to ſift into the Bottom of the Characters of my Brothers, nothing in the World was ſo eaſy for me as to underſtand that of my Siſter. It was legible both in her Eyes and her Countenance. The happy Temperament of her Blood and Humours, which formed the Beauty of her Complexion, ſerved not only to render her Soul perpetually calm, but alſo to adorn her with a thouſand amiable Qualities, and to communicate as many Charms to her Mind, at it diffuſed outwardly over her whole Perſon. Sweet, complaiſant, extremely modeſt, as well regulated in her Deſires as in her Actions, nothing was ſo even as her Conduct and Temper. She had not as yet made Reflections, whether a Woman be proper for any Thing elſe than for the little Cares in which her Father held her employed; and I have ſometimes admired, how with that Fund of Wit, which I knew ſhe had, ſhe could ſo calmly contain herſelf within a Circle of childiſh Amuſements, leſs ſuitable to her Reaſon than to her Age. But this Simplicity proceeded from the Innocence of all her Sentiments. She was handſome without knowing it; ſhe pleaſed without intending it; and ſhe was indebted to herſelf alone for her Wit, though ſuperior to her Occupations; becauſe ſhe had no Acquaintance with that

of

of others. With Diſpoſitions ſo happy it ſeemed as if nothing elſe was to be expected from her but Modeſty and Virtue. For my Part, I was ſo perſuaded of it, that having had it often in my Thoughts to give her ſome Inſtructions more ſerious, and better proportioned to her natural Talents, I waved my Deſign for this Reaſon alone, that Innocence being the moſt happy Lot of a Virgin, it appeared to me to be uſeleſs, and might be dangerous in furniſhing her with Hints as little neceſſary for her Happineſs as her Virtue. Nevertheleſs, when ſhe had paſſed her fifteenth Year I fancied I perceived that her then Age had made ſome little Alteration in her. Whether the Converſation of my Brother *George* had extended her Ideas, or whether it was only the Effect of Nature, I obſerved more Vivacity in her Eyes, and abundantly leſs Simplicity in her Behaviour. Her Blood, which had been till then within a moderate Degree of Warmth, appeared now to fluſh out in Heat when a Party of Pleaſure was propoſed. She took a Taſte for Reading, but ſhe had her Books from *George*; and I one Day by Chance diſcovered, that he ſupplied her with none but Romances. I fell into Reproaches againſt them both. She promiſed me to abandon this trifling Occupation. I believe ſhe performed her Promiſe; but I could not help remarking more and more, that ſhe began to open her Eyes upon her own Merit, and was inſtructed in many Things of which before ſhe had no Notion.

I never went to their Houſe without renewing my Advice and Exhortations; which the Eſteem they had for me, and the Friendſhip that they knew I had for them, inured them to receive very freely. I alſo avoided with Care all ſevere and diſcouraging Airs. Moreover, my Father had intruſted to me the Conduct of his whole Family. They were acquainted with his Pleaſure upon that Head: inſomuch that this good Father being upon his Death-bed, they found no Pain in promiſing him during his laſt Moments to have always the ſame Docility in being governed by my Advice, and of maintaining the ſame Sentiments for me

me which they had for him. Nothing was ſo moving as theſe laſt Marks of Tenderneſs, with which he took a final Farewell of his afflicted Family. Having exacted from my Brothers and Siſter a Promiſe of reſpecting and obeying me during their whole Lives, he obliged me alſo by an abſolute Command to engage myſelf to them in holding the Place of a Father whom they were about loſing, and of regarding them always as the moſt dear Objects of my Affection and Care. He enjoined me to embrace them in his Preſence, to confirm our Promiſes by this Pledge of an inviolable Fidelity; and he embraced us himſelf one after another, bathing us with his precious Tears. He died at ſuch an Age, wherein Reaſon made him abandon Life without Regret, becauſe he had accuſtomed himſelf to conſider Death as a Tribute due to Nature: and he carried away the ſweet Conſolation of knowing that never Father had been more happy than he in the Reverence and ſincere Affection of all his Children.

How afflicting ſoever this Loſs was to us, it made no Change in our Affairs or Condition. *George* was paſt twenty-five Years old, and was now in the State of charging himſelf with the Conduct of a Family; and he did ſo indeed effectually, having firſt intreated me to yield him the uſual Aſſiſtance of my Counſels. We continued to live for ſome Months in a perfect good Underſtanding. *Patrick* was in his twentieth Year, and *Roſe* about ſeventeen. Their Conduct was prudent, and did not as yet give me any Diſappointment; for what I have already hinted of their Character was only (as I may call it) in the Seed, which yet had produced no Crop, nor diſcloſed itſelf to any other Eyes than mine. We appeared then more calm than ever; when by the ſecret Springs of Providence we had a future Lot prepared for us intirely different. Another Country, another Fortune, other Occupations, and other Cares; in fine, Adventures, Afflictions and Troubles without Number. It is from this Point that I properly begin our Story.

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Although Commerce was not at all in a flouriſhing State through all the Northern Parts of *Ireland*, and, except *Londonderry* and *Carrickfergus*, there were few Maritime Towns frequented by Strangers; however, we had now and then the Pleaſure of ſeeing ſome Merchant Ships arrive at the little Towns ſeated at the Mouths of Rivers. They drew from this Situation the Advantage of receiving directly their Wines, their Oils, and other Commodities which Nature had denied our Iſland. *Coleraine* being but a League from the Sea, from time to time received this Benefit by means of the River *Bann*, which waſhed its Walls. About a Year after the Death of my Father there arrived there a *French* Veſſel laden with a Cargo of Wine, the Captain of which had the Courteſy of making a Viſit to me, as to the Head of the Catholicks of that Town. His Name was *de Peſſes*, a young Man of an agreeable Face, and a Politeneſs uncommon in a Sea-faring Man. I received him with that Civility which I thought due to a Stranger, and particularly to *Frenchmen*; the People of which Country had for a long Time an Inclination to our Family, on account of the Language of their Nation, which my Brothers, my Siſter and I perfectly well underſtood, and we could not excuſe ourſelves from ſhewing ſome Affection for thoſe who ſpoke it. The Merit which I obſerved in Mr. *de Peſſes* was a freſh Reaſon for my deſiring to countenance his Intereſts. I entreated him to be no Stranger at my Houſe, and I not only did him all the Services neceſſary to his Affairs, but when I thought I was acquainted well enough with him to treat him with Confidence, I propoſed to him to make a Party with me to go ſee my Brothers and Siſter, and aſſured him that his Viſit would be agreeable: We took this Walk more than once; and Mr. *de Peſſes* gave them ſuch a Taſte at his firſt Acquaintance, that I was not well received by my Brothers nor by *Roſe* when they ſaw me arrive without him.

One may eaſily imagine that the Delights of *France* made a Part in all our Converſations, and that Mr. *de Peſſes* did not at all ſpare to draw us a Model of

of the charming Picture of a Country that gave him Birth. The inchanting Deſcription that he gave us of *Languedoc* and *Provence*, and of other Parts of the Realm, made them appear to us equal to the Abodes of Gods or Fairies. He had lived a long time at *Paris*; and every thing he related of that celebrated City excited our Admiration. Beſides, he gave his Recital with a good Grace; and *George* and *Roſe* were never weary in lending their Attention. Even the Inquietude of *Patrick* found ſome Relief from it; and this was the *Orpheus* that ſuſpended the Torments of *Siſiphus* and *Ixion*.

One Day, as they appeared charmed with his Diſcourſe, he took an Occaſion to ſay, in a more grave Tone, that he could not but be ſurpriſed, that Perſons of their Birth, their Age, and perſonal Qualities, had choſe to bury themſelves in a deſert Corner of *Ireland*, whilſt they had the Liberty of leaving it, and of ſpending a Life full of Pleaſures in the fineſt Country in the World; that for theſe twenty Years paſt he had carried over from our Iſland great Numbers of worthy People, who had but little Temptation to return, having once got a Taſte of the Charms of *France*; that of an infinite Number of Examples he would mention only that of Mr. *Dillon*, whom he had the Honour to know, and who was loaded with all ſorts of Favours immediately after his Arrival at *Verſailles*; that without counting upon the Way of riſing in the Army, to which this Gentleman had engaged himſelf, there were a thouſand other Paths to Fortune both at Court and at *Paris*; that a Stranger well born, and of a good Mien, could not fail of the Protection of the moſt generous Court and of the greateſt of all Kings, whoſe chief Subjects might be conſider'd as ſo many Princes, who by their Riches and Magnificence had the Advantage over a great Number of Sovereigns, and placed their Glory in following the Examples of Bounty and Generoſity which they were continually receiving from their Maſter; that as to thoſe who fail[illegible] of making a Fortune at Court, *Paris* preſented ſuch with inexhauſtible Reſources, that Gaming there

there alone every Day raiſed an incredible Number both of *French* and Strangers to great Opulence; that in every Quarter of that Town were gaming Ordinaries, or rather Fountains of Gold and Silver not to be drained, from whence the good Luck of one Moment might draw up wherewithal to enable one to paſs the longeſt Life happily; that an handſome well-made Man, who has no Taſte for Gaming, might yet with leſs Hazard procure himſelf an Eſtabliſhment by the means of Women; that the Old, the Young, Maids, and Widows, were equally Idolaters of a good Mien, and that a young Man with this ſort of Merit might, when he thought little of it, marry the richeſt Heireſs of *Paris*; that if the *French* Ladies had ſo great Foibles for the Men, the Nobility and Men of Wealth had yet more for the Women; that at Court, in the City, in the Country, a Perſon of the Merits of Miſs *Roſe* might aſſure herſelf of Adoration, that there was no Degree of Rank, of Riches, or of Fortune, that were above her Views, or rather that ſhe might not expect to ſee laid at her Feet; in fine, to give the finiſhing Stroke to this flattering Picture, Mr. *de Peſſes* added, that the Taſte for Arts, for Sciences, for Wit and Beauty, being in the higheſt Degree of Perfection in *France*, my Brothers and Siſter, who poſſeſs'd all thoſe Talents united, ought not to be permitted to bury themſelves in *Ireland*, and to rob his Country of the Satisfaction that all the World would find Cauſe to admire in them.

Whether this Diſcourſe was uttered with a ſerious View, or proceeded only from a Politeneſs common to the *French*, I obſerved that it made a deep Impreſſion upon my Brothers and Siſter. *George* looked ſucceſſively on *Patrick* and *Roſe* with an Eye that ſeemed to conſult their Approbation; and I thought I ſaw in their Eyes ſuch an Anſwer as *George* required. In the mean time, as they found an Embarraſment in explaining themſelves, they at firſt avoided to make a direct Anſwer to the Propoſals and Flatteries of Mr. *de Peſſes*. In fine, *George*, wearied with doing himſelf ſuch Violence, caſt his Eyes again on his Bro-

Brother and Siſter, to aſſure himſelf of their Conſent, and turning to me: I am very backward, ſays he, in applying to myſelf all that is flattering in the Compliments of Mr. *de Peſſes*, and of promiſing myſelf all the Advantages which his Civility makes us hope for; but ſince ſo many others have paſſed into *France*, and have been well received there, why may not we follow their Examples, ſince it is certain we are obliged to do ſo by the ſame Reaſons? He then aſked what I myſelf thought of the Project.

I confeſs I found myſelf in my turn under ſome Confuſion, ſince upon the whole, the Silence of the two others convinced me that they had the ſame Sentiments as their Brother. I too well knew the Bottom of their Characters, to ſuffer myſelf to be deceived. My Siſter redden'd with Joy at the Time that Mr. *de Peſſes* had aſſured her with an Air of Flattery, that ſhe ſhould be adored in *France*, and that there was no Country in the World where more Juſtice was done to the Merit of Women. *George* was dazzled with the brilliant Picture he had drawn of *Paris*, and of the Court, and upon the whole, with the Eaſe by a little Induſtry of finding Means there of elevating himſelf to Riches and Honours. In Truth, the Example of Mr. *Dillon* was ſeducing. This Gentleman, with whom he had been educated in *Dublin*, and who was neither richer, nor of a better Family than we, had not at all any other Title than *George* to aſpire to Court Favours. In fine, I plainly perceived, that theſe gaming Ordinaries where they play'd ſo high, and where the moſt unfortunate might hope to become rich at laſt, if Fortune did but favour them for a Moment, had put the finiſhing Hand to the gaining over of *George*, and did not ſuffer him from that Time to look upon *Ireland* but with Contempt.

As to *Patrick*, it was enough to propoſe any thing to him under a Shape of Novelty, to inſpire him with a Deſire for it; not indeed that he conceived any ſtrong Taſte for what he began to deſire, but becauſe being

being diſguſted with all that he poſſeſſed, his Heart promiſed him more Satisfaction in a Change.

The only Anſwer which I gave to them and to Mr. *de Peſſes* turned upon the Difficulties of ſuch a Propoſal. A Project of this Importance, ſays I, cannot be executed ſo eaſily as it is formed. You do not at all conſider what it is to abandon one's Country to paſs into an unknown Land, where one may be uncertain of finding Support and Protection. Do you believe that one can live on nothing in *France?* And without reckoning the neceſſary Charges of the Voyage, how do you flatter yourſelves to gain a Supply for your firſt Expences on your Arrival at *Paris?* When you reflect on ſelling your Patrimony here, you know well that this is not a Buſineſs very eaſily to be accompliſhed in *Ireland*; and ſuppoſing you have an Opportunity of diſpoſing of it, you cannot draw from it near the Value. They had nothing to reply to Objections of ſuch Weight: But if they were not prepared to yield to them at firſt, it was no more than to have the Opportunity of meditating at Leiſure on the Means of coming to a Reſolution. In Effect, in a few Days after, my Brother *George* took an Occaſion to ſpeak to me in private, and told me that having maturely deliberated with *Patrick* and his Siſter, and drawn from Mr. *de Peſſes* all the Lights that might favour their Project, they were confirmed in the Reſolution of quitting *Ireland*; that indeed they were at firſt cooled by my Objections, but that it depended on him alone to defeat them; that if I would not only conſent to their Departure, but become the Head of their Enterprize and Guide of the Voyage, they did not at all apprehend the Difficulties which I had forecaſted; that he could not find many Obſtacles to the ſelling of our Patrimony, ſince the Queſtion was in fixing an Eſtabliſhment more agreeable and advantageous in a charming Country, where they took a Glory in treating Strangers with Civility, and where the Example of a great Number of our Countrymen ſeemed to invite us; that as to the little Money we could draw from our Lands, it would ſuffice not only for our Voyage, but for ſupporting us commodiouſly at *Paris*, until Providence, and the Generoſity

of the *French* had found out ſome Occaſion of employing us; that as to me, having paſſed all my Life to good Purpoſe in Study, I need not at all doubt but the Clergy of *France* would treat me with Diſtinction, and quickly give me an Opportunity of exerciſing my Talents; that we could eaſily find a way to diſpoſe of our Siſter, either by marrying her at *Paris*, where they ſay Beauty is an infallible Road to Fortune, or in preferring her honourably to ſome Lady of the firſt Diſtinction; that as to himſelf and *Patrick*, they had each of them a Sword, and by the Favour of Heaven enough of good Blood in their Veins to open to themſelves an honourable Road in the Profeſſion of Arms, if nothing preſented more advantageous for their Eſtabliſhment; that they required only, that I ſhould continue to aſſiſt them as a Father, as I had hitherto done with extreme Goodneſs, and they had ſo much Confidence in my Wiſdom and Affection, that they promiſed themſelves all Sorts of good Fortune under my Conduct.

The Air with which he accompanied this Diſcourſe, gave me to underſtand more than his Reaſons, that it was abſolutely determined we ſhould part, and that I ſhould get nothing by combating this Reſolution. My Confuſion was exceeding great. I could not ſay, that the Choice they had a mind to make was not advantageous for their Fortune, and that, at the Age they were of, with ſo little Hopes of being employed in *Ireland* or *England*, they had not good Reaſon to think of ſettling in ſome Catholick State; But I could not at all diſcover that my Intereſts were the ſame, nor conſequently that I ought to ſuffer myſelf to be ſway'd by the ſame Motives. If I gave ear to nothing but my own Inclinations, I was ſatisfied with my Benefice, and Ambition had not yet made me form other Views. If I conſulted my Duty, it appeared to me, that being engaged to a Flock, which Providence had committed to my Charge, I could not abandon it without Infidelity. I ſaw Miſſionaries every Day arrive in *Ireland* from *France* and the *Low-Countries*, who forſook their Country merely out of

Zeal for Religion, and who came to employ all their Lives either in the Inſtruction of Catholicks or the Converſion of Proteſtants. Ought I then to ſhew leſs Zeal than Strangers for the Salvation of my Countrymen? Conſiderations ſo juſt ſhould have detained me in *Ireland* in ſpight of myſelf, if I had any Propenſion to quit it; and they ſtill became ſtronger, when joined to the Taſte I naturally had for my Reſidence at *Coleraine*, and for the Duties of my Employment.

In the mean time, having made ſome new and unprofitable Efforts to perſuade my Brothers and Siſter to change their Deſign, I found myſelf extremely divided between my Tenderneſs for them and the Reaſons that ought to have ſtay'd me. To ſuffer them to go alone, and abandon them to themſelves, was another kind of Crime, of which I did not think myſelf capable. I recalled in my Memory the laſt Will of a dying Father, and the ſolemn Promiſes by which we were engaged in his Preſence, they to reſpect and obey me, and I to aſſiſt them with my Cares and Counſels. This Engagement was the moſt ſacred of all my Duties. I moreover reflected, that the Bonds of Nature of themſelves outweighed all other Obligations, and that if the Love of our Neighbour be commanded by the Goſpel, it is doubtleſs with a juſt Proportion, by which the different Degrees of Proximity ought always to be regulated. I had nothing ſo near to me as my Brothers and Siſter; I loved them tenderly; they merited my Affection. Add to this, that from their Characters, with which I was well acquainted, they had all three very near an equal Neceſſity for a Guide, at leaſt till they arrived at that Age, when the Heat of their Paſſions ſhould abate. In fine, this laſt Conſideration turned the Ballance in their Favour. It is certain, ſaid I to them, I owe more to you than to all the World beſides: But this is to ſuppoſe that your Affection ſhall always be ſuitable to mine, and that you will religiouſly obſerve my Advice, ſince this is the Motive that makes you deſire my Company. They promiſed

promiſed me this with Joy. In conſenting alſo to accompany them, I took another Reſolution, with which I was ſo much the more ſatisfied, as it ſerved in ſome Meaſure to reconcile all my Duties; and that was, not to abandon abſolutely my Benefice, and to make my Departure conſider'd only as a Journey of a ſhort Duration, which I had undertaken only to conduct my Family into *France:* I committed the Care of my Flock into the Hands of my Vicar. My Intention in reality was ſome time or other to reſume this dear Charge, and to return into *Ireland* as ſoon as my Preſence ſhould ceaſe to be neceſſary to my Brothers and Siſter. But Heaven provided for me another Lot, which it held concealed from me under the undiſcoverable Veils of Futurity. I was going to commence a Courſe of Life the moſt ſtrange in the World, and of which there had not been ſeen an Example in a Man of my Character and Profeſſion, and to find myſelf as it were conſtrained to follow by a Chain of Adventures ſo extraordinary, that they well deſerve the Pains which I have taken in writing them, in order to render them more profitable for the Inſtruction of the Publick.

George ſpared no Pains in finding readily a favourable Opportunity of ſelling the Eſtate of our Anceſtors. In a Country leſs deſolate than *Ireland* it would have been poſſible to have raiſed enough to have aſſured us of an honourable Support in whatever Part of *Europe* we had choſen our Sanctuary; but all things at that Time bore ſuch a vile Price through our miſerable Province, that it was difficult to make three thouſand Piſtoles of what could not be worth leſs than ten thouſand. We could not in like Manner get rid of ſome Country Concerns which were in the Neighbourhood of *Coleraine*; inſomuch that being under a Neceſſity of abandoning them intirely, I could find no other Expedient but to commit them to the Truſt of the ſame Eccleſiaſtick to whom I had confided the Care of my Flock. He took the Charge of them, with the Liberty of turning them to the beſt Account for his own Profit, and without other Condition than to deli-

ver them up faithfully to thoſe who ſhould re-demand them by an Authority from us.

Our Departure was not long deferred. My Brothers agreed with Mr. *de Peſſes* to take the Advantage of his Veſſel for our Paſſage; and he worthily promiſed that in our Favour he would land us at *Dieppe*, from whence the Journey is but ſhort and eaſy to *Paris*. We happily reached this Port. Mr. *de Peſſes* came on Shore with us out of Complaiſance, and his Company procured us an Adventure ſo advantageous, that we drew from it the moſt happy Omens for the Remainder of our Enterprize. Paſſing the Evening with us in the Inn where we took up our Lodging, he eſpied a *French* Merchant of his Acquaintance, with his Wife, whom he alſo knew, and ſome Children with them. He ſaluted them kindly, but the Conſtraint and Uneaſineſs which he remarked in them, made him think that they were not well pleaſed to be taken notice of. He had a penetrating Judgment, and as he knew them to be Proteſtants, and that nothing was at that Time ſo common, as to ſee great Numbers paſs over into our Iſlands for the Sake of profeſſing their Religion, of which the Exerciſe was forbidden in *France* by the King's Edicts, he did not doubt a Moment, but that they were of the Number of thoſe Fugitives, and that the Fear of being arreſted was the Cauſe of the Trouble which he obſerved in them. He, who was very far from doing them any ill Offices, on the contrary made haſte to deliver them from their Suſpicions, in aſſuring them, that he ſaw into the Truth of their Deſigns, but that far from oppoſing the Motions of their Conſciences, he admired the Zeal that made them prefer their Religion to their Fortune. This Diſcourſe reviving their Confidence, they made no Scruple of ſupping with us; we having firſt pray'd them not to let any Word drop in the Inn, that might betray them. At Supper we admired the Fantaſticalneſs of this Rencounter, and made divers Reflections upon the Conduct of Heaven, which ſometimes permitted Error and Truth to have a near Reſemblance in their Effects. Each of us turned this

Thought

Thought to his Advantage; but what cauſed our juſt Admiration was this. The Merchant abandoned his Country for the Sake of enjoying in our's what we came in Queſt of to his; for if Religion was not the ſole Motive of our Journey to *France*, it was at leaſt the principal one; ſince without that it was poſſible for us to think of eſtabliſhing in *England*. Our Views were then in Effect the ſame; yet our Principles being nevertheleſs ſo oppoſite, that the one could not be true without ſuppoſing the Falſity of the other, we were obliged to acknowledge, that in making one of the greateſt Sacrifices that Men can make to Heaven, either one or the other of us took a Step both falſe and unprofitable.

After ſome fervent Aſpirations that theſe Thoughts made us mutually offer for the Converſion of each other, M. *de Peſſes* took occaſion to aſk the Merchant if he had Addreſs or good Fortune enough to ſecure all his Subſtance in a Place of Safety. He anſwered, that the principal Part of it conſiſting in Goods of Export and ready Money, he had the Precaution to ſend them to *London* before his Departure from *Paris*; but that the Fear of betraying himſelf by ſome Indiſcretion had prevented him from diſpoſing of a handſome Country-houſe at a ſmall Diſtance from Town, and which without Doubt would fall into the Power of his Friends, when they ſhould be aſſured of his Eſcape. Heaven, cried M. *de Peſſes*, addreſſing himſelf to the Merchant and me, Heaven has inſpired me with a Thought, which may turn to extreme Advantage for you both. You have left, ſays he, ſome Lands in *Ireland*, and Mr. —— has left an Eſtate near *Paris*; ſince you are both reſolved to change Countries, why ſhould ye not make an Exchange of Eſtates, which will at leaſt anſwer this End, to ſave ſomething for both of you from Shipwreck, and will prevent Strangers from profiting by your Spoils? I ſee no Difficulty, added he; for you will not over-reach one another upon the Inequality of Lots, let it go on which Side it will, ſince you are already determined to loſe all; and I dare

warrant you, that from the Motives which conduct each of you in your Views, one will without Trouble obtain in *France*, and the other, in *England*, to be put in Poſſeſſion of the Eſtate of each other: Do you two procure only a Deed of Sale or Donation, which may ſerve for a Foundation to your Pretenſions, and a little Favour and Protection will do the reſt.

The Merchant did not heſitate a Moment, as ſoon as he was aſſured by M. *de Peſſes*, that I had in Reality left an Eſtate in *Ireland*; nor I, having received from him the ſame Aſſurances. We conſidered no further than to execute two Deeds in the ordinary Form, and we parted equally ſatisfied on every Side. I have not forgot the Name of this honeſt Man, to whom our Family is ſo much indebted for the firſt Fruits of its Eſtabliſhment in *France*. He was called M. *de Lezan*. The Acknowledgments we thought we owed him, and which were not diminiſhed by what he owed us, obliged us to ſtay eight Days at *Dieppe* to favour his Departure.

I was exceedingly ſurpriſed, when we were preparing to take leave of this Town, to hear M. *de Peſſes* ſay, that he deſigned to accompany us as far as *Paris*, and that truſting to the Skill of his Lieutenant, he had committed to him the Care of his Ship, during the reſt of the Voyage. I gave but a ſlight Oppoſition to this Offer, ſuch as one uſually gives to an exceſſive Civility. which one is not diſpleaſed to receive. Having made a long Abode at *Paris*, he had it in his Power to do us conſiderable Services at our Arrival, and, upon the whole, to facilitate the Means of drawing ſome Profit from the Deed of M. *de Lezan*. But this Zeal to oblige us made me open my Eyes upon a Thing, of which till then I had not the leaſt Suſpicion. M. *de Peſſes* was become ſenſible of the Merit of my Siſter, and could not reſolve to part with her; ſo that what I thought an Action of Politeneſs, was in Reality no other than an Effect of Love. This Diſcovery did not give me any Diſturbance; on the contrary, hoping that the Wit and Beauty of *Roſe* might ſerve to recommend her

her in *France* to ſome advantageous Settlement, I flattered myſelf, that without going further her good Fortune preſented to her in the Perſon of M. *de Peſſes* all that ſhe could deſire. He was young and well made, and his Expences gave me Room to judge that he was rich; and though he was not of a Birth equal to our's, yet the Situation of our Affairs, and the Condition of Strangers, ought to make us leſs delicate upon ſuch an Inequality. I looked therefore with a very undiſturbed Eye on his Aſſiduities about my Siſter, and on the Marks that he continually gave her of his Affection. My two Brothers, who took notice of it as well as I, looked upon it in the ſame Light as I did, and when they put me in mind of what they had remarked, we all three agreed in the Conceit that the Addreſſes of M. *de Peſſes* was an Advantage both for her and for us. The Opinion which we had conceived of him was augmented at *Rouen*, where he brought us into the Acquaintance of a great many creditable People, who were the Friends of his Father or his own, and from whom we dexterouſly drew all the Teſtimonies that could give us Aſſurances of his Wealth; and though we could receive no Satisfaction as to the Nobility of his Family, yet at leaſt we had ſufficient Evidence of what Conſideration it was in his Country, and of the honourable Rank it held there in the Gown, and in Commerce. We obtained beſides, at *Rouen*, ſome Letters of Recommendation to many Perſons of the firſt Rank, acquainting them with the Exchange of Eſtates, which I had made with M. *de Lezan*, requeſting them, in Favour of it, to give us all the Furtherance and Credit they had at Court, either by themſelves or their Friends.

We arrived at *Paris* in a Seaſon of great Plenty, and when Luxury and Pleaſure ſeemed to be the Buſineſs of People of all Conditions. This Sight was new to us, who hitherto had ſeen nothing but Poverty and Miſery, in the deſolate Villages of *Ireland*. I remarked a ſenſible Effect that this Change produced in my Brothers and Siſter. Before we en-

tered into any Thoughts of ſerious Buſineſs, we employed ſome Days in recovering ourſelves from the Fatigues of our Journey. But I was the only one of our Company, who profited by this Repoſe. My Brothers ſpent their Mornings and Evenings in runing about the Town, in making Acquaintances, and being introduced into all the Places to which they could obtain Acceſs. My Siſter paſſed whole Days at her Window, with an eager Curioſity of ſeeing and obſerving every Thing, and appeared as if ſhe had been enchanted with the Magnificence of Dreſs and Equipage preſenting themſelves to her Eyes. In the Evenings, when Supper Time drew us together, I was obliged to endure the eternal Stories of *George*, who gave us Relations of what he had ſeen; as well as the Accounts of *Roſe*, who was no leſs charmed with all the Objects which had given her Employment at her Poſt. The Taſte or rather the Paſſion, which they had for the World, declared itſelf even in their Countenances and Tone of their Speech. I had not the leaſt Doubt but that their Imaginations were faithful Interpreters to them in their Sleep, and repreſented even in more lively Colours thoſe Pleaſures which they had admired in the Day. *Patrick* on the other hand became melancholy and thoughtful. With Pain he opened his Mouth to pronounce a few Words: He ſeemed to muſe on every Thing extraordinary, and was not able to determine whether his Reverie proceeded from Melancholly or Joy.

Whatever Manner I had to explain *Patrick*'s Sentiments, I could nevertheleſs draw better Omens from them than from the exceſſive wandering of the other two. M. *de Peſſes* had taken a Lodging different from our's; and his firſt Attention upon our Arrival was, to inform himſelf in what Condition M. *de Lezan* had left his Affairs at his Departure. He found them ſuch as we had underſtood them from himſelf. As ſoon as his Friends were aſſured of his Eſcape, they without Scruple entered into Poſſeſſion of all that belonged to him, and the Country-houſe was by no means forgotten.

forgotten. Although we ought to have apprehended ſome Difficulties in making our Eſtate turn to Account, yet the Zeal and Induſtry of M. *de Peſſes* in the End removed all Obſtacles. He gave me no other Trouble in the Conduct of this Affair, than in paying ſome Viſits to the Chancellor, the firſt Preſident, and the Archbiſhop of *Paris*. The Protection of theſe three Lords, which he had the Credit to procure for us, ſhortened the Proceſs, and in fine put us into the peaceable Poſſeſſion of the Eſtate of M. *de Lezan*. We returned Thanks to Providence for ſo eaſily obtaining this little Retreat, which at firſt Sight appeared to be exceedingly agreeable. It is three Quarters of a League from *Paris*, and in a Situation ſo charming, that it may well paſs for a Seat of Pleaſure.

After having rendered us this important Service, M. *de Peſſes*, who had no Room to doubt of our Acknowledgments, and had many Reaſons to be aſſured of our Eſteem, ſought an Opportunity to open to me his Affection for my Siſter. He was utterly ignorant that I had penetrated into them. His Compliment was ſhort and without Affectation, but pronounced in a very timorous Tone. I anſwered him out of hand with an Air favourable enough to remove his Diffidence; that he had demanded nothing which I was not well diſpoſed to grant, that his Generoſity and his Zeal for the Intereſt of our Family merited this juſt Return, that I thought myſelf even very happy, that he had thrown in our Way an Opportunity of acquitting ourſelves to the Satisfaction of his Heart by the moſt tender Inſtances; in fine, that if he had ſuch Love for my Siſter as to deſire to make her his Spouſe, I ſhould not only with a good Grace join their Hands, but if he had not as yet brought her to a Diſpoſition of conſenting to their Marriage, I promiſed to employ all my Pains to make her conformable to his Deſires. The Joy that he diſcovered at this Anſwer, gave me Room to underſtand for the firſt Time ſomething which I never before was ſenſible of by Experience; but which

an infinite Number of other Examples too well confirmed in the Sequel: I would ſay, that the Tranſports in which I ſaw M. *de Peſſes*, who was naturally diſcreet and circumſpect in all his Actions, taught me that Love is not only a violent Paſſion, but that it poſſeſſes the Imagination with as ſovereign a Sway as it does the Heart, and, extending its Tyranny over the Body and Soul, it diſturbs all at once both the Blood and Reaſon.

This tender-hearted young Man threw himſelf at my Knees, embracing them with a Motion filled with Paſſion, and not being able to find Words expreſſive enough, he remained for ſome Time in Silence more eloquent than any Words. Coming at length to himſelf he gave me the moſt lively Thanks, and the leaſt Thing he offered me was the Diſpoſal of his Life and Fortune. I was till now quite a Stranger from imagining he could be ſo amorous; but what he added inlarged yet more the Idea of his Paſſion. As, ſays he, there is nothing in the World ſo amiable as Madam *Roſe*, it is alſo impoſſible but ſhe muſt always inſpire an Exceſs of Love. What I am going to tell you is a Secret I have concealed from you till now, and which ſhe herſelf knows but in Part; for it is not indeed credible that ſhe ſhould behave with ſuch Cruelty to me, if ſhe had been acquainted with all my Tenderneſs, He then told me that his Paſſion had its Birth in *Ireland*; that there he had the Boldneſs to declare his Love to her; that far from being repulſed, he had found in the Beginning Indulgence enough to give him Abundance of Hope for the Time to come, and that he had continued to flatter himſelf during his Journey from *Coleraine* to *Paris*, but that by a Change of which he was ignorant of the Cauſe, and which threw him into Deſpair, he found himſelf ſo far removed from any Hopes, that he durſt not accoſt my Siſter but with trembling; that inſtead of that Sweetneſs and Favour, of which ſhe did not refuſe to give him ſome ſlight Marks, ſhe now treated him rather with Scorn and Diſdain, which pierced his Heart; that it was this

Reaſon

Reaſon that gave Riſe to the Thought of opening himſelf to me, in order to gain more Aſſurance from my Approbation, if he could be ſo happy as to obtain it; that the Fear with which he opened his Mouth to unboſom himſelf could not be equalled but by the Joy he felt at my Anſwer; that the Eſteem and Amity, of which I had been ſo good to aſſure him, was to him the moſt ſweet Conſolation; but that if I would permit him to expect any Teſtimonies of my Friendſhip, it ſhould be to re-eſtabliſh him in the Heart of *Roſe*, which would do him the only Service of which he could be ſenſible.

I liſtened with great Attention to a Diſcourſe, of which all the Terms were entirely new to me. I could not help adding to my former Anſwer a Confirmation of what I had before promiſed. I am of an Age, ſays I to the melancholy Mr. *de Peſſes*, and of a Profeſſion, which gives me but ſmall Permiſſion of entering into the Secrets of your little Chagrins of Love. Nevertheleſs, the Detail which you have given me ſerves to redouble my Deſires of obliging you; and I will talk this Day to my Siſter in a Senſe the moſt conformable to your Inclinations. In ſhort, I went to look for her without Delay, and found her in her Chamber buſied in decking herſelf out, and receiving the Advice of *George*, who informed her of the neweſt Faſhions, and aſſiſted her in following them. I aſked them, what was the Deſign of ſuch a ſtudied Dreſs? *George* anſwered, that he had propoſed to his Siſter to take a Walk, and that as they were at *Paris* it was, no way proper ſhe ſhould appear abroad dreſſed like a Country Laſs of *Ireland*. Having no Reaſon to take this Anſwer in an evil Part, I contented myſelf in giving them a ſhort Moral upon the Superfluity of ſome Parts of our Dreſs, and upon the Childiſhneſs of the Modes. It is true, ſaid I, it would be ridiculous in *France* to avoid following the Faſhions; but I know that in *France* itſelf it has raiſed the Compaſſion of ſome Perſons of good Senſe to ſee them followed with too much Affectation. Mind this Rule, added I, which I found in an excellent *French* Author, "Reaſonable Women receive the

" Modes, and add nothing to them; they are not the " firſt to take them up, nor the laſt to lay them " down." They could not but approve of my Reflection; but neither one nor the other of them were in a Diſpoſition to take and follow it.

I changed the Diſcourſe, to acquaint *Roſe* with the Motive that drew me to her Chamber. I diſcovered to her plainly the Deſign of Mr. *de Peſſes*, and his Sentiments for her. I added, that in the Circumſtances of our Fortune I liſtened to his Propoſal of taking her to Wife as a real Advantage; and if ſhe would take my Advice, I was of Opinion ſhe would accept of his Hand without Scruple. *George* was a Witneſs to this Diſcourſe, and I did not in the leaſt doubt, but, having remarked at *Dieppe* the ſame Sentiments that I had concerning this Marriage, he would join his Inſtances to mine in perſuading his Siſter to conſent to it. Nevertheleſs, he immediately anſwered, that he was ſurpriſed to ſee me ſo ſoon forget from whom we drew our Birth, and to propoſe a Wine-Merchant for a Spouſe to the Daughter of the Earl of ——. For his Part, if he had any Influence over his Siſter, it ſhould be to remain a Virgin all her Life, rather than conſent to an Alliance ſo unequal. *Roſe* anſwer'd me only in a few Words; but they were ſuch as demonſtrated the ſame Repugnance to the Propoſal. Conſtraint never has any Power over the Heart to lead it. In other Reſpects, whatever Superiority, Age, and the voluntary Regards of my Brothers and Siſter had made me aſſume over them till now, yet I never treated them with Haughtineſs, nor exacted more from them than Friendſhip; ſo now, without obſerving to *Roſe* how ill ſatisfied I was with her Anſwer, I confined myſelf in repreſenting to her all the Reaſons that had perſuaded me of the Advantage ſhe would have in receiving this Propoſal, and in performing the Word I had given Mr. *de Peſſes*. I recommended to her at leaſt to treat with a little more Kindneſs and Complaiſance a Man to whom we owed ſuch great Obligations. My laſt Words made her ſmile, and without explaining her-

ſelf further, ſhe looked at *George* with an Air that ſignified ſomething, but which I could not comprehend.

They went out together. The Night was far advanced when they returned to our Lodging. Whatever Inquietude their Abſence raiſed in me, yet I had ſo good an Opinion of their Conduct, that I went to reſt at my uſual Hour, ſo that it was Morning before I was acquainted with their Return. I was alſo informed by Chance, before they were awake, in what Buſineſs they had employed the better Part of the Night. Mr. *de Peſſes* coming to ſee me in the Morning, did not wait till I had given him an Account of what I had done the Day before in his Favour, in order to know what Opinion he at preſent had of the Matter. He ſaid to me with a ſorrowful Air, that no Perſon in the World had ſuch Cauſe to grieve as he had, and that he had not even the leaſt Hopes from my Promiſes and the Aſſiſtance of my Friendſhip. He told me, that a Deſire of diſpelling ſome Part of his Uneaſineſs having carried him the Evening before to the Comedy, he there ſaw *Roſe*, but in a Dreſs ſo brilliant. that he could not believe ſhe came there without ſome Deſign; that preſently the Box, in which ſhe ſat at firſt alone with her Brother, was filled by Degrees with young Lords, who ſoon joined in Converſation with her; that there came up one to her of a more advanced Age, to whom the reſt gave Place in all Appearance out of Deference, and that he did not ceaſe one Moment from giving her Tokens of a lively Admiration of her Charms; that upon Inquiry he was informed that this Perſon was the Duke of—— and was aſſured alſo, that of all the Nobles of the Court of *France* he was the moſt paſſionately amorous, and one who leaſt regarded the Honour or Decorum in obtaining his Satisfaction: That after the Play was over this Lord had, as it appeared to him, offered his Coach to *Roſe*; that he was certain ſhe was in it with the Duke and my Brother; that he had the Curioſity to follow, and ſaw them alight at the Hotel of——, where the Prince of that Name gave a great

great Supper, which was to be followed by a Ball; that Love or rather Jealouſy had obliged him to maſque himſelf, in order to obtain Admittance into the Aſſembly under that Diſguiſe; and that during a Part of the Night he had ſeen *Roſe* ſparkle, dance, attract the Eyes, receive the Compliments and Flatteries made to her Beauty, and to ſhew upon the whole a great Share of Complaiſance and Regard for the Duke, who was not abſent from her one Moment; that indeed her Brother ſtay'd cloſe by her; but as to himſelf, whoſe Eyes this fatal Night had opened, he was but too ſenſible of an Alteration in the Inclinations of *Roſe*, and had nothing left to hope from her Affections.

The Vexation of Mr. *de Peſſes* not only inſpired me with great Compaſſion for his Sufferings, but from a Foreſight of thoſe things with which I was threaten'd, I found myſelf ſo diſturbed and afflicted, that I alſo began to open my Eyes upon the Difficulties of the Employment I had taken in Charge, and of the Danger I was in of ſeeing my Advice deſpiſed by my Brothers and Siſter. Quarrels and Diviſions could not fail to be the End of theſe Proceedings; and as a Concluſion yet more melancholy, I foreſaw that they were running into Libertiniſm, were about loſing Sight of the Reaſons that brought us to *France*, of forgetting that they could not in any other manner procure a ſolid Eſtabliſhment, than by their Prudence and good Conduct; poſſibly to ſquander extravagantly the little Fortune we had brought with us, and of obliging me in the end to abandon them and return to *Coleraine*. This was rather a deep Penetration into what might happen, than that I had ſufficient Grounds in Reality to carry my Foreſight and Fears already ſo far; but if one conſiders as I did then, that after I had engaged to take this Voyage to *France*, without any other Motive than an Affection for my Family, I ought yet to be patient, for that I had hitherto found that Tractableneſs and Submiſſion in my Brothers and Siſter, which they had promiſed me: It was then indeed no way ſurpriſing

that

that I ſhould be piqued to the Quick at the Change of their Manners, and ſhould put ſo bad a Meaning on the firſt Appearances of Irregularity in their Conduct. I then took a Reſolution on the Spot, to ſpeak plainly to them, and to declare roundly that they ſhould not at all have any Dependance on me, if they failed in anſwering the Ideas which they gave me Hopes of in *Ireland*.

I intreated Mr. *de Peſſes* to withdraw, to leave me at Liberty to execute my Deſign; I immediately ſent for them all three, and though I had nothing to apprehend, on the Account of *Patrick* deſerving my Reproaches, yet I thought a Lecture of Morality would not be unprofitable to him. They came to me, and I pray'd them, in an obliging Tone, to hearken with Attention to the important Matters I had to lay before them. I began by putting them in mind in what Diſpoſitions they were when they made me the firſt Propoſal of their Voyage to *France*, you then, ſaid I, had the Power of perſuading me, that your Views were to reconcile the Duties of your Religion with thoſe of your Birth; that is to ſay, to find out a Country, where you might hope to fit yourſelves for any Preferment without being obliged to quit the Faith of your Anceſtors, for the ſake of attaining the Favours of Fortune; I confeſs that ſuch a Motive might with Juſtice make you wiſh to abandon your Country. As to me, you know what was my End in this Adventure; nothing but a Tenderneſs for you, and a Regard to the Promiſes made to a dying Father. I was calm and undiſturbed at *Coleraine*; Ambition did not incite me to any thing that did not ſquare with the Duties of my Conſcience; my Fortune was bounded within my own Deſires. Notwithſtanding, I made no Difficulty to abandon my Employment (the only one perhaps agreeable to my Inclinations) to become the Head and Guide of your Enterprizes. This is the Title you have forced me to accept, but you cannot forget under what Conditions I ſubmitted to conſent. The firſt was, that you ſhould purſue all the Paths

agreeable to Honour and Religion, that ſhould lead you to ſome Eſtabliſhment: The ſecond, that you ſhould take nothing in hand without communicating your Deſigns to me, and without having taken my Advice. If you had been faithful in obſerving theſe two Promiſes, I ſhould have kept cloſe to all mine, and have expected that Heaven would have given a Bleſſing to all our Enterprizes. But if you are already ſuch, as I am aſhamed to reproach you, and that you will doubtleſs bluſh to hear what I have to ſay, how do you flatter yourſelves that I can approve of your Diſorders, and maintain the leaſt Friendſhip with you? Without giving them one Moment for Recollection, I immediately repeated all that I had learned from Mr. *de Peſſes*, and I affected to give an odious Turn to Circumſtances even the moſt ſlight and excuſable. A young Lady, ſays I to my Siſter, who in leſs than fifteen Days has turned her Back to all Decency and Modeſty, who makes Advances in giving herſelf up to the Careſſes and Flatteries of Men, who all at once enters into Familiarities with the moſt leud and debauched Lord at Court: A young Man, continued I, (addreſſing myſelf with the ſame Warmth to my Brother) who makes himſelf a Miniſter to the evil Inclinations of his Siſter, who ſets open to himſelf the Road to Debauchery, who runs headlong to his own Perdition, and who hurries away all his Family with him down the ſame Precipice: What a ſtrange Manner of labouring is this to procure an Eſtabliſhment in *France*, by the Road of Honour and for the Cauſe of Religion! Or rather, what a horrible Beginning is it to Ruin and Infamy!

One ſees here that my moſt piercing Reproaches fell upon *Roſe*, although *George* was without doubt the moſt culpable. But I did not make this Difference without a View. The Honour of Perſons of her Sex being of a more delicate Nature than that of Men, it follows that Precautions are more neceſſary to fortify their Conduct and Reputation. I was well pleaſed to have terrified my Siſter with thoſe dreadful Images

of

of Vice and Infamy, and to have magnified a little her Imprudence and Miſtakes. She was ſo mortified with my Repreſentations, that ſhe ſhed a Torrent of Tears, whilſt *George* employ'd all his Wit to give a favourable Turn to what had paſſed between them. He thought, as he told me, according to the Project formed by us in *Ireland*, to marry *Roſe* honourably, or to place her with ſome Lady of Diſtinction; that it was proper ſhe ſhould be ſeen in the World, and make ſome Acquaintance in it; that he had with this View carried her to take a Walk, and from thence to the Play; that he could not help her being treated civilly by many Perſons of Quality and Honour; that as to what followed, he was ignorant that the Lord mentioned, with whom I had accuſed him to be in Confederacy, was a Debauchee; that indeed, Monſieur the Duke of —— advancing to *Roſe*, and being informed of the Name of our Family, had made Tenders to us of his Friendſhip and Service, and propoſed to introduce us at the Hotel *de*——which without doubt is a Houſe one may go into without any Shame; that they had been received there with Diſtinction; and that having it before in their Thoughts to make Acquaintance among People of Rank and Quality, it was a Happineſs for them to have found the Opportunity ſo eaſily; that he applauded himſelf in particular for having obtained at ſo little Expence the Eſteem and Protection of ſuch a Lord as the Duke of ——, that he had promiſed to take the Intereſts of our Family in hand, and puſhed his Goodneſs and Complaiſance ſo far as to inform himſelf of the Detail of our Affairs and the Place of our Abode; in fine, that not ſeeing any thing in what had paſſed, which could deſerve the Name of Diſorder, of Vice or Debauchery, he was ſurpriſed at the Rigour of my Treatment, and at the odious Appellations with which I had branded his Conduct.

If this Apology was ſincere, it is certain I could not accuſe him of any thing but Imprudence: It is poſſible he might have been ignorant of the Duke's Character,

Character, and the Danger into which he ran to expoſe his Siſter: Theſe Thoughts made me a little ſoften my Expreſſions. I would fain grant, replied I, that your Intentions were more excuſable, but they do not give me the leaſt Room to apprehend that you have not acted indiſcreetly at the Bottom, ſeeing thoſe Things that might here be made ſuitable to your Intereſts, have been entirely contrary to the Honour of *Roſe*, with whatever Prudence ſhe might have conducted herſelf: What Opinion can the World have of a young Lady, who in the firſt Step ſhe has made has choſe for her Guide a young Lord, made odious by his Vices, who has been preſented with his Hand, been ſeen with him in his Coach, and familiarly paſſed a whole Night in his Converſation? I muſt take Notice, added I, caſting my Eyes on *Roſe*, that whether it be with Injuſtice or Reaſon, the World always form their Judgments from the firſt Step taken; poſſibly a mortal Wound is already given to your Reputation. Are you ignorant that ſuch a Loſs can never be repaired? Beſides if you ever ſo little reflect on the preſent Situation of our Fortune, you may well judge that the Work of our Eſtabliſhment is not likely to take its Riſe from a Play or a Ball; if theſe frivolous Occupations are ſometimes pardonable, they cannot be ſo till after you have diſcharged all other Duties; and the moſt important of your Obligations is to diſpoſe yourſelves to attain the Favours of Heaven by a well-regulated Conduct, which may gain you the Eſteem and Protection of People of Virtue.

I did not inſiſt upon this Detail otherwiſe than to juſtify my own Conduct, and to ſhew that there was nothing unreaſonable in my Complaints, nor too much Rigour in my Counſels; nevertheleſs, I was not ſucceſsful in inſpiring my Brother with a Reliſh of them. He was ſtiff in his Opinion, that I ought not at all to condemn him of having profited by ſuch a favourable Opportunity, in raiſing to himſelf Friends and Protectors; and as to what regards the Honour of *Roſe*, he maintained with the ſame Obſtinacy that ſhe had not given

given the leaſt Ground for Suſpicion or Detraction, ſeeing ſhe was in his Company, and had comported herſelf with a Reſervedneſs and Circumſpection becoming her Sex.

We parted not well ſatisfied with each other. *Roſe* made me ſome Apologies in quitting my Chamber, and I had at leaſt the Pleaſure to believe that ſhe received my Advice with more Docility than her Brother; what had paſſed did not give me the leaſt Suſpicion at the Bottom, either that any thing was intended contrary to their Duties, or that he was leſs jealous than I of the Honour of his Siſter; but I remarked with ſome Trouble, that our Ideas were widely different upon this Head; he did not place the Honour of a Woman in any other Thing than an exterior Prudence of Conduct and Behaviour, and was nothing in Awe of the Cenſure of Men; he thought the Reputation of his Siſter ſafe, when it was to outward Appearances concealed. As to my Particular, who looked upon Things with another Eye, I rely'd but little upon thoſe Virtues that did not derive their Sources from a more remote Original; and being thoroughly acquainted with the Character of *Roſe*, I had Reaſon to fear that her Heart was capable of being ſoftened; from whence it would happen, ſooner or later, that notwithſtanding her Reſolution to ſave Appearances, ſhe would betray herſelf by ſome Weakneſs, or at leaſt muſt be under infinite Difficulties to maintain the Combat in her Defence. In Reality, I could not form to myſelf any Imagination ſo frightful, as the Condition of an amiable Woman, when her Heart being by Love reduced to a State of Weakneſs, ſhe at the ſame Time perceives the Neceſſity of thoſe Laws which compel her to lay her Paſſions under Reſtraint. What State can be more terrible than to be obliged inceſſantly to do Violence to one's ſelf, and to conceal from the Eyes of others that Poiſon which ſhe delights to nouriſh in her own Heart?

In order to aſſure the Repoſe and Virtue of *Roſe* for ever, I could then have wiſhed, that ſhe had not begun

begun to have ſeen the World but by Degrees. Her Intereſt not having had leſs Share than that of her Brother's, in the Reſolution I had taken of quitting *Ireland*; I then had Time either to fortify her Heart, or at leaſt to arm her with Diffidence and Precaution. But after our Arrival at *Paris*, *George* had aſſumed an Aſcendant over her, which made me fear that I ſhould find her leſs tractable; and though he was capable, by his Vigilance and Counſels, to make her a Woman of Diſtinction according to the Notions of the World, he was not at all a proper Guide to conduct her in the Paths of Virtue.

Notwithſtanding ſome little Reſentment which poſſibly might have remained among us, yet we did not fail at Dinner Time to ſhew to each other the uſual Tokens of our Affection. According to Cuſtom I retired to my Chamber, to paſs alone ſome Part of the Afternoon. I remained there an Hour or two, when I heard the Rattling of a Coach, which ſtoped at the Gate of our Lodging, and the Voices of many Perſons, who enquired where my Siſter was. I put my Head out of the Window, and ſaw a Gentleman alight magnificently dreſſed, who was ſhewn into the Houſe. I did not doubt one Moment, but it was the Duke of ———. A Viſit ſo little foreſeen threw me into a great Surpriſe, and I had a Difficulty to perſuade myſelf at firſt, that a Girl of the Age of *Roſe* could be ſo bold as to receive it. I waited however till *George* ſhould find ſome Expedient to diſſipate my Uneaſineſs; and that he immediately appearing to receive the Duke, ſhould civilly make his Siſter's Excuſes to him. All that I expected did not happen. It was indeed *George* that received the Duke; but *Roſe* did not wait to be importuned to make her Appearance, and her Brother had not the leaſt Thought of diſſuading her. The Converſation laſted above an Hour, which appeared to me to be more than four Days. I ſpent all that Time in walking at a great Rate about my Chamber,

ber, which I encompaſſed backwards and forwards an hundred times, without knowing whether I was ſtanding or ſitting: The Inquietude, the Chagrin, the Impatience, and a hundred other Agitations which ſhook me, made this one the moſt inſupportable Hour of my whole Life.

At length the Departure of the Duke delivered me from this mortal Conſtraint. I never knew how to diſſemble. Whether it was Chriſtian Charity, Tenderneſs for my Siſter, or Zeal for the Honour of my Family, that moved me, I haſtened down from my Chamber with eager Steps, and obſerving much leſs Precaution than I had done the firſt Time, I loaded my Brother with Reproaches, as piercing as my Fears, and as urgent as the Danger. I made no Scruple in the leaſt of declaring to him, that if I had taken the Proceedings of the former Day in the moſt favourable Senſe, it was no longer poſſible to be blind to what paſſed under my own Eyes; that this Viſit of the Duke of———appeared to be concerted; that under whatever Pretexts one ſhould endeavour to colour it, it was manifeſt that a Perſon of that Rank would not ſo much debaſe himſelf to come to ſee a young Stranger without Wealth, and unknown yet in *Paris*, if he had not been incited by Motives more powerful than Civility; and, to explain myſelf roundly, if he had not Views conformable to his vicious Inclinations: That I had the Shame to penetrate deeper into this Myſtery of Infamy, but let the Price of it be what it would, or whatever Expedient ſhould be neceſſary for me to employ, I would aſſuredly hinder *Roſe* from departing from her Duty, and would prevent him from making his Siſter ſerve him as a Victim to his Ambition.

He heard me with great Patience, and afterwards appearing to be very much afflicted at the Jealouſy I had ſhewn of the Honour of his Views, he intreated me to do him more Juſtice, and not to believe that the Reputation of his Siſter was leſs dear to him than to me. He even agreed that the Viſit of the Duke

Duke had with Reaſon given me Diſpleaſure; and he proteſted that, far from contributing the leaſt in the World to it, he had taken infallible Meaſures to prevent its being renewed for the Time to come. But after giving me this ſort of Satisfaction, with which I began to be contented, I was extreamly ſurpriſed to find him change his Tone and Style. My Brother, ſays he, with an Air of Prudence, which he knew how to affect better than any Man living, will you permit me at preſent to open to you plainly my Thoughts? I have a thouſand Reaſons that bind me to that Reſpect and Friendſhip which I pay you; and I ſhall diſcharge theſe two Duties all my Life. But I do not know whether I can promiſe you the ſame Docility in other Points. I have reflected on the Reproaches with which you were pleaſed to overwhelm me this Morning, and the more I examine myſelf, the leſs I find I have deſerved them. We do not at all conſider Things in the ſame Point of View: You are a Churchman, a venerable Divine; and I confeſs, if my Siſter and I were deſtined to the ſame State, we could not do better than to conduct ourſelves by your Maxims. But our Birth and Inclinations have devoted us to the World, and this Vocation demands a Conduct entirely different. Do you believe me capable, with a few Talents which you know I have, to diſtinguiſh for the preſent what is ſuitable to my Honour and Fortune? I am of an Age, continued he, in which I have not even one Moment to loſe, if I would arrive to any thing in the World. My Siſter ought alſo to think of ſetting herſelf forward, or renounce all thoſe Advantages ſhe might hope to draw from her Youth and Beauty. Do you diſtruſt her Chaſtity? This is to have a very evil Opinion of her. As to me, whom without doubt it concerns as much as you, to be ſenſible of the Honour of our Houſe, I repoſe myſelf entirely on her own Virtue; and if ſhe ſhould happen to be ſo baſe as to diſhonour us, I do not fear ſaying in her Preſence, that all my

my Tenderneſs ſhould not ſtop me from piercing her Heart. Place your Confidence therefore, added he, both upon her and upon me, and do not oppoſe yourſelf to the Succeſs of our Affairs, in condemning the only Means that can bring them to a good Iſſue.

This Diſcourſe, which without doubt *George* had meditated at leiſure, and for which he expected Applauſe at the Cloſe of it, ſerved for no other Purpoſe than to excite my Compaſſion. I made haſte to ſhew him his Weakneſs, in giving him to underſtand, that he reaſoned from a falſe Principle; that the great Difference he put between an eccleſiaſtical State, and that of a Man of the World, was in effect nothing, ſince they were but two different Ways of fulfilling the ſame Duties; that a Man of the World and a Man of the Church were two Chriſtians, of whom the one was not leſs obliged than the other to the Hatred of Vice, and the Practice of Virtue; that in Truth their exterior Occupations did not bear any Reſemblance to each other; but that without being the ſame, they ought to govern themſelves by the ſame Principle, which is the Neceſſity of pleaſing God, and of ſaving their Souls: In one Word, that there is no Condition of Life wherein we are not obliged to eſchew the Occaſions of Sin, and conſequently that the Obſervations of my Maxims were as neceſſary for his Siſter and him, as for me. If it be poſſible, added I, that having received a Chriſtian Education, you ſhould not be ſenſible of the Truth of what I have ſaid, judge what Diſſervice you will do your Siſter in conducting her without Precautions into the middle of Dangers. She may periſh in them, and her Diſaſters ſhall be your Handy-work. You ſay, you will pierce her Heart, if ſhe forgets her Duty. Strange Remedy! do not you ſee, that it ſuppoſes her Ruin already conſummated, and that the Queſtion only is to find out one that may prevent it? Do not precipitate any Thing; it is the only Favour I requeſt of you. Give your Siſter Time

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to obſerve the Precipices that ſurround her; ſhe ſhall not tumble down them however, without having ſeaſonable Information, that ſhe might have avoided them; do not go in queſt of Opportunity, but leave them to ſtart of themſelves. This is one of the Requiſites for a Man of the World. I know it well; but Religion diminiſhes the Danger, when it ſufficiently provides, that we ſhould not expoſe ourſelves to it but with Regret; it is always the moſt dangerous, when we run into it voluntarily.

This Converſation, which continued a long Time, and in which I attacked the miſerable Principles of *George* with the more powerful Arms of Chriſtianity, made no Impreſſion on his Mind; and he gave me to underſtand by all his Anſwers, that he thought himſelf ſuperior to my little Fears; that his Religion was Honour; between which two, if he put any Difference, it was not at all for the Advantage of Religion, ſeeing it was by his falſe Ideas of Honour that he explained the Law and Duties of Religion. Upon our parting, we found our Sentiments had ſo little Conformity, that he treated my Arguments as monaſtick Scruples; and having threatened to quit them and Return to *Coleraine*, he anſwered me coldly, that he had no Deſign at all to oppoſe my Departure.

I endured (without complaining) ſo cruel a Token of the Cooling of his Affections. He went away the ſame Evening to *Saint Germain en Laye*, where we had ſome Days before agreed that he ſhould pay a Viſit to Mr. *Mahony*, Mr. *Dillon*, and ſome other Gentlemen, who were Kinſmen or Friends to our Houſe. I was informed after his Departure, that he had held a long Converſation with his Siſter in private, and that he had given Order to two Domeſticks, who ſerved us, to watch the next Day at the Gate of our Lodgings, to receive the Duke of ——— if he took the Fancy to come again, and to acquaint him civilly that *Roſe* was gone with him to *Saint Germain*. This Precaution gave me ſome Pleaſure, and left me

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in a better State of Tranquillity. I did not fail to lay hold of the Opportunity of his Abſence to repeat my Exhortations to my Siſter. She liſtened to me with great Sweetneſs and Submiſſion. Having perceived, the Day following, that ſome Women attended her with ſeveral Sorts of Cloaths and Head-dreſſes, I took Occaſion to aſk her, in what Uſe ſhe intended to employ ſo many idle Trifles. I thought this Queſtion embarraſſed her. Nevertheleſs, as ſhe had a Heart incapable of Diſguiſe, ſhe told me, after a ſuperficial Preamble, in which ſhe alledged *George*'s Pleaſure for an Excuſe, that ſhe was engaged to go with him to a Ball, to be given two or three Days after at the Houſe of the Duke of ——, and that to prepare herſelf with ſome Decency, ſhe was providing proper Dreſſes for it. The Loſs (as I took it) of one of our Family gave me leſs Affliction than this new Misfortune. I placed before her Eyes, with more Ardour than ever, all that ſhe had to fear from thoſe dangerous Aſſemblies at the Age ſhe then was, with ſo little Knowledge of the World, and the Snares which were going to be ſet for her Innocence. I conjured her to be ſenſible of the Welfare of her Soul; to take ſome Time at leaſt to prepare for her Paſſage from a Life, ſuch as ſhe had hitherto led, to that in which ſhe was willing unhappily to engage herſelf; not to leap over in one Moment all Bounds, to the Hazard of being abandoned by Heaven, whoſe Aſſiſtance ſhe had neglected to implore, and who plainly would not give her Leave to take ſuch unwarrantable and raſh Steps. In fine, if my Prayers and Inſtances were not ſufficient, I declared that I would add to them my Orders; and that by the Right which my Profeſſion, my Age, and my Quality of Seniority gave me, I commanded her abſolutely to renounce this Dancing Party, and not to ſtir out of the Lodging without my Permiſſion.

Whatever Pain I endured in finding myſelf neceſſitated to employ ſo harſh a Remedy, yet I thought it indiſpenſable, and I did not in the leaſt doubt but it would produce the Effect I propoſed to myſelf. This

Thought eaſed my Inquietude, and I imagined it left even *Roſe* in a better State of Tranquillity; therefore not doubting but that this little Sacrifice would not coſt her Heart much Trouble, I thought it would be a Cruelty to fatigue her further with my Morals. *George* arrived from *Saint Germain* two Days after. I received him without Affectation; and pretending not to think farther of what had paſſed, I entertained him with nothing but what related to his Journey, and left to *Roſe* the Care of informing him of what Changes had happened in his Abſence. They did not wait long to meet in private, having taken up the Cuſtom of doing ſo for ſome Time; for *Patrick* had not entered for a long time into their Schemes. After a Diſcourſe of ſome Moments, *George* went to his Siſter's Chamber, and a little after out of our Lodgings. He returned about an Hour after in a Hackney Coach, and having alighted, did not ſtay in the Houſe longer than was neceſſary to pack up his and his Siſter's Cloaths, with half the Money which we had brought out of *Ireland*, and accompanied by *Roſe*, whom he led by the Hand, he went into the Coach with her, and they inſtantly drove off from our Quarter.

He left a Note for me at the Gate, which was brought to me unſealed. It contained but three Lines, "Irritated, ſaid he, by the Tyranny with which "I had treated him and his Siſter, he had choſe to "ſettle himſelf in another Place with her, and, to ob-"ſerve a ſtrict Juſtice, had made an equal Diviſion of "our Money, of which he had left a Moiety for "*Patrick* and for me."

I returned to my Chamber to read it, and waited till Supper-time with Impatience to be inform'd of the particular Manner in which *George* had taken the Prohibition I had laid on *Roſe*. As nothing was ſo remote from my Thoughts as a Treachery of this Nature, my Jealouſy had not been applied to that Quarter: Inſomuch that my Surprize, my Grief, and my Confuſion being more extreme at the reading of this fa-

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tal Billet, I lifted up my Eyes and Hands to Heaven. O God, cried I, is this a Reward for the Tenderneſs which I always bore them! Ingrates! Have they then reſerved this Recompence for all my Cares and Affection? I found myſelf ſo moved, that the Tears guſh'd from my Eyes, and I was for ſome Moments incapable of forming any Reſolution.

When I was a little recovered from this firſt Diſorder, I thought I had not two Choices to make, but that without further Conſideration I ſhould return immediately to *Coleraine*. What Motive could there be to ſtay me at *Paris?* They have a mind to deſtroy themſelves, ſays I: They have ſhook off the Yoke; and if they have had nothing but Scorn for the holy Maxims with which I have laboured to inſpire them, what Way remains for me to take to reclaim them to their Duty? No, I will return into *Ireland*, I will go and devote myſelf to the Welfare of my Flock. That Field is not too vaſt for my Zeal, and my Pains there will not be repaid with Ingratitude and Perfidy. I confirmed myſelf the more in this Reſolution from the Knowledge I had of the ſweet and pliant Temper of *Patrick*, and did not in the leaſt doubt but he would freely conſent to cloſe with me in returning to our Country. I hoped at leaſt to preſerve one Branch of my unfortunate Family, and not to appear at the Tombs of my Fathers without offering to them ſome pure Remains of their Blood.

For ſo long a Time as I continued agitated by theſe firſt Motions I could not but applaud my Deſign of quitting *France*; and I communicated my Reſolutions to *Patrick*, who did not ſhew any Averſion to the Propoſal I made him of accompanying me. But when my Blood began to cool, I looked on Things with a quite different Eye, I recalled to my Mind all the Reaſons which had appear'd powerful enough to determine me to leave *Coleraine*, and follow my Brothers and Siſter into *France*. Were theſe Reaſons chang'd by their ill Conduct? Or rather was not this a new Addition to them, that made my firſt Reſolutions more ſtrong? If

I had thought the Obligations of Nature more ſacred than thoſe of my Employment; If I had been torn away for ſome Time from the Cares of my Flock, by the ſole View of ſteering my Brothers towards ſome honourable and profitable End, and to inſtruct them in keeping wide of the High-Road too open to Vice; in fine, if I had regarded them as the moſt dear of my Neighbours, even in conſidering them with the Eyes of Faith, and according to the Rules and Precepts of the Goſpel, ought I to renounce theſe Sentiments at a Time that I ſaw them on the Brink of Ruin? And ſhould not the Danger to which they were expoſed prove more capable than ever to warm my Zeal? They ſtood on a Precipice, and ſhould my Charity to others ſuffer me to ſee them periſh? What then were my Views at the Time I made ſo many Efforts to prevent their falling?

I found myſelf intirely changed after theſe Reflections, all my Tenderneſs for my Brother and Siſter returned to awaken my Zeal. I perceived at the ſame Time ſpringing up in my Heart ſo lively an Anguiſh for the Intereſts of their Souls, that I could not take one Moment's Repoſe all Night; my Blood boiled in my Veins, and nothing was ſo tedious to me as my Bed. I found by Experience, that Zeal is in Reality a devouring Fire, and eſpecially when it is joined to a natural Tenderneſs for one's Relations; and that the Heart always feels the Impreſſion of theſe two Cauſes. Far then from thinking any more of abandoning them, I reſolved to renew my Ardour for inſpiring them with a Taſte of Virtue; to go in queſt of them into whatſoever Place they had retired to; to endure their Coldneſs, their Repulſes, even their Slights and Injuries, rather than renounce the Hopes of giving them a Reliſh for my Advice; in fine, I reſolved to make their Safety the perpetual Object of my Vigilance and Cares; and if I ſhould not be ſo happy as to ſnatch them out of the Arms of Vice, at leaſt I ſhould prevent their ſurrendering themſelves up to it without Remorſe.

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I employed myſelf on nothing more than the Means of executing this Reſolution. But in meditating upon the Difficulties of my Enterprize, I conceived that after the Step that *George* had taken, and above all with ſuch Confidence as he had in his own Underſtanding, I could not well hope to win him over ſuddenly by the Force of my Reaſons. He was moreover of an Age which could give me no Pretence of obliging him to regulate his Conduct by the Counſels of another, nor make him look upon any Deference that I expected from him as a Duty. Nevertheleſs, the Danger of his Siſter was preſſing; for I had figured to myſelf already, that having the Liberty of following her Inclinations, ſhe had every Moment need of the extraordinary Succour of Heaven, to prevent her making a bad Uſe of it. This Thought ſtarted in me a very bold Reſolution, which was to run away with my Siſter from *George*, and oblige her to come under the Yoke in ſpight of herſelf: Yet I propoſed to treat her with ſo much Sweetneſs and Complaiſance, that ſhe ſhould have no Reaſon to complain of my Conduct. As it was impoſſible to execute this Project without Help, I opened myſelf to *Patrick* and Mr. *de Peſſes*, who was mortally grieved at her Flight, and waſted himſelf away with Vexation and Love. I had no Trouble in bringing them both to enter into my Views. They immediately undertook to diſcover the Place which *George* had choſe for his Reſidence, and I went about taking the neceſſary Meaſures for executing our Purpoſe againſt the Time they ſhould come to that Knowledge.

This was no very eaſy Enterprize in a City of ſuch Extent as *Paris*. They employ'd themſelves for ſome Days with great but unſucceſsful Zeal. At length by meer Chance *Patrick* fell upon the Track of his Brother. He accoſted him civilly, and the other affected ſome Surprize in ſeeing him ſtill at *Paris*. How, ſays he, after the Forwardneſs the Dean ſhewed to return to *Coleraine*, and from the great Affection which I knew you had for him, could I believe that you two could

part? *Patrick* anſwered plainly, that we ſhould have been ſorry to have left *Paris* without knowing at leaſt what was become of him and *Roſe*. How! Are you ignorant of that? replied he in the ſame Tone; know then, that I have got a Commiſſion of Captain of Foot, and that I am obliged for it to the Duke of—— who employ'd his Intereſt with the Miniſter in my Favour. As to *Roſe*, added he, ſhe as yet has had no Change in her Condition; but I hope Opportunities will ſoon offer in her Favour, and that we have made the beſt Choice. Then attempting to gain over *Patrick* by the Views of his own Intereſt, he repreſented to him, that he was in the wrong not to follow his Example, and to flatter himſelf that Fortune would go in ſearch of him under my Gown, and of herſelf offer him her Favours; that indeed my Intentions were commendable, and that he had not the leaſt Doubt of my Zeal and Friendſhip; but that having all my Life pored my Eyes upon Books, he looked upon me as the moſt improper Perſon that could be thought of to regulate their Conduct and Eſtabliſhment in the World; that his View nevertheleſs, in taking the Step he had done, was not to break with us entirely, nor to abandon us with the little Means he had left behind him; that his Fortune taking a very happy Courſe, and not apprehending but his Succeſs would daily increaſe, he propoſed, as ſoon as his Affairs would permit it, to offer us his Houſe, and to ſhare with us the Fruits of his good Luck and Induſtry; that in the mean Time, if *Patrick* had the leaſt Regard to his own Good, he would ſometimes come and take his Advice, from whence he would draw more Profit than from mine.

If I had been a Witneſs to this enſnaring Converſation I ſhould have had ſtrong Apprehenſions that it would have made too great an Impreſſion on the Principles of *Patrick*. But Thanks to the Excellence of his Character, it did not in the leaſt change his Sentiments. He contented himſelf with making many Acknowledgments for the kind Offers of his Brother, and fearing to give him ſome Miſtruſt, ſhould he be too cu-

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rious in inquiring after his Abode, he parted with him in the same Place where they met. Nevertheless, he took Care to follow him with his Eyes, being resolved not to let him go out of View till he had seen him enter his Lodging, and not to return to us till he had got Information of what he sought after. The Report of what he had discovered of *George* could not fail to fill me with Joy. If I was pleased to hear that Fortune had already done something in his Favour, the Means by which she had effected it, appeared to me to be suspicious, and I had some Anxiety in conceiving from whence this Ardour of the Duke of———, to take in hand the Interests of a Stranger, should proceed. It was not but that I had the most high Idea of the vast Politeness and Generosity of the *French* Lords, but I could have wished to have had no Fear of attributing such unexpected Favours to any thing else than this Cause. Nevertheless, I took Courage from knowing that *Patrick* was acquainted with the Place where *Rose* lived, and I began to think seriously of the Means to deceive the Vigilance of *George*. Mr. *de Pesses* left us as soon as he heard the Account *Patrick* gave, under Pretence of going to observe the Situation of my Sister's Lodgings, and to see if nothing might offer to serve us in our Designs, but at the Bottom to satisfy his Impatience of approaching and seeing her. He returned towards the Evening, at the Time that I was eagerly meditating on the Part I had to take.

He had got a Sight of *Rose*, and his Joy in having seen her continued yet to sparkle in his Eyes. He told us, that having past some Time in the Neighbourhood of the House, he had seen her go abroad with her Brother, and that he was dazzled with her Finery and Beauty. He would have made us a Description of them, which I pray'd him to shorten. That having seen them get into a Coach, he followed them to get Information of their Design. They alighted at the *Hotel de Carnavallet*, which lay in the same Quarter; and inquiring of the Coachman he was

told, that a Number of Perſons of Quality were to ſup there, and that afterwards there was to be a great Ball, to which Maſquers were to be admitted upon giving in their Names at the Gate. I admired at the Blindneſs of *George*, who ſeemed to take Pleaſure in adminiſtring Poiſon to his Siſter, and in chuſing by Deſign Opportunities the moſt dangerous to her Innocence. What could he have thought of more fatal, if he had hated her, than to ſearch out Expedients for her Deſtruction? But while I was lamenting his Conduct, Heaven inſpired me with the Deſire of puniſhing him, in taking away *Roſe* even out of the Midſt of her Pleaſures. The Project, the Means, all preſented themſelves to my Mind in the ſame Moment. I was but little acquainted with the Cuſtoms of Balls; but I imagined that an Aſſembly ſo numerous could not be conducted without ſome Confuſion, eſpecially when they began to admit the Maſquers. I perſuaded *Patrick* and Mr. *de Peſſes* to maſque themſelves and go to the Ball. Write a Note, ſays I to *Patrick*, to be delivered to your Siſter, when you come to the Gate of the *Hotel*, to pray her to have you introduced. If ſhe comes to receive you herſelf, that will anſwer my Views. But as it is to be feared, that ſhe will ſend another to receive you, let Mr. *de Peſſes* wait at the Gate, and when you are introduced yourſelf, intreat your Siſter in private to leave the Room for a Moment to do the ſame Service for Mr. *de Peſſes*, who you may make her believe is abſolutely refuſed Entrance. I ſhall be myſelf at the Gate in a Coach, and I will take upon me the Conduct of all the reſt. If ſhe adviſes you to addreſs yourſelf to your Brother, you may ſay to her, that you would willingly leave him in Ignorance that you are ſo near him, and that you expect this Piece of Service from herſelf.

For the better underſtanding this waggiſh Enterprize, into which I had engaged too lightly, if I had not believed that the End of it was of Importance, I ought to acquaint the Reader, that the *Romiſh* Eccleſiaſticks

cleſiaſticks not having a Liberty in *Ireland*, no more than in *England*, to wear the Habit peculiar to their Function, I was ſtill dreſſed as they are upon common Occaſions, that is to ſay, in a ſhort Coat without any thing to diſtinguiſh me from a Lay-man. I had waited to put on a new canonical Garb, when our Affairs ſhould be placed in ſuch a certain Situation as not to leave me Room to doubt of our Eſtabliſhment in *France*. I would then, without any Injury to Decorum, appear at Midnight at the *Hotel de Carnavallet*. As to the Hope of carrying off *Roſe* with ſo few Meaſures and Precautions, it was founded only on my Knowledge of her Character, and her Diſpoſition to pay me Reſpect. I was convinced that ſhe would not give me the Trouble of uſing Violence, when ſhe heard my Voice, and received an abſolute Command to follow me. So that I was perfectly eaſy about the Succeſs of my Deſign.

In reality, it ſucceeded as happily as I had hoped. The Crowd and Confuſion was not ſo great at the Ball as I had expected; but I obſerved that this was an Advantage to our Enterpriſe; becauſe poſſibly Fear might have prevented *Roſe* from leaving the Room. A Piſtole to the Porter obtained me an Entrance into the Court. *Roſe* appeared with *Patrick* at the Door of the Apartment, and while ſhe was giving Orders to ſome Domeſticks to make Room for M. *de Peſſes*, I preſented myſelf to her with an Air the leaſt apt to throw her into a Fright. I took hold of her Hands with a great deal of Sweetneſs, and preſſing them tenderly, My dear Siſter, ſays I, be not alarmed at ſeeing me, I ſhall trouble you but one Moment. I am not come here to give you any Vexation, or offer you any Violence; you are free, you are Miſtreſs of yourſelf. But if the Fear of God has yet touched your Heart, if the Remembrance of your Father, the Honour of your Family, and your own Sentiments, have yet any Power over you, give me the Satisfaction of ſeeing you this Day return to your Duty. See your Brother *Patrick*, who conjures you to the ſame Thing.

Come: Your Flight hath given us a mortal Grief; there is nothing but your Return can comfort us. I was ſilent, after having pronounced theſe Words with much Eagerneſs. She took ſome Moments to anſwer. In the End, opening her Mouth with a deep Sigh, O Heaven, ſays ſhe, to what will you force me! I anſwered quickly, to nothing, my dear *Roſe*. It is on yourſelf alone, that your Honour, your Virtue, your Repoſe muſt at this Time depend. Come, ſays I, come, my dear *Roſe*, I'll fall at your Knees to conjure you, if my Prayers and my Tears are not enough to touch your Heart. She raiſed ſome Objections upon the Diſquiet into which we were going to throw her Brother. I aſſured her I would take the Pains of providing for every thing. Half conſenting and half irreſolute, I led her towards the Gate, and without loſing a Moment we were all four got into the Coach in waiting for us, and I ordered it to drive towards St. *Anthony*'s Gate, and to ſet us down at *Saiſons*. This was the Name of the Country-Houſe that I purchaſed from Mr. *de Lezan*.

I applauded myſelf extremely on my good Fortune and Succeſs, and during our little Journey I conſidered *Roſe* (whom I had happily ſtolen away, and was now carrying off in Triumph) like a Victim gorgeouſly adorned, as a Sacrifice to her Virtue. As to her, an Air of Thoughtfulneſs and a few Sighs that ſtole from her Heart againſt her Will, made me judge plainly enough, that ſhe did not follow me without Regret. Mr. *de Peſſes* endeavouring to make her a little more chearful, by addreſſing her with ſome Diſcourſes of Gallantry and Flattery, ſhe gave him no little Grief by her harſh Anſwers and frappiſh Behaviour. I pretended not to have perceived it, being ſufficiently ſatisfied with the Submiſſion ſhe had ſhewed me, and I did not doubt but a little Quiet would reſtore her former Sweetneſs. The next Morning I wrote a few Lines to *George*, to prevent his being alarmed. The Purport of my Letter was not at all inſulting, but appriſing him that his Siſter had voluntarily returned to her Duty. I exhorted him to

reap ſome Advantage by his Age and Experience, ſo as not altogether to ſwerve from his own. " My Deſign " (ſays I to him) has not hitherto been to conſtrain " your Inclinations, nor to force you by Violence to " follow my Counſels; it is a Friend, who would make " himſelf uſeful to your Happineſs; it is a Brother, " who makes his own Intereſts yours; it is a Father, " and a Spiritual Paſtor, who has nothing more dear " nor more precious than you; for all theſe Titles " give me a Claim to your Reſpect. Why then do " you rebel againſt my Tenderneſs, and fly me as " your Enemy? Why then did you take from me your " Siſter, over whom you have not as yet any Rights " ſo great as I am capable of making Title to? thoſe " Rights which I have received from Nature, by the " Order of my Birth, and thoſe which our common " Father caſt upon me in his dying Moments. I fear " to remind you of thoſe Circumſtances, which have " cauſed you much Diſgrace. Remember only, that " it is not much more than one Year, ſince Death " robb'd us of this good Father; and aſk yourſelf " how you could ſo ſoon loſe the Reverence that you " eternally owed to his Memory." I added, that if my Letter and his own Reflections ſhould revive in him the Deſire of living well with me, he might be aſſured of finding me little ſenſible of what had paſſed, and that he ſhould be received at *Saiſons* with the Friendſhip that I owed him, and which nothing ſhould be able to make me forget. I complimented him alſo upon the Favours which he had lately received at Court, and exhorted him to conduct himſelf under them in ſuch a Courſe, as may render a Man of Honour content with his Fortune.

He ſent me an Anſwer out of hand. His Reſentment, though diſguiſed, made him diſcover it in every Word: he lamented *Roſe*, for being condemn'd to that kind of Life, to which I had now led her; that I intended, in all Appearance, to marry her to a Wine-Merchant, or ſome Peaſant; that theſe Things were far removed from the Intentions of his Father, to which I ſet up a Title with ſo much Application,

and as diſtant from the Views which we ought to have propoſed to ourſelves in coming to *France*. But he ceaſed pretending any Intereſt in his Siſter, ſince I had aſſured him in ſuch ſtrong Terms, that he had no Right over her; and for the Lot to which I had deſtined her, he confeſſed that ſhe was much better in my Hands than his. As to the Propoſal of living well with me, if I intended thereby, living without Hate and Reſentment, he proteſted to me, that he was ſincerely diſpoſed to it; but if I ſpoke of beginning again to live with me under the ſame Roof, he could by no means ſee the Neceſſity of it, nor even that it would be of any Advantage for him or me. Moreover, he wiſh'd me all manner of Proſperity, and ſhould remain with his uſual Affection, *&c.*

As I did not at all expect, that he could be inſenſible to the Sort of Affront I had done him, I reſolved to give his Anger Time to calm, and to reſt myſelf, as to our Reconciliation, upon the Goodneſs of his Nature. Two Days after he ſent me by the Hands of a Notary, half the Sum which he had carried away when he left us; with a Note, in which he pray'd me to receive it in the Name of *Roſe*, to whom it appertain'd, and to acknowledge by an Inſtrument, that it was pay'd to me. I conſented to his Requeſt, and charged the Notary to tell him from his Siſter, from *Patrick*, and from me, That to purchaſe the Pleaſure of ſeeing him again, and of living in a good Underſtanding with him, we would willingly ſacrifice not only this Sum, but all the Money that was in our Hands.

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THE DEAN of *COLERAINE.*

BOOK II.

THE Pains I was at in improving our Habitation, and the Share of it I committed to *Roſe*, by conſulting her on every Particular that might pleaſe her, diſſipated in a ſhort Time her Chagrin for quitting *Paris*. She did herſelf at leaſt a good deal of Violence in diſguiſing it; and a Recovery ſo prompt and ready ought to have given me ſome Suſpicion: But I affected to believe her ſincere, being ſatisfied enough, to ſee that ſhe was capable of aſſuming a little Power over herſelf. Her Indifference for Mr. *de Peſſes* increaſed every Day; and I adviſed this young Man to moderate his Paſſion, and to wait a Return from Time, of which he had no Reaſon yet to deſpair. It is true, that with the Deſire of exempting my Siſter from leſſer Troubles, that I might not give her Room to repent the Deference ſhe had ſhewn me, Mr. *de Peſſes* had enter'd into new Views from the Advice I had given him. The Reaſon I had for approving his Love having been the Intereſt of *Roſe*, whereof I believed I could not ſecure her a Settlement too ſoon, I found myſelf a little cooled by her Repugnance. I could not but own that Inequality of Birth was a juſt Objection. It appeared to me, nevertheleſs, that That Defect was balanced by the Circumſtances of our Fortune; but even That ſtood upon a Suppoſition that Inclination ſhould help to diminiſh the Difficulty; for People do not marry preciſely for Riches, and for no other End, and I could have wiſh'd above all things to ſee my Siſter happy.

Theſe

Theſe Reflections at firſt Sight ſerved to revive my Reſentments againſt *George*, whom I accuſed for cauſing my Siſter to loſe the Reliſh which ſhe formerly had for Mr. *de Peſſes*. She was accuſtomed to ſee him; her Propenſion towards him would have gain'd Strength, and ſhe would have been brought of herſelf to receive his Tenders. Nevertheleſs, I conſidered alſo, that he had not hitherto made any great Progreſs in her Heart, ſince an Abſence of a few Days had ruin'd his Pretenſions. A young Men flatters himſelf from the ſmalleſt Appearances, and interprets every thing in his own Favour. A young Lady of the Age of *Roſe*, who has no Precaution, becauſe ſhe wants Experience, ſometimes gives Advantages over herſelf, without knowing it. Her Frankneſs does not give her room to think of Conſequences, and Self-love in Men figures to themſelves every Succeſs they can deſire. In fine, although Mr. *de Peſſes* entertain'd me every Day with his Love and Sufferings, I reſolved to limit my good Offices to the ſingle Act of conſoling his Grief.

His Paſſion became ſo violent, that being ſeiz'd with a dangerous Fit of Sickneſs, I thought it could not be attributed to any other Cauſe. We ſpared neither Pains nor Coſt to re-eſtabliſh his Health, and even *Roſe* appeared to intereſt herſelf in it with a Zeal that ſurpriſed me. This gave me room to conclude, that ſome Change had been wrought in her Heart, and I could not conceal my Satisfaction. She anſwer'd me with great Openneſs, that the ſole Motive of her Care was Gratitude and Acknowledgment. I eſteem him, ſays ſhe, I am convinced he loves me, and I think what I do for him is a Debt. This Anſwer ſeem'd to me to carry ſo little Appearance of Probability, that I took up a quite different Idea of her Sentiments. But ſhe confirm'd them ſome Days after in a Manner that cured all my Suſpicions. Mr. *de Peſſes* had intreated me the firſt Days of his Sickneſs to ſignify his Situation to his Parents, and I haſten'd to ſatisfy him. Although I ſufficiently weigh'd the Terms of my Letter, ſo as not to give them any falſe Alarm, yet a juſt Uneaſineſs for the Health

Health of an only Son made his Father immediately ſet out, and he arrived at *Saiſons*. He was a venerable old Man, and his Appearance at firſt Sight declared all thoſe good Qualities which he had communicated to his Son. I left them together, and their Converſation laſted about an Hour. In the End, having pray'd me to come to them, the Father urged me in the moſt tender Terms to ſave the Life of his Son, in granting him what he loved more than himſelf. He told me, that he knew with what vaſt Reſpect and Diſtance it became him to demand this Favour in Behalf of a young Man, who was ſo very inferior to us in Birth, and who had no other Foundation for Hope than his infinite Tenderneſs for *Roſe*, and the Friendſhip with which we had honoured him. But if the Gifts of Fortune could ſupply other Wants, he would oblige himſelf to give his Son the Value of two hundred thouſand Livres in Land and Money, and to lay out twenty thouſand Crowns in purchaſing an Employment for him. I interrupted him with Aſſurances, that the Inclinations I had for his Son being always the ſame, he might depend upon my Conſent; and that I would charge myſelf with making theſe new Propoſals to my Siſter. I ordered her to be called, not in the leaſt doubting upon the Matter, but that the Offer of ſuch a preſent Fortune would determine her in his Favour out of hand. She liſtened attentively to my Diſcourſe, but far from flattering either Father or Son with the leaſt Hopes, ſhe proteſted civilly, that ſhe had not yet entertained any other Sentiments for him than thoſe of Gratitude and Friendſhip. Whatever Rigour Mr. *de Peſſes* might diſcover in this Declaration, yet he had ſuch a Senſe of her Care and Diligence about him during his Sickneſs, that he recovered againſt all Hopes.

I own, after this Proof of the Indifference of *Roſe*, every Point of her Conduct became a Riddle to me. I could not conceive from what Motives a Perſon of her Age and Conſtitution ſhould ſo obſtinately refuſe an amiable young Man, of whoſe Love ſhe was convinced, and to whom ſhe did not declare any Averſion:

ſion: For after this new Teſtimony of his Paſſion from the Violence of his Diſtemper, I found in her more Complaiſance and Reſpect for him than before; and I had taken the good Underſtanding between them for the Proof of a mutual Love, if the Chagrin of Mr. *de Peſſes* had not obliged me to make a different Judgment. I ſignified as much with Aſtoniſhment to *Patrick*, who had not yet ſhewed any Oppoſition to the Deſigns of Mr. *de Peſſes*, and who ſeemed to be more affectionate than ever to his Siſter ſince our Reſidence at *Saiſons*. He made me an Anſwer ſo vague and indeterminate, and with an Air of ſo much Conſtraint, that I might have conceived ſome Diſtruſt, if I had been leſs acquainted with his Character: But I believed him to be entirely taken up with his Melancholy, his Books, and the perpetual Alterations he was making in the Garden and the Houſe. I depended too much upon him, and could never imagine that a Mind and a Heart ſo excellent could be capable of deceiving.

During the whole Courſe of my Life nothing has contributed ſo much to my Errors and Difficulties as this credulous Bias in maintaining too favourable an Opinion of the Virtue of others; and in thinking, by a little Study and Search into the Bottom of a Character, to diſcover the natural Principles of Integrity, and the Inclinations to Good. I had not any Commerce with the grand Paſſions by Experience of my own; and without this Key one cannot perfectly enter into the Knowledge of the Heart of Man, which conſiſts only in an Acquaintance with the Effects of the Paſſions. How can we conceive with a ſedate Heart, that it contains Impulſes capable of making us forget thoſe Duties which we love, and which we cannot even think of violating without Remorſe? After this manner I always repoſed a Confidence in the Character of another very near as much as in my own; and whenever I chanced to become the Bubble of theſe Notions, I loved rather to charge the Error to my own Account, in believing I had deceived myſelf in the Judgment I had made, than to accuſe Virtue of Inconſtancy

conſtancy or Weakneſs. Theſe are falſe Ideas, which ſuppoſe in Men an Exceſs of Goodneſs or Wickedneſs, and withall an invariable Steadfaſtneſs and Conſtancy in either, of which human Nature is rarely capable. The Example of *Patrick* has helped more to my Inſtruction than all my own Reaſonings and Knowledge.

He was ſuch as I have painted him; but among a thouſand excellent Qualities he had two, the leaſt Exceſs of which might change into Vices. The one was, that Complaiſance which made him agreeable in Converſation, but which inceſſantly expoſed him to be miſled by the Counſels and Examples of his Acquaintance. The other was, a perpetual Uneaſineſs to himſelf which wanted to be ſettled, and which made him lay hold without Diſcernment on every thing that carried an Appearance of promiſing his Heart that Repoſe of which he was in Search. Theſe two Enemies of his Happineſs and Virtue had already engaged him in more than one falſe Step. Nevertheleſs, theſe outward Appearances had already impoſed on me. To the Surpriſe I had remarked to him, he contented himſelf to anſwer, that not being the Guarantee of his Siſter's Inclinations, he was of Opinion only that ſhe ought neither to be conſtrained nor importuned; but that after the Manner ſhe had declared herſelf, there was little Appearance that ſhe could change her Sentiments. He added, that ſince all our Projects of marrying her had thus failed, he did not know whether it was agreeable to Decency to ſuffer Mr. *de Peſſes* to continue ſo long with her. This Advice was inſinuated ſo dexterouſly, that it made an Impreſſion on me. I agreed that the Reputation of *Roſe* demanded ſome Caution and Addreſs. Mr. *de Peſſes* had been near ſix Months at *Saiſons*. I was reſolved to give him Warning to remove, with all the Openneſs and Candour of Friendſhip; that ſo long an Abode with us, when his Pretenſions were not likely to terminate in a Marriage, might be ſubject to evil Conſtructions; that I was convinced his Politeneſs and Reſpect for me would make him ſtifle the Murmurs of his Heart. In reality, after ſome Complaints

Complaints of his Misfortunes, he confeſſed that my Scruples were juſt, and took the Reſolution of retiring to *Paris*. I could by no Means refuſe him the Permiſſion he requeſted, of coming often to ſee us. *Patrick* had during this Time made many little Journeys, ſometimes at my Requeſt, and ſometimes out of Views of his own. I had importuned him to go often to *St. Germain*, and reproached myſelf for never having been yet there. My Intention had always been to procure ourſelves to be introduced to King *James* by ſome of our Friends, and I had caſt my Eyes on Mr. *de Sercine*, whom that Prince honoured with his Confidence. But I ardently wiſhed that *George* would accompany us, and waited with Impatience that he ſhould make ſome Advances toward a Reconciliation. I had given it in charge to *Patrick* not only to diſpoſe Mr. *de Sercine* to do us the Service I expected from him, but alſo to bring about ſome Interview with his Brother, and to repreſent to him of what Importance it would be for us to live in a better Underſtanding together, and to ſue for in Concert the King's Protection for our Family. As I never recommended any Commiſſions with ſo much Zeal as I did theſe to him, it ſurpriſed me to ſee with what Coldneſs he gave me an Account of the Execution of them; but I attributed his Supineneſs to his natural Humour, and took the Reſolution of going myſelf to *St. Germain*, where I ſaw Mr. *de Sercine*, and Mr. *Dillian*, for the firſt time. They did not receive me like a Perſon unknown; *George* had taken care to give them a Picture of my miſerable Figure; they even ſaluted me by my Name, although I was not introduced to either of them but under the Title of an *Iriſh* Eccleſiaſtick. But if I found myſelf nothing but a Subject for Laughter, in the firſt Circumſtances of my two Viſits, I was heavily concerned to find myſelf treated with a Coldneſs which I did not expect. With much ado they got out ſome Compliments of Services: all their Entertainment turned upon the Merit of my two Brothers, and the Marks of his Favour which

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the King was pleaſed to give them. They mentioned alſo the Beauty of my Siſter, and with what Impatience ſhe was expected at the Court of *St. Germain.*

The Fear of being turned into a new Ridicule, by demanding the Explanation of a Diſcourſe, of which I did not comprehend one Word, made me ſhorten my Compliments. I retired with a good deal of Vexation, and inſtead of paſſing eight Days at *St. Germain*, as I propoſed, I thought of nothing but making the beſt of my Way to *Saiſons*. It behoved me to clear up ſpeedily what I had heard. I thought in general, that I had been betrayed by *Patrick*, and made a Sport of by the ill-judged Prudence of *George*. But what ought I to think of *Roſe?* The Intereſt of that dear Siſter gave me a mortal Alarm. I arrived at *Saiſons*, intirely taken up with my Fears. As I had left Home but the Evening before, they were far from expecting my Return ſo ſoon.

In entering the Court, I ſaw ſome Lackeys in Liveries, with which I was not acquainted, two Coaches and ſome Horſes which the Servants were ſaddling. I advanced towards the Houſe; they diſcovered me; and I heard a vaſt Clattering and Racket in drawing down Windows and ſhutting Chamber-Doors with the greateſt Precipitation. I found ſome Difficulty in believing my Ears and my Eyes. What do they mean? ſays I; would they intirely ſhut me out of my Houſe? I entered. Not one Perſon came to receive me. I immediately went up to my Apartment, without having Power to clear up what I already thought ſo fatal, nor even to call one of our Servants. For I came Home unattended and on Foot, having diſcharged at *Paris* the *St. Germain* Stage-Coach.

I remained ſome Moments in a profound Silence, during which I was meditating on what Manner they would probably conduct themſelves to me. At laſt I heard *Patrick*'s Voice, who aſked ſome of the Servants where I was? He then came to my Chamber. I was ſitting with my Head leaning on my Hand. I did not quit this Poſture, aud without even

even opening my Eyes I waited with a great deal of Affliction for ſome body to explain to me what I had to hope or fear; for my firſt Suſpicions had fallen on *George*, and I well imagined that it could be no-body but he, who came to carry away his Siſter from me. My Silence, and the Tokens I ſhewed of a lively Affliction, touched the tender-hearted *Patrick*. He continued like one in Doubt, whether he ought to open his Mouth. I lifted up my Eyes on him; my firſt Look made him bluſh. In fine, the Goodneſs of his Temper prevailed over all his Projects; he told me ingenuouſly, that he knew the Cauſe of my Chagrin, and that he was aſhamed to have deceived me.

And you too, O *Patrick!* interrupted I him with a deep Sigh. Alas! what have you then done? what Reaſon have you to diſtruſt me? He acknowledged he was guilty, and promiſed to make a Confeſſion of all his Faults. But that which preſſes hardeſt now, ſays he, that Embarraſment in which you found us upon your Arrival, and in which I yet remain, is this; my Brother is here, and I am engaged to favour his Deſign of carrying *Roſe* to *Paris*. She has conſented to it; and I fear you will not be able to make an Oppoſition, without drawing on yourſelf ſome new Vexation. I preſſed him to explain himſelf more at large. He confeſſed to me, that in the firſt Motions of Surpriſe and Confuſion, into which my unexpected Return had caſt them, *George* had commanded him with a fierce Air to come and declare to me, that he was reſolved not to be twice my Dupe, and that if I attempted to detain *Roſe*, I ſhould oblige him againſt his Inclinations to the Committal of ſome Violence. What Side ſhall I take? ſays he to me; I always thought I had engaged myſelf imprudently, but I had not Power to defend myſelf againſt his Inſtances, nor to reſiſt ſome Promiſes he made me.

Although I was ſenſible of all the Difficulties of my Situation, I was ſo well ſatisfied to ſee *Patriek* return to his Duty and my Intereſts, that I forthwith

with reſumed Hopes. I put off all other Queſtions, till we ſhould be under more quiet Circumſtances; and thinking on nothing but the preſent Evil, I aſked him, if *George* was alone. He told me that he had with him three Ladies, and two Gentlemen, to one of whom he intended to marry *Roſe*. A new Temerity this, which raiſed in me as much Grief as Aſtoniſhment. Marry *Roſe!* cried I, to whom then? and by what Right does he pretend to diſpoſe of her Hand without my Knowledge, and without my Approbation? He anſwered quickly, that I ought not to be alarmed; for as to what regarded this Marriage, *George* had taken no Step in it, but by the Advice and Approbation of all our Friends and Relations at *St. Germain*; that the King himſelf had given his Conſent, and that the Match was equally honourable and advantageous for our Siſter. Every Word of ſo ſtrange an Account augmented my Surpriſe and Conſternation. But, replies I, with a Voice diſorder'd by Reſentment, am I then looked upon as a Cypher? Do you in ſuch a Point as this ſet at nought my Tenderneſs, my Character, and the Rights of my Age? Moreover, to marry the Girl without her ſeeing the Huſband deſtined for her! He interrupted me by an Aſſurance, that in relation to me, they had reſolved to inform me of all the Amour before the Celebration of the Marriage; and that as to the Lover, he had viſited *Roſe* ſo often in Company with *George* ſince our Reſidence at *Saiſons*, that ſhe had Time to know him, and to have for him an high Eſteem.

It was impoſſible that this laſt Stroke ſhould fail to make me know what a wretched May-game I had been to them ſince our Departure from *Paris*. I demanded no other Explanation, and taking my Aim without Deliberation, I prayed *Patrick* to inform his Brother, that I impatiently deſired a Word with him in private. He agreed to ſatisfy me, under a Promiſe not to reveal the Confidence he had put in me, in relation to the Departure of *Roſe*. But I

was as much ſurpriſed as at all the reſt, to ſee him return ſorrowful to tell me, that *George* abſolutely refuſed to ſee me, unleſs I would promiſe to conſent to the Departure of my Siſter, and to live in Friendſhip with him for the Time to come. Heaven! cried I, lifting up my Eyes, you are Witneſs on whom the Peace depends at this Time. But I will go myſelf to him, ſince he refuſes to come to me.

I went down the ſame Moment, and notwithſtanding the Agitation of all my Thoughts I received ſo much Strength from Heaven, as to aſſume a calm and compoſed Air. I entered into the Apartment, where they expected nothing leſs than to ſee me, after the Timorouſneſs they obſerved in my ſeeking to be alone upon my Arrival. *George* appeared to be diſconcerted, *Roſe* trembled, and all the Spectators, who were not ignorant of the Situation of Affairs, and who had a Part or Counterplot to act, ſeemed to be under a kind of Embarraſſment. But when I had opened my Mouth to unfold myſelf with Moderation, all the Reſolution I had gathered abandoned me at the Sight of Mr. *de Sercine*, on whom I by Chance caſt my Eyes. This was the ſame Gentleman, whom I had ſeen that very Morning at *St. Germain*; our near Relation, an aged Man, a Courtier, who had the Reputation of having a great Stock of Wiſdom and Experience. I found all of a ſudden, from the Complaiſance he had ſhewn in accompanying *George*, the Cauſe of his cold Reception of me, and I confeſs that his Preſence, and my calling this to mind, had at once froze my Blood. He perceived that my Confuſion had tied my Tongue, and taking up the Diſcourſe himſelf, he intreated me not to take Offence, that his Zeal for our Houſe, and his Friendſhip for my Brothers and Siſter, had made him enter into ſome Meaſures, which were indeed taken without my Participation, but that they ought not to alarm my Wiſdom and Piety: that of all the Perſons I ſaw in my Houſe, there was not one from whom I might

might not expect all Sorts of Opportunities of doing me Friendſhip and Service; that That was his Spouſe, and theſe his two Daughters, with my Lord *Linch*, a young Gentleman of great Hopes, who had contracted a ſtrict Friendſhip with my Brothers, and who had yet Sentiments more tender for my Siſter; that the Retreat to which I had confined *Patrick* and *Roſe* being an unpromiſing Way to advance them in the World, and the State of our Affairs not permiting us to make a better Choice, he came here with all the Affection of a Relation and a Friend to offer them his Houſe and his Credit at Court; that *Roſe* ſhould not meet with a leſs agreeable Reception than my Brothers, who already had the Honour of being preſented to the King; that this Prince wiſhed ardently to ſee *Roſe*, from the Deſcription which my Lord *Linch* had given him of her; in fine, that he came to take her, with his Wife and Daughters, to conduct her to *Paris*, where ſhe ſhould paſs ſome Days to provide Cloaths, and from thence to *St. Germain*, where ſhe was expected: As to myſelf, if I perſiſted in my Inclination for Solitude, I might reſide quietly at *Saiſons*, and that all the Friends of our Family would employ their Intereſts to obtain me a Benefice or ſome other Proviſion of a Churchman.

Having had Time to recollect myſelf during this Diſcourſe, I conceived that my Complaints, my Objections, and my Scruples, would be little hearkened unto, and that they would not wait for my Conſent to execute the Project they had formed without conſulting me. The Indifference ſhewed me in ſo coldly adviſing me to reſide where I was, gave me a little Concern. It was not to the Careſſes of Men or the Favours of Fortune that my Soul was ſenſible: It was to the Hard-heartedneſs of *George*, whoſe fond Conceit bore heavy upon all my Cares, and turned me into Ridicule for my Tenderneſs and Zeal: For I clearly diſcovered from the Conduct and Diſcourſe of Mr. *de Sercine* the Opinion which they had given him of me. I was yet touched more to the Quick at the Blindneſs of *Roſe* and *Patrick*, who delivered themſelves up ſo raſhly

raſhly to their firſt Expectations, and at the Ingratitude with which they were determined to cauſe me the moſt mortal Grief that I could poſſibly ſuffer. Notwithſtanding, in ſpight of the Troubles into which theſe bitter Reflections caſt me, I formed upon the ſpot the only two Reſolutions which remained for me to take under theſe ſorrowful Circumſtances; the one was, to ſpare them even my Reproaches, ſince they had hitherto been unprofitable, and which could ſerve for no other Purpoſe but to render them more blameable; the other was, to return with all ſpeed to *Ireland*, and to think no more of being uſeful to them otherwiſe than by my Vows and Prayers. They had of themſelves found Counſels, Protection, Succour, and Eſtabliſhments, if one could believe the Flatteries of their Self-Love; they had no more to expect from me, and moreover it appeared plainly enough that they were willing to receive no more of my Advice.

I ſhall not affirm that Reſentment and Vexation did not enter into the Compoſition of that internal Oath I had taken of quitting *France*; but I am confident at leaſt that Reaſon and Religion found nothing to condemn in it. On the contrary, they both with equal Force perſuaded me to that Journey; and when I found my Mind more free, and my Blood leſs in motion, I gave Thanks to Heaven for having permitted me, who had been engaged in powerful Bonds to a Party, to ſurmount the Weakneſs of Blood, and the Motions of an exceſſive Tenderneſs.

I had then Power to make this calm Anſwer to Mr. *de Sercine*; that the Intereſts of my Brothers and Siſter were very ſafely placed in his Hands; and though I had a Right to expect to be treated with a little more Regard and Confidence, I had nevertheleſs the Conſolation to ſee my Family highly honoured in the King's Protection and his. I ſaid no more; and this civil Anſwer, which was leſs expected than ſome Strokes of moral Chagrin, revived a Tranquillity and Joy in all the Aſſembly; it helped to moderate and cool the former Heats. I then did the Honours of the Houſe, and took a Part in the Converſation, with a Reſolu-

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tion to avoid every thing that might renew my Grief, notwithſtanding the ſight of *Roſe*, whom I looked upon as the unhappy Victim of the Ambition of my Brother. Her innocent Charms, her baſhful and perplexed Looks, which with Pain ſhe fixed on me, wrung ſome Sighs from the Bottom of my Heart, which I could not keep in without Violence. I formed a Deſign of holding a private Converſation with her to make a new Effort on her Mind, or at leaſt to fortify it by the Repetition of my ancient Maxims. I made a Sign to her to follow me out of the Apartment, and ſhe would have obeyed, but *George* obſerved me. He penetrated my Deſign, and holding her down when ſhe was about to riſe and follow me, he with an affected Sweetneſs ſaid to me, that I had had all Seaſons to give my ſage Counſels to *Roſe*, and muſt not now deprive ſuch honourable Company of her Preſence; and that by putting her into the Hands of Madam *de Sercine*, I might reckon that ſhe had no further Occaſion for any other Leſſon than the Example of a Lady ſo amiable and prudent. After this manner my All was cruelly raviſhed from me, without leaving me the Pleaſure of giving her in private the laſt Adieu. With Difficulty I had the Liberty of converſing a Moment with *Patrick*. I did not enter into any new Detail, but after ſome juſt Reproaches on his Weakneſs, which rendered all his good Qualities unprofitable, I exhorted him to the Love at leaſt of Virtue, even at the Time he ſhould forget the Practice of it; and I foretold him one Part of the Evils with which he was threaten'd. It is poſſible I ſhould not have been able to conceal from him the Reſolution of my Departure, if *George*, who apprehended ſo much my Seductions, though I had more Reaſon to fear his, had not ſtept between to interrupt me. He told me with an Air of Satisfaction, that he had laboured effectually in our Fortune with *Roſe* and *Patrick*; that I ſhould be always the firſt to whom he ſhould make an Offering of the Profits; and that he recommended his Enterprizes to my Prayers. Go, ſays I, go *George*, and may your Fortune ſurpaſs your Hopes; the moſt ardent of my

Prayers is to ſee you wiſe and happy: But I am miſtaken if you become ſo by ſuch ſtrange Methods. Mr. *de Sercine*, and my Lord *Linch*, who joined us the ſame Moment, affected to interrupt me by miſplaced Compliments. It was eaſy to obſerve, that they all three acted by Concert, to take from me the Power of ſaying ſome Things to them which they could not hear without Shame. Neceſſity made me yield to this Tyranny. I ſaw them go, without giving them any other Token of Reſentment but my Silence. I held my Eyes conſtantly down, and when in taking their Leave they aſſured me they would often ſend me Tidings of them, I made them no Anſwer but by an Inclination of the Head and profound Reverences.

It is true, that *Patrick* proteſted to me, preſſing my Hand, that my Intereſts ſhould be always as dear to him as his own, and that he would ſpeedily give me better Proofs of his Sentiments. But what could I build upon a Character ſo weak and inconſtant, in whom it appeared, that new Impreſſions were always the ſtrongeſt? He had acknowledged his Duty two Hours before; he had engaged himſelf to my Views, by confeſſing his Fault in ſuffering himſelf to be drawn away by the Counſels of his Brother; and I had ſeen him advance to fly me with an Air of as much Satisfaction as they had who would raviſh him from me, without having even explained to me the Bottom of his Deſigns, and without giving me any Light into his former Steps, to ſerve at leaſt as a Rule for my own Conduct. I employed the firſt Moments I paſſed alone after their Departure, in renewing the Oath I had taken to quit *France*. I had now no Reaſons remaining to give me the leaſt Scruple in doing this. I was diſengaged from all my Duties by their Obſtinacy and Flight; and after the outrageous Manner in which they came to treat me, Tenderneſs of Blood would be no more than a Weakneſs.

Nevertheleſs, as I would give no room for Reproach, I did not think I ought to abandon *Saiſons* without leaving ſome Perſons of Truſt in it, to take care of their Affairs, and who would faithfully deliver up

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what I was reſolved to leave them. Although the Right of Primogeniture had given me the beſt Part of all that we had poſſeſſed hitherto in common, my Reſolution was to reſign to them without Exception all my Pretenſions thereto, and to take only out of the Money yet in my Hands as much as would be neceſſary to defray the Expences of my Journey. *Coleraine* afforded me a Retreat, where I could always live commodiouſly on the Profits of my Benefice alone. I then caſt my Eyes on Mr. *de Peſſes*, whoſe Probity I was perfectly acquainted with, and even judging that a Commiſſion of this Nature would be agreeable to him, as it would afford him freſh Opportunities of doing Service to *Roſe* and my Brothers, I ſent for him to come immediately to *Saiſons*.

This extraordinary Invitation gave him ſome Hopes, which appeared upon his Arrival to be but ill-grounded; for acquainting him with my Reſolution to return to *Ireland*, I did not leave him ignorant of the Motives of it, nor conſequently conceal from him that which I had diſcovered from my ſhort Converſation with *Patrick* upon what related to *Roſe* and my Lord *Linch*. He was at firſt out of Meaſure afflicted, even to make me fear ſome fatal Effect from his Grief, when he conſidered upon the whole, that my Departure deprived him of the only Reſource he could have about her. Nevertheleſs, recovering from this Tranſport, and ſeeing me too ſtrongly fortified in my Deſign to give him room to flatter himſelf that I could poſſibly change my Sentiments, he rejoiced, as I had foreſeen, at the Choice I made to commit to him the Truſt of our Houſe. He acquired by this Step a Right of ſeeing my Siſter again, and of holding ſome Correſpondence with her, which he could not promiſe himſelf otherwiſe, under Circumſtances ſo little favourable for his Love. I aſked him, if being lodged near *Patrick* in his Reſidence at *Saiſons*, he had never perceived any thing that had paſſed contrary to his Intereſt and mine. He told me he had often imagined, during whole Nights, that he had heard a Noiſe in the Garden, and in other Places; but that

miſtruſting nothing good Manners would not give him leave to carry his Curioſity very far in another Perſon's Houſe. I interrogated upon the ſame Head the only Domeſtick I had left with me, and could draw no further Light from him; ſo that on my Departure I could not carry away the Satisfaction of knowing by what Artifices they had deceived me, nor if I had it yet in my Power to ſhield myſelf from them. This Knowledge indeed would not at all repair the Evil; but it would help me to reaſon more juſtly, on the unhappy Conſequences that muſt neceſſarily follow.

It was not without a tender Regret, that I next Morning took leave of Mr. *de Peſſes*, having firſt put into his Cuſtody about ten thouſand Crowns, which were the only Remains of the Fortune of our Anceſtors. I left with him a common Note, addreſſed to my Brothers, in which I declared to them without any Mark of Reſentment, that finding myſelf diſengaged from all my Promiſes by a thouſand Reaſons, which I avoided to repeat, I had taken the Reſolution of returning to *Coleraine*, and that if I had once thought I had the Power of preferring them for ſome Time to my Flock, I now looked upon myſelf obliged to return to my ancient Duties, ſince my Preſence and Cares had become abſolutely unprofitable to them. I exhorted them to remember their Birth and their Religion, and what their Duty was from theſe two Motives to God and to the Honour of their Anceſtors. I earneſtly recommended their Siſter to them, the Care of whom was from henceforth their firſt Duty, and of whom they muſt give ſo much the more rigorous Account, as they had voluntarily charged themſelves with her. In fine, I acquainted them that I had put into the Care of Mr. *de Peſſes*, our Houſe and Money, to which I aſſigned to them all my Right. I left with him a much longer Letter for *Roſe*, which contained nothing but Tenderneſs and wholeſome Counſels. Nevertheleſs, I could not conceal that I did myſelf a good deal of Violence in writing with ſuch Moderation. It was ſufficient to let her know, that all the Wounds

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of my Heart were closed. I stifled my Complaints, having resolved for the future to take no Advice but from Reason and my Duty.

However, I had yet another Combat with myself, in passing through *St. Germain* in my Way to *Dieppe*; and I had a stronger Proof than ever, from the Pain I endured in overcoming myself, that the best regulated Movements of Nature are difficult to be governed. What Pains then ought it of consequence to cost us to obtain a complete Empire over the Passions? I knew that my Brothers and Sister intended to be at Court before the End of the Week. I found I had an Inclination to wait for them, and to seek, for the last Time, the Opportunity of seeing them. Sometimes I had it in my Thoughts to load them with all the Reproaches they had deserved, and which the Presence of Mr. *de Sercine* had obliged me to stifle in my Heart. Sometimes it was to gratify my Tenderness, which was yet powerful enough to make me forget their Ingratitude. They were in no Expectation of my Departure; they had never looked upon my Proposal of quitting them, which my Discontent had often made me threaten, as a serious Menace. It might yet possibly happen, that when they saw me on the Road ready to be gone without Hopes of a Return, that the Memory of all that I had done for them, and the Shame of having caused me such unjust Vexations, might oblige them to resume the Sentiments which they once had for me. But if they should do so, to what End could such an Alteration aim? They were already too far engaged; they had taken to themselves Guides, whom Decency would not permit them to abandon, and whose Views could never be made to accord with mine. Moreover, it was flattering myself too much to believe that they were disposed to a Reconciliation with me. I was become inconvenient and troublesome to them; I ought to fear appearing again at *St. Germain*. Who knows in what manner they would receive my Visit, and whether *George*, who had been capable of making a Game of my natural Infirmities to Mr. *de*

Sercine and Mr. *Dillon*, might not yet crown his Revenge by ſome notable Inſult? Out of all theſe Reflections I applied my Mind to thoſe which ought to make me haſten my Journey. I arrived at *Dieppe*, where I took the Advantage of the firſt Veſſel that was bound for *London*. The Moment I embarked, a Letter was ſent me from Mr. *de Peſſes*, which he had addreſſed to me by chance at the ſame Inn in which we paſſed ſome Days on our Arrival in *France*. I doubted whether I ought to read it, under a Fear of diſcovering ſome new Subject of Pain; but a Tenderneſs for my Blood prevailed again. I opened it, and found that it contained freſh Inſtances to ſtop me ſhort in my Journey, together with the Relation of a Viſit, which Mr. *de Peſſes* had paid to my Brothers and Siſter. Having fortunately diſcovered the Place of their Abode at *Paris*, he did not loſe one Moment in acquainting them with my Departure. *Roſe* fell into a Swoon at the News, and did not come to herſelf without ſhedding a Torrent of Tears. *Patrick* alſo gave all the Tokens of a lively Grief. Even *George* himſelf appeared to be ſtruck at a Diſcovery ſo unexpected; yet he applied out of hand all his Wit to conſole his Siſter and Brother, in repreſenting to them, that my Preſence was no way neceſſary to their Projects; that nothing could hinder them from hoping that I might live happily enough on my Benefice; and that if their Affairs took ſuch a Turn as they had Reaſon to promiſe themſelves, it would never be too late to invite me to come back to ſhare in their Fortune. Mr. *de Peſſes* concluded with the Tears of *Roſe*, and the Regrets of *Patrick*, whom I yet loved tenderly, and that if I would try any new Effort, they might ſtill be brought back to my Views. I ſaw from the whole Scope of the Letter, a Lover reſtleſs and unquiet on his own Account, who laboured to detain me by falſe Hopes, and to make my Return prove to re-eſtabliſh a little his own. But at the ſame time that I perceived the ſincere Affliction of *Patrick* and *Roſe*, I obſerved the haughty and inflexible Temper of *George*. I was convinced, that he did

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not give into more Tenderneſs for them in the Plot he had managed to take them from me, than Reſentment at the Manner I myſelf had taken in carrying away my Siſter from him. He was minded to revenge himſelf with Intereſt. So I could not yet attempt to take them away from him, without drawing on me a new Revenge, which would childiſhly and to no end perpetuate Repriſals. This Thought, which was one of the principal Motives of my Departure, defended me againſt the Solicitations of Mr. *de Peſſes*, notwithſtanding the exceſſive Compaſſion his Letter had raiſed in me. I wrote him on the ſpot a ſhort Anſwer, to let him know the Conſtancy of my Reſolutions, and my Embarking, which I did the ſame Hour. In two Days of a proſperous Voyage I arrived at *London*, from whence I travelled by Land to *Holy-head*. An *Engliſh* Veſſel, which I found by chance ready to weigh Anchor, landed me in four Days at *Londonderry*, and the Day following in the Evening I got once more to my Houſe at *Coleraine*.

Four Months Abſence would have made me find a lively Satisfaction in the Embraces and Careſſes of my Friends, if I could have got rid of a thouſand anxious Remembrances, of which I had the Source rather more in my Heart than my Imagination. I could not ſee myſelf again ſo near the Grave of my Father, without feeling a mortal Confuſion in being able to give him no better an Account of the Truſt he had committed to my Care. The Teſtimonies of my Fidelity and Zeal, which I had at the Bottom of my Heart, fully diſperſed all Shadow of Remorſe; but far from vaniſhing my Regret and Sorrow, it ſerved only to call up into my Memory the Unſerviceableneſs of my Endeavours, and the miſerable Fruits, I had gathered from my Hopes. Theſe heavy Weights were always hung to my Heart, and I carried them about me in every Place. When I examined Matters in a more favourable Senſe, I found I had not done that Juſtice to *George* which he merited on many Occaſions. The Prudence of his Man-

ners, the Soundneſs of his Judgment, and the Honour of his Principles, were three Points in which I had not yet obſerved any Foible; and I could well conceive, that notwithſtanding every Part the Spirit of Revenge had infuſed into his Conduct, yet he had always maintained his Reſpect for me, and that Ambition, or the Love of the World, with which he would inſpire his Brother and Siſter, had no Reaſon to alarm me that he would have led them to Vice by his Approbation or Example. But that Species of Virtue, which he was capable of implanting in them, appeared to me almoſt as formidable as Vice itſelf. It was only an Appetite of pleaſing Men, it was a Value for their Favours, and a Reliſh of all the Paths that might conduct him to them.—Would the moſt worthy Man, who propoſes to himſelf no other End, wait a long time in becoming vicious, if Vice may be made to anſwer his Views? And would not he in Reality take that Step, which he thought ſo neceſſary for him? For what End does it anſwer, to diſguiſe it under other Names? Is a Nobleneſs of Sentiments any other Thing than Pride, when it has nothing for its Object but Grandeur and human Diſtinctions? Politeneſs and Complaiſance, which ſerve to open the Road to Fortune, are they any Thing elſe than a looſe and cowardly Approbation of the Vices and Irregularities of others? Gallantry, without which one can bear no Rank in the World, can it be diſtinguiſhed ſeriouſly from ſenſual Pleaſure, of which it is, as it were, the Flower and Refinement? I agreed that a Man of Judgment and Honour, ſuch as I figured to myſelf *George* to be, might not deliver himſelf to the Management of this Depravation: But what Curb could hold in *Roſe* and *Patrick*? Their Age, which was ſcarce above Infancy, their tender and flexible Nature, which might render them capable of Exceſs, either in Good or Evil, according to the firſt Impreſſions given them, the Luſtre of their natural Qualities, which might expoſe them to the moſt urgent and inevitable Temptations; in fine, the Temerity of their Brother, who could

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not in the leaſt conceive that they had Need of Precaution, were all juſt Subjects of Alarm, which made me fear that they would fall into Diſgrace at every Step.

In reflecting alſo upon the Cauſe of my Regrets, a Scruple aroſe in my Mind, which cauſed me much Perplexity. The Opinion I had of the Judgment and Probity of *George* made me doubt if the Delicacy of my Religion had not been carried too far, and if the Idea I had formed to myſelf of the World had not been falſe or at leaſt exaggerated. It was certain I was not indebted for it to my own Experience; it was the Fruit of my Study, or of the Principles of Education, which I ſucked in at the Seminary at *Carrickfergus*. On the other hand *George*, although only a few Years older than his Brother, had had a happy Opportunity of opening his Mind much more by his Converſation and Acquaintance in the World; becauſe being conſidered as the eldeſt of our Houſe, he had been obliged for divers Years of my Father's Life to repreſent him in all Aſſemblies and Meetings of the Province, and to preſerve certain Ties of Decorum with the Nobleſſe of our Country. Was it impoſſible that he ſhould have acquired more juſt Notions than mine, and that being better inſtructed in the Uſages and Cuſtoms of the World, he might judge with more Diſcernment what was criminal and what was innocent? Under this Suppoſition, he might not only know better than I, what was ſuitable to the Intereſts of his Brother and Siſter, but might have Reaſon to reproach me, which he often had done; that my Zeal ſurpaſſed my Underſtanding, and that I was fitter for the Solitude of a Cloſet, than to give Rules of Conduct for the World: That I deſerved to be conſidered as a blind and inconſiderate Cenſor, and a turbulent Man, who perplexed out of Seaſon his prudent Deſigns by my Complaints and importunate Remonſtrances. In truth, the Holy Books, of which all the Maxims are infallible, declare War againſt the World, and the Lovers of it, in a thouſand Places; but they explain

alſo what is underſtood by the Lovers of the World: Theſe are the Cheats, the Knaves, the Proud, the Senſual, the Revengeful, the Robbers of other Men's Goods, *&c.* All Qualities which we cannot with Reaſon attribute to a great Part of thoſe who have Acquaintance with it, and which we cannot aſcribe in the leaſt, without a criminal Temerity, to thoſe who do not know it at all. It is then upon this Species of Men only, if there be many of ſuch a frightful Character, on whom all the Evangelical Maledictions fall; which does not hinder but that a great many of thoſe who live in the World, may maintain a ſafe and amiable Intercourſe with them; and *George* might have been acquainted with this by Experience.

Under the Incertainty I continued after theſe Reflections, I bitterly repented that I had not drawn greater Advantages from the Time I had ſpent in *France* for acquiring that Knowledge in which I found myſelf deficient. It would have been eaſy for me to have been introduced into all Sorts of Companies, and to have diſcerned their Principles and Cuſtoms. I had learned by myſelf what a Chriſtian ought to think of the World. Perhaps I ſhould have better agreed with *George* after having acquired this Knowledge, and Peace had continued to reign in our Family: Inſtead of which, by my condemning with Precipitation whatever diſpleaſed me, I might be guilty of troubling it. This Doubt gave me ſuch a ſharp Affliction, that I ſhould have had a Difficulty in being comforted, if Heaven had not given Repoſe to my Conſcience by another Reflection. If it be true, ſays I to myſelf, that *George* has not in the leaſt gone aſtray in his Notions and Proſpects, I ought not to regret that he hath taken from me the Conduct of his Brother and Siſter; they could not be better than under him. If he has gone aſtray, as much as I imagine, I had Reaſon to forſake him; and in condemning him have done my Duty, though I have loſt all Hopes of reclaiming him to his.

It

It was not at *Coleraine*, that my Difficulties could be well cleared up. A little Market-Town almoſt intirely made up of Tradeſmen and Labourers, was a Place very improper to repreſent to me the World, in which my Brothers and Siſter were engaged. Moreover, Innocence and Tranquillity had for a long time ſway'd in my Flock. In the mean time, as the Diſpoſitions of Providence had begun to manifeſt themſelves upon my Fate, and that all the reſt of my Life was deſtined to much Perturbation, it was not granted to me even at *Coleraine*, during ſome Months I paſſed there, to enjoy that Repoſe which I came in queſt of, and which every Body there poſſeſſed. Scarce had I began to recover a little from that deep Grief which I had brought from *France*, when, to prepare me for a thouſand new Afflictions, to which fraternal Tenderneſs muſt quickly expoſe me, Heaven raiſed me up one Trial ſo much the more grievous, as it bore upon the Honour of my Father; that is to ſay, what I held the moſt precious next to my Regards to God and Religion. It is not to interrupt the Hiſtory of my Brothers and Siſter, that I ſtop a Moment to give this Relation, but becauſe it is knit together in the Conſequences with the greater Part of the Events of which I have undertaken the Recital.

Some Gentlemen of the County of *Antrim*, ill affected to the Government, and exaſperated above all things to ſee the beſt Lands in *Ireland* paſſed into the Hands of the King's Favourites, without any other Title for obtaining them, than their Cringings and Flatteries, ſecretly confederated together with a Deſign to raiſe a Rebellion, and perhaps with the Hopes of intirely ſhaking off the *Engliſh* Yoke. The Succeſs of ſo great an Enterpriſe depending on an infinite Number of Springs and Movements, they had employ'd many Years in dreſſing up their Plot; and the Secret had been kept ſo faithfully, that even after the Diſcovery of it, there was no coming at the Knowledge of the Accomplices. One of the Confederates, whoſe Name was *Fincer*, an ancient Friend and Neighbour of our Houſe, had unfortunately loſt the general

Plan of the Project, which was found by one of the King's Officers. *Fincer* forthwith perceived his Loss; but being satisfied that it was wrote by a faithful and unknown Hand, and the Foresight of the Conspirators, who had dressed up the Contrivances, having disguised the Names of Persons and Places after a Manner that they could not be discovered, he flattered himself that he should be able to dispel all Suspicions, should they fall on him, and render all Inquiries fruitless. Nevertheless, at the same Time he did not neglect to give Information of his Misfortune to all those whom the same Interests had obliged to take a Share in it; but to prevent their being alarmed at the Danger, he swore them a-new to a Fidelity under all Trials. In effect the Viceroy, to whom the Scheme was immediately transmitted, unsuccessfully took all Sorts of Ways to discover the Authors and Instruments of the Conspiracy.

In the mean time, the Fear of so pressing a Danger having obliged the Government to proclaim a Reward for the Discovery of the Secret, according to the Practice of *England*, they came in the End, from divers probable Notices, such as the Time and Place where the Scheme had been found, to be assured that it was Mr. *Fincer* that had lost it. He was arrested, and conducted to Prison in *Dublin*. They proceeded to his Examination out of hand, and the Viceroy was present at it: But instead of seeing a Criminal dismayed and confounded, was it not surprising that he did not discover the least Emotion? *Fincer* offer'd voluntarily to unfold the whole. He confessed he had two things to reproach himself with; the one, for having kept so long a Time such dangerous a Plan; and the other, his Delay after he had lost it, in coming and declaring the Bottom of the Mystery to the Viceroy, to save him the false Steps in which an imaginary Danger had engaged him: That for the first of these two Faults he had no other Justification to make than his Curiosity, which had made him keep by him for such a long Time, a Piece uncommon, and of an extraordinary Nature: And as to the second, it was true,

true, that his Duty obliged him, as ſoon as poſſible, to give what Inſight he could to the Viceroy; but it may be eaſily imagined, that an innocent Man, who loves Repoſe, would avoid as much as he could, expoſing himſelf to unprofitable Embarraſments; in a Word, that he had Hopes that the Plan would never have been diſcovered to have been in his Hands; and that being certain that the Project of a Revolt contained in it, was nothing but an idle Chimera, which had vaniſhed with the Life and Memory of its Author, he had thought that in Regard to the publick Tranquillity, as well as his own, he could not take a wiſer Courſe than to keep Silence.

As this Confeſſion appeared very obſcure, and as he was demanded to give an Explanation of it leſs ambiguous, he added, with the ſame Tranquillity, that he was grieved to be forced to defame the Honour of the Dead; but that under the Neceſſity he was to conceal nothing, he declared without Regret, that the late Earl of——— had been the Author of the Plan; that the Zeal of this Lord for the *Romiſh* Religion had all his Life cheriſhed in him an ardent Deſire to draw her out of Oppreſſion; that he had formed a hundred Projects, which he had not ſo much as communicated to his Friends; and that they had never proceeded further than upon Paper; that his Death having helped to deſtroy them, it was likely there remained ſome Copies; that the Plan now in queſtion was one of them; that having found it among the Papers of his Father, who died alſo ſome Months after, he was ignorant in what manner it came there; that he remembered only to have heard his Father ſpeak of the Deſigns of the Earl, who was one of his beſt Friends, and of the Efforts which he had always uſed to cure him of theſe vain Imaginations: In fine, to give a yet greater Appearance of Probability to his Diſcourſe, *Fincer* aſſured the Viceroy, that my Brothers would not have reſolved to quit *Ireland*, but for fear of being accuſed ſooner or later, and it may be with Juſtice, for having participated in the Projects of their Father.

In

In truth, this Series of Calamities was not ſupported by the leaſt Proof; but as the Viceroy had nothing more to produce againſt the Perſon accuſed, he was obliged to ſuſpend the Proceedings, in order to wait for new Diſcoveries, and *Fincer* was remanded to Priſon. The Noiſe of this Adventure having the ſame Day been ſpread about *Dublin*, I received by one Poſt many Letters to apprize me of the Injury done my Father, and to warn me of the Danger I was expoſed to, of being taken up. This in truth was what I ought naturally to expect: But leſs moved by this Fear, than touched for the Honour of my Blood, I did not at all conſider whether I had any Riſks to run, and I believed I ought to haſten to *Dublin*, for many Reaſons. I uſed ſo much Diligence, that having outſtrip'd the Order of the Viceroy, I preſented myſelf before him when he little expected it. The Strength with which I defended the Innocence of my Father, and the Tender I voluntarily made of my Head, if it appeared by the leaſt Teſtimony that he had failed in his Duty to the Government, or his Obedience to the Laws of his Country, ballanced at leaſt the Depoſitions of *Fincer*. I requeſted them with the ſame Reſolution to be confronted Face to Face by our Accuſer. They did not refuſe me this Requeſt, which would have been required of me, if I had not demanded it as a Favour. The Viceroy was a Witneſs of this Scene. *Fincer* was of my Age, and we had known one another from our Infancy. My Preſence diſconcerted him. He told me with a perplexed Air, that he was ſurpriſed to ſee me engaged in an Affair, when I was accuſed of nothing, at leaſt by his Depoſitions; that as to what related to my Father, it was with a mortal Regret that he had been conſtrained to reveal all that he knew of him. I pray'd to be inform'd of that which he pretended to know with ſo much Certainty. He delivered it in the Terms before related, and which were the ſame as thoſe he had given in his firſt Depoſitions; which made me judge that the Perſonage he had acted was counterfeited. I conceiv'd that it would be difficult for me to confound this Impoſtor; and though

though an Accuſation uncertain and without Proof was not ſufficient abſolutely to blemiſh the Memory of my Father, yet I afflicted myſelf ſo much the more, to ſee him become a Prey to Suſpicions; that *Fincer* being a Proteſtant, I foreſaw, that, all things conſider'd, the Court and the Publick would be more favourable to him than to my Family. This Fear was verified upon the Spot, by the Conduct of the Viceroy. He took my Vexation for a Mark of Perplexity, and ſeeing that *Fincer* did not give me the leaſt Advantage over him by his Anſwers, he declared, that without conſidering me as a Perſon guilty, I ſhould be detained proviſionally under the Guard of a Meſſenger of State.

In the mean time, far from looking upon my Impriſonment as a new Diſgrace, I thought it would tend to clear up the Honour of my Father, by giving me a Right to preſs his Accuſer more briſkly, and to obtain from the Judges an Explication, which would remove all the Doubts of the Publick; for that I thought was the greateſt Miſchief I had to dread. I ſignified to my Friends, to get together in the Neighbourhood of the Eſtate which was once our's, all the Witneſſes that might prove the quiet Diſpoſition of my Father, and the Horror he had all his Life for Factions and Diſturbances. This Inquiry took up a conſiderable Time. On his Part the Viceroy, who would precipitate nothing, had his Informations and Proceſſes ſpun out in Length, in hopes that ſooner or later ſome Ray of Light might ſpring up to diſpel the Darkneſs; inſomuch that three Months paſſed over without any Change happening in *Fincer*'s or my Fortune. In fine, the Zeal of my Friends procured me ſuch favourable Memorials, that I thought my Father juſtified, and my Troubles at an End, when by the Negligence or Corruption of the Keepers *Fincer* found the Means to make his Eſcape from Priſon, and of getting fortunately out of *Ireland*. His Eſcape was manag'd ſo ſecretly, that there was no diſcovering any the leaſt Track of his Flight; and it was by other

Adventures

Adventures that I a long time after came to know from himſelf, that he retired into *Denmark*.

It might be imagined, that the Viceroy would look upon this voluntary Flight from Juſtice as a Conviction; and I was perſuaded that a Circumſtance ſo ſtrong, join'd to the Teſtimonies I had gather'd in my Father's Favour, would not leave the leaſt Pretence in the Judges to refuſe giving a publick Declaration of his Innocence. Notwithſtanding, the Anſwer I obtained to my Sollicitations was, that the Obſcurity and Incertainty of the Fact being not diminiſhed by the Flight of the Informer, they could not give ſuch a Declaration without Raſhneſs and Injuſtice; that the Love of Liberty might have prevailed on *Fincer* to fly, as much as the Fear of Puniſhment; that the Laws of the Land required formal Proofs, and that I muſt wait Time. They gave no Diſturbance to his only Daughter, whom they left in the peaceable Enjoyment of his Eſtate. As to me, they were contented to take Bail of me, according to Cuſtom, and in the End reſtored me to my Liberty. The Publick made various Judgments of this Conduct. Some imagined that the Viceroy, being diſcouraged by the Unſucceſsfulneſs of his Inquiries, and loſing Hopes after the Eſcape of *Fincer*, had choſe to relinquiſh all new Purſuits; and that if he refuſed to juſtify the Memory of my Father, it was with an Intention to humble the Catholicks, by letting the Suſpicions they were under remain in the Minds of thoſe who thought the Conſpiracy real. Others judged, with a greater Reſemblance of Reaſon, that this Appearance of Moderation was no more than a Pretence, and that they deſign'd thereby to lull the Conſpirators aſleep under a Shew of Tranquillity, to have an Eye under-hand to their Actions, and ſurpriſe them in ſome falſe Step.

Theſe Conjectures buſied me much leſs than the Regret I had of having drawn ſo little Advantage from my Journey. I took my Way in a melancholy State to *Coleraine*, to find in the Exerciſe of my Employment the only Comfort that remained for me after ſo many Diſappointments. My Submiſſion to the Orders

Orders of Providence preventing me from impeaching it of any Rigour; but I lamented that it gave me a Heart too ſenſible, or that I did not receive from it Conſolations proportioned to my Weakneſs. All the Pleaſure I found in the Practice of my Duty gave me no Reliſh for the Exerciſe of my Reaſon; and the Troubles I had ſuffered for more than a Year had made a Change even in my Blood and Conſtitution. I loſt my Reſt and Appetite, yet my Recompence bore a different Proportion to my Anxiety, and had not the ſame Power to make itſelf felt. In the mean time, Chriſtian Hope fortified my Soul in Proportion as my Strength decayed. I was then more than fifty Years old. Is it worth while, ſays I, for the Remainder of a Life ſo ſhort, to long for Happineſs and Repoſe? But the Ties of Blood ought to be diſſolved by Death: Let us ſuppoſe that they are ſo already. For what End does it anſwer to put a Difference between Things which have the Separation of one only Inſtant of Time between them? and have not I the very ſame Suppoſition to make? My Father is in his Grave, and my Brothers have obliged me to abandon them; what hinders but I ſhould look upon myſelf as a Man already dead, ſince being diſingaged from the Duties of Nature, it is only too true that I have nothing more remaining worth my Notice upon Earth.

It was poſſible, that with the Help of theſe Reflections I might have acquired, ſooner or later, an Inſenſibility neceſſary for my Repoſe. I made ſo many Efforts to obtain it, that I had delay'd, even to this Moment, to ſend any Intelligence of myſelf to my Brothers; and that was a Violence I had done myſelf only with this View. It is true, I had receiv'd no Letters from them, and not miſtruſting any Obſtacle that might prevent their writing, I took their Silence for a Confirmation of their Slights: But my Reſentment had not carried me to defend myſelf againſt ſuch Inquiry ſo long, if I had not thought that I was juſtified by a more lawful Reaſon. I longed then to bring myſelf to ſuch a Paſs, if not to forget, at leaſt to ſupport their Ingratitude

titude without Grief, and to pray to Heaven for their Happineſs without impairing my own.

One *Sunday* Evening, as I went unto my Houſe full of theſe Ideas, my Footman, whom I had taken in my Journey through *St. Germain*, and who being originally from *Ireland*, was glad to follow me to *Coleraine*, where he continued in my Service, told me, that I was impatiently waited for ſince the Fall of Night by a young Man whom he did not know, and who did not think proper to diſcover his Name. He added, that being ſhewed into a Chamber, he earneſtly recommended to him not to let any Perſon come near him till my Return; and if I did not come alone, to whiſper me, that he longed to ſpeak to me in private. I haſtened to him, reflecting within myſelf what could be the Meaning of ſuch a myſterious Viſit; but was far from imagining the Truth. I opened the Door of the Chamber, and at the ſame Inſtant found myſelf in the Arms of *Patrick*.

One may eaſily fancy, that notwithſtanding all my Reſolutions, my firſt Movements were a Tranſport of Tenderneſs and Joy. Nevertheleſs, being ſeized all at once with a lively Inquietude, proceeding as much from the Silence with which this dear Brother had embraced me, as from his unexpected Arrival, and the Account given me by my Footman, I diſingaged myſelf from his Arms, and looked on him with a ſteady Eye, without having even the Power to open my Mouth. His Eyes were moiſten'd with Tears, and his Countenance extremely pale and dejected. My Troubles could not but increaſe. I took him by the Hand, and in leading him towards an Elbow-Chair, Good God! ſays I, what do theſe Tears and this Silence proclaim? And your Arrival itſelf, of which I did not receive the leaſt Notice, this Paleneſs, this Trouble?——*Patrick*, added I, I tremble at what I am going to hear,; yet I intreat you not to delay in giving me this Satisfaction. He anſwered with a low Voice, that he had Matters extremely grievous to tell me; that finding me reſolved not to give him the leaſt Anſwer to his Letters, he had choſe to come himſelf to *Ireland*, to awaken my

my Tenderneſs in Favour of the unfortunate *George*, the ſorrowful *Roſe*, and himſelf; that Reſentment ought to have Bounds put to it, in a Heart ſo good and ſo religious as mine; that in acknowledging themſelves guilty in their Letters of a Failure of that Confidence and Submiſſion which they owed me, they had hop'd that I would not have harden'd my Heart ſo far as to have refuſed them all manner of Anſwers, and denied them every Relief; that what I refuſed to do for them was a Debt due to the Honour of our Name, and the Memory of our Father: In fine, if his Preſence ſhould not have more Weight than his Letters to intereſt me in the Misfortunes of *George*, the unhappy Situation of *Roſe*, and his own Troubles, he had nothing left him but Deſpair, and the Power, as ſoon as might be, of returning back to *France*, there to be a perpetual Witneſs of the Miſeries of his Brother and Siſter, and himſelf to drag out there a Life full of Anguiſh and Affliction. In the Conſternation I was caſt by a Diſcourſe ſo obſcure and fatal, he had Time to add, before I was in a Condition to interrupt him, that he learned from the Daughter of *Fincer*, the Perils to which he found himſelf expoſed in *Ireland*, and that I might well judge it was for that Reaſon he arrived by Night at *Coleraine*; but that Life was not ſo dear as to ſuffer him to be alarmed at what threaten'd him, and that without being frighted at his own proper Danger, it was on my Reſolutions his muſt intirely depend.

I had need to diſburthen myſelf of many Sighs, to find Power to make him this Anſwer; that what I had been informed of him was altogether new to me; that ſince my Departure from *France* I had not received one ſingle Letter from him, nor the leaſt Light into his Situation or into that of his Brother and Siſter; that I comprehended nothing of what he called their Misfortunes and Troubles, no more than he did what related to the Daughter of *Fincer*: In fine, I conjured him to explain himſelf without Delay; and to begin to remove the Diffidence which he appeared to have of my Sentiments, I embraced him again with the

the moſt lively Tenderneſs, and aſſured him that I had not only not ceaſed to love my dear Brothers and Siſter, but that I was alſo as much diſpoſed as ever to undertake every thing for their Service.

This Teſtimony of my Affection helped to revive a little his Hopes. He made me the following Recital, which Time has not yet effaced from my Memory; but nevertheleſs I deſired him to commit it to Writing in his more calm Moments; ſo that I ſhall do no more than tranſcribe here his very Words.

I bitterly call to Mind the Time, ſays he, with a deep Sigh, when I ceaſed to follow your Counſels, becauſe it is from that Period I ought to date all the Misfortunes of my Siſter and my own; you are to expect that I muſt carry back my Relation higher than the Time of our Reſidence at *Saiſons*, for I cannot make you underſtand all the Reaſons for which your Aid is neceſſary to us, without confeſſing that I had began to diſguiſe from you ſome Share of my Conduct before our Departure from *Paris*. It is true, I had not then any Accomplice, and that all as yet paſſed within my own Heart. You remember my Silence and the Appearances of Melancholy, for which you have often reproached me, though you were far from penetrating into the Cauſe. It may be you accuſed for it my natural Inquietude, and the Diſguſt of all Things that I poſſeſſed, of which I had made you my Confidant at *Coleraine*. But on the other hand, call up to your Imagination, that my Humour was entirely changed all at one Stroke, and that all the Movements of my Heart were of a ſudden fixed. I had conceived a fatal Paſſion, which united all Happineſs in the Object of it. Alas! what ſhall I ſay to you? I had ſeen the moſt charming Creature in the World, in a Street neighbouring to our's, and I found myſelf more inflamed than ever any Perſon was before.

The Sweetneſs I diſcover'd in thoſe new Sentiments made me renounce all other Buſineſs that had no Aim to that. I ſearched for ſome entire Days an Opportunity to get another Sight of the dear Object of my Love. I was inceſſantly in the ſame Street, and about

about the ſame Houſe where I firſt ſaw her. I thought I paſſed the Day happily when ſhe appeared at her Window. You have not forgot the abſent Airs which I brought home in the Evening to our Lodging, and how I appeared wholly taken up with my Reveries. My Paſſion gained Strength daily. I could never have prevailed on myſelf to follow you to the Country, if our Houſe had been ſo far removed from *Paris* as to deprive me of the Hopes of returning to it many times every Week. I did the ſame Violence to my Thoughts when you made me the Propoſal of carrying off *Roſe* from my Brother; and if the Attachment I had for you had not powerfully combated in your Favour, I might poſſibly have added to your Vexation that of ſeeing me fly from you in my Turn. Nevertheleſs, I ſerved you faithfully, and I afterwards applauded myſelf in having that Deference for you, when I found it was eaſy for me, as I had foreſeen, to return almoſt every Day to the City. To deprive you at firſt of all Suſpicions of my Steps, I uſed to ſlip out at a Time when I thought you were moſt employed in your Studies, for I many times pretended to go and take a Walk in the neighbouring Fields. I was not ſometimes more than an Inſtant at *Paris*, before Fortune favour'd me enough not to make me wait long for the Happineſs I went in ſearch of. This was yet the ſole Pleaſure of ſeeing what I already loved with the moſt perfect Ardour. I could not even think that Cares and Diligence ſo little manifeſted in Actions could be taken notice of. Having however had the Curioſity to inform myſelf in the Neighbourhood of the Name and Condition of my Miſtreſs, I came to underſtand that ſhe was the Daughter of Mr. *de L*———, who had a long time been employ'd in divers Negotiations in the Courts of *Germany*, and that ſhe was born abroad in ſome of her Father's Embaſſies.

During this Time *George*, whom you had recommended to me to ſee often, and to exhort him to live in a good Underſtanding with us, renewed all his Efforts to make me reliſh an Abode at *Paris* preferably

to one at *Saiſons*, and to uſe my Endeavours to inſpire *Roſe* with the ſame Sentiments. I liſtened a little to his Diſcourſes; he made me Propoſals, the Advantages of which I did not even examine, being ſatisfied that he entered into them as much out of Reſentment to you, as from a Zeal to my Intereſts. Afterwards you gave it me in Charge to make a Journey to *St. Germain*, and in Truth I made many there; but I muſt confeſs it to you, that inſtead of employing two Days on each Journey, as my Abſence made you believe, I returned in the Evening of the ſame Day to *Paris*, where my Paſſion, which had left me no Repoſe, made me find an extreme Pleaſure in walking one Part of the Night under the Windows of Madam *de L*——. I formed in theſe ſolitary Walks twenty Projects which vaniſhed the next Day, without one of them being carried into Execution. They all tended to make a Declaration to her of my Tenderneſs; but if I had Spirits enough in the Evening to form the moſt ſweet Hopes for the whole Night, a hundred Difficulties preſented themſelves to the Mind of a Stranger, to oblige me to abandon them all in the Morning. I often had Thoughts of opening my Mind to *George*. He already had made many Acquaintances at *Paris*, and might put me in the Way the eaſier to ſatisfy my Impatience. But I would not give him this Advantage over me, and by a ſtrange Capriciouſneſs I became jealous even of my own Secret.

I would not have given you this Detail, but to conduct you to one of the moſt extraordinary Adventures in the World; an Adventure that decided my Fate, and which put *George* in the Poſſeſſion of the Empire which he has ſince exerciſed over me. I went one Day to *St. Germain*, from whence Love led me back in a good Hour to *Paris*. I did not fail, before it was dark, to procure myſelf the only Satisfaction, to which I had referred all my Cares, and enjoyed it this Day more happily than I had ever done before; becauſe Madam *de L*—— made her Appearance for a long time at her Window. I never

before had ſo well diſcerned all her Charms, and I concluded to loſe myſelf in this dangerous View. She had one of thoſe Faces, in which Affability and Sweetneſs made the mean Parts, and though the Luſtre of her Complection and the Delicacy of her Eyes darted out Fire and Sprightlineſs, yet her Port and fine Shape joined in adding Fuel to my Deſires. All her Form and all her Motions appeared to be ſuited to my Heart. She was about the Age of my Siſter; but with all the Graces of the moſt tender Youth ſhe had an Air of Maturity, which made me form an advantageous Judgment of her Wit and Reaſon. I do not know whether this Picture be ſufficient to juſtify all that I have felt for her; but imagine that the Deſcription I have given you of her Graces and Perfections does not come up to what I afterwards diſcovered, when I had the good Fortune to ſee her near, and to converſe with her.

It was impoſſible but that, caſting out her Eyes on the different Objects in the Street, ſhe muſt have perceived that mine were tenderly fixed on her. I planted myſelf at the Door of a Coffee-houſe Room which was near enough to her Houſe. I remained there a long time after ſhe had retired; and although I had no further Hope to ſee her again, ſince the Day was ended, yet I could ſcarce ſpare Time to ſup before I returned to the ſame Place where I had ſpent ſuch agreeable Moments. It was now about Eleven o' Clock; my Imagination did me that Service which I could no longer receive from my Eyes. Nevertheleſs I thought in the End to retire, when I perceived by the Light of Lanthorns many Perſons who came up one after the other to the Gate of Mr. *de L*——, and walked into the Houſe without Noiſe. Curioſity made me approach nearer; I obſerved that the Door ſtood half open, and that ſome new Comer went in every Moment, who puſhed it ſoftly without ſhutting it altogether. I had already reckoned nineteen or twenty Perſons who had gone in; they were dreſſed all in black; but the Court of *France* was at that Time in Mourning, and I myſelf was cloathed in the ſame

ſame Colour. Moreover, their Air, and the Neatneſs of their Dreſs, did not leave me Room to ſuſpect their Character and Intentions. In fine, taking Notice that this Proceſſion was not yet ended, it came into my Mind to follow the firſt that ſhould next go in, and to introduce myſelf with him into the Houſe. If it was with the Knowledge and Approbation of the Maſter that ſuch a Multitude of People entered his Houſe, I was in Hopes to remain undiſcovered in the Crowd, and not only to ſatisfy my Curioſity, but it may be to get an Opportunity of ſeeing Madam *de L*——, and the Happineſs to ſpeak to her a Moment. If ſo many unknown People went in upon an evil Deſign, I ought to thank Heaven for giving me an Opportunity of being uſeful to a Perſon ſo dear, and to defend her from a Danger which, it may be, threaten'd her Fortune or Life.

I did not boggle a Moment after this Reflection, but entered the Court with the firſt Perſon whom I ſaw arrive, leaving him to go before me only five or ſix Steps. There was only one Flambeau to give Light. My Guide croſſed the Court, and I followed him rather by the Help of my Ears than my Eyes. He paſſed through a Porch, and from thence into a narrow Entry, at the End of which was a Pair of Stairs. Two Lanthorns that hung at the Foot of the Steps (for the Stairs let one down into a Cellar) caſt Light enough for diſcerning every Object about us. The Unknown turned his Face before he went down, and not knowing mine, he only ſaluted me civilly, I continued to follow him, although the Situation of the Place began to inſpire me with ſome Suſpicion. I arrived at the Bottom of the Stairs, where I was ſurpriſed to find the Place all at once as lightſome as in full Day. It was indeed a Cellar divided into three ſubterraneous Walks, the Walls of which were filled with a vaſt Number of Wax Lights. But ſtill following my Guide, I paſſed through the middle-Walk, which led to a vaſt arched Hall, where I found myſelf in the Midſt of more than fifty Perſons. The greateſt Part of them were ſeated, and talking to one another

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in a low Voice with great Decency and Modesty. They saluted me on making my Appearance. Tho' my Confusion was great, I was too far engaged not to wish to be a Witness of the End of this Scene; and the Air of good Breeding and Honour, which prevailed in the Company, protected me against all Sorts of Fears; I did not Scruple to take a Place on the nearest Chair to me. They looked on me from every Side, and I perceived that my Presence raised some Astonishment. But I affected to preserve an easy and natural Countenance, resolved to wait at least until they took Notice what they thought of my Assurance.

I was soon delivered from this Uneasiness by the Arrival of many Ladies whom a Servant went to summon. They all got up to receive them, which occasioned a Disorder favourable for my Views in the Assembly. Every one beginning to mix and to cross one another in the Throng, I did not at all doubt but I should in a little time obtain my Desires; and I waited with a strong Impatience to get a Sight of the Ladies, among whom I hoped to see Madam *de L*—— appear. She indeed entered the first. I have given you a faint Description of all her Charms, and of the Agitation of my Heart. I was but about ten Paces from her. If I had given Way to my Transport, I should have cast myself at her Feet. She sat down with the Ladies who accompanied her. All the Men remained standing. They kept Silence for more than a Quarter of an Hour, which Time I employ'd in contemplating on my Love. It is not that I did not also make some Reflections on a Sight so strange as that which I had before mine Eyes; for I had as yet observed nothing that could make me judge what was the Drift of all this Ceremony: But whether it would end in what was agreeable or tragical, this I was sure of, that from the Satisfaction I enjoy'd it could contain nothing but Sweetness for me.

Nevertheless, what followed would have terrified me a little, had I been more subject to Fear. Four Men brought in a great Chest, which they laid down in the Middle of the Room. They open'd it, in order

to draw out a ſhapeleſs Bundle, which I immediately knew to be a Corps cloathed with the laſt Ornaments of the Dead. A deep Silence was kept through the whole Aſſembly. At the ſame Moment I ſaw a Coffin of a black Colour, into which the Corps was put, and without any Ceremony depoſited in the Grave that was opened in one Corner of the ſame Room, and which I had not before perceived. It was filled with Earth in an Inſtant, and with ſo much Neatneſs and Care, that it would be difficult to find the Place again. An Action of this Nature might have filled me with horrible Ideas; but not being able to think ill of an Aſſembly which appeared to me to be compoſed of worthy People, and in which many Women of Faſhion had voluntarily aſſiſted, I apprehended a Part of the Truth, and the reſt was ſoon after cleared up to me. All the Aſſiſtants ranged themſelves in Order, to make Room in the Midſt of them for a Perſon whom I had already diſtinguiſhed by ſome Marks of Authority. They prepared themſelves to liſten to him, and he conſequently to make a Diſcourſe upon the Subject that brought them together, when a Word or two whiſper'd to him by ſome Body in his Ear, made him intirely change his Order. This was no more than to communicate the ſame Secret in a low Voice, with great Precaution to hinder me from underſtanding what he ſaid; and the Company being divided in Knots to entertain themſelves apart, I remained alone in the Middle of the Room, expoſed to all their Eyes. Madam *de L*—— perceived me, and recovered me from my Confuſion. I was better in her Memory than I could have imagined. She was touched at my Embaraſment by a Motive more favourable than I durſt have conceived; and opening her Mouth with an Authority which the Abſence of her Father gave her in his Houſe, ſhe declared, that if Diſorder aroſe from my Preſence, they might compoſe themſelves upon her Word, becauſe her Father knew me, and that ſhe would be my Surety. This Goodneſs, of which Love much more than Fear made me ſenſible of the full Value, pierced my Heart with Tenderneſs and Gratitude.

titude. I advanced toward her immediately with a free Air. A Wink of her Eye made me perfectly comprehend the Manner in which I ought to conduct myself; and playing my Part well enough I revived the Tranquillity and Confidence of the Assembly. The Discourse was pronounced, and was a Christian Exhortation to draw that Benefit from the Death of another as to engage us to live well.

As I was not far from Madam *L*——, she found Means to whisper me, that she wanted to discourse with me before my Departure, and desired me to wait in some of the Chambers till all the Company had retir'd. I had no need to have an Order so favourable repeated. At length I began to retire, taking the same Way back by which I entered, and I desired the first Servant I saw to shew me into a Place that was not exposed to the Eyes of the Company. He made no Scruple of opening a Room, when I assured him it was to wait the Commands of his Mistress. I then for a Quarter of an Hour experienced all the Anxiety of Love. Without daring to conjecture from what Motive it was that she desir'd to discourse with me, I threw myself into all the Situations that Hope or Fear could suggest to me, and I sought for Expressions that might be capable of corresponding with my Sentiments. But the Disorder I felt in seeing her, rendered all my Study unprofitable. She entered into the Place where I was, attended by an old Woman, whom I took to be her Governess. Very well! says she, as she came in, you ought to grant that you have some Obligation to me: But I would fain be informed what brought you here, and how you contrived to get in without being known to any of the Company. I related to her faithfully what Chance had made me observe at her Gate; and that doubting she might be under some Circumstances of Fear, the Desire of doing her Service at the Hazard even of my Life, if it were necessary, and made me take the Course I did of following so many Persons whom I saw go into her House. I am obliged to you, replied she, but this is not sufficient. Are you a Catholick? I answered in the Af-

firmative. Then, ſaid ſhe, interrupting me, it is neceſſary you ſhould be a Man of Honour not to make an ill Uſe of what you have ſeen, and that you give me your Word upon that Point. You know what we are. I proteſted to her, that I had not the leaſt Conception of what I had ſeen, and that I ſhould mortally regret my Indiſcretion, if the Honour it gave me of converſing with her had not put it out of my Power to repent of it; that however having not ſeen any thing but what appeared to me to be prudent and commendable, I ſhould be under no great Difficulty to keep Silence, and more eſpecially as her Will was a Law which obliged me to a Vow of honouring her all my Life. No, ſays ſhe, I cannot but think you muſt have formed ſtrange Ideas from what you have ſeen, if I did not inform you that we are Proteſtants of the Confeſſion of *Luther*, and that the publick Exerciſe of our Religion being denied us here, we interr our Dead privately. This is all the Myſtery. My Father, who is very zealous for his Faith, has on purpoſe dug this Vault in which we aſſemble. She added, that it was very fortunate for me that he was abſent, becauſe being of a cholerick Temper, he might have taken great Offence at my Boldneſs; but that this Reaſon ought ſtill to make me pay the more Regard to her Requeſt, not to diſcloſe the Secret, becauſe ſhe would be the firſt Perſon expoſed to his Reſentment; and, if I would allow her for her own Intereſt to give me a little Advice, I could not do better than on his Return to ſeek for a ſpeedy Opportunity of making an Acquaintance with him, to prevent any miſchievous Interpretations that he might make on what ſhe had done in my Favour.

If in my Anſwers I had dropt any amorous Expreſſions, which Madam *de L*———— had pretended not to underſtand, I acknowledge that the weak Opinion I always had of myſelf did not ſuffer me all at once to enter more fully into the Meaning of her Advice. But as I knew her Opinion fully upon the Subject of our Converſation———— I promiſed out of hand to obey her Pleaſure. Nevertheleſs, I was caſt

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into Deſpair, becauſe the Preſence of the Governante prevented me from declaring to her my tender Sentiments, and more eſpecially when ſhe informed me, that it was full time for her to think of retiring. When ſhall I find again, ſays I, ſo fortunate an Opportunity? I ſhall die of Grief ſhould I be diſappointed of it. This Reflection made me paſs ſo headlong over all my Fears, that I followed the firſt Thought with which Love inſpired me. It is juſt, Madam, replied I with an eaſy Air, after the good Offices you have done me, that I ſhould inform you who I am, and what in Duty I am obliged to; but I have ſome Reaſons, added I, approaching her, which will not ſuffer me to diſcover myſelf in this Place to any Body but you. I then continued to addreſs her in a Tone that the other could not hear me, that I ſhould be the moſt fortunate Man in the World, if I could have the Opportunity of letting her know, and the Satisfaction of finding ſhe approved of what had paſs'd in my Heart for theſe two Months paſt; but that I ſhould go away the moſt miſerable Man, if ſhe did not ſuffer me to carry off theſe Hopes. Her Bluſhes, and her Fears that I ſhould be overheard, made me immediately draw back; but I added in retiring, behold Madam, who I am; you ſee whether it be a Matter of Importance to me to take ſuch cautious Meaſures in diſcovering myſelf; it is to your Goodneſs that I truſt ſo precious a Secret. She recovered readily from her Confuſion, and giving me freſh Notice that it was time to part, ſhe ſaid to me with great Sweetneſs, that my Secret ſhould be in no Danger from her, but that having adviſed me to make an Acquaintance with her Father, it might perhaps have been better that I had reſerved it for him. Judge with what Sentiments of Joy I received this Anſwer. If I wanted to have moderated them a Moment, it was only to give myſelf up to Tranſport as ſoon as I had got abroad. In reality, what an Exceſs of good Fortune was this! A Stranger, without Alliance, and without Protection, to find himſelf favour'd all at once in his moſt dear Wiſhes; to love the moſt charming Creature in *Paris*,

to ſee the full Meaſure of his Fortune heaped up by the Hopes of pleaſing her, and not to ſee any thing but Subjects of Admiration and Love! For I have not deſcribed to you the half of her Charms; I have told you only what amazed me at my Separation from her; but imagine to yourſelf———

I interrupted *Patrick* in the Midſt of this overflowing of his Heart. I conceived, ſaid I, that the acquainting me with your Love might have been neceſſary to throw a Light upon your Affairs; but you ought to ſpare theſe paſſionate Details, which appriſe me of nothing but what I may ſuppoſe, and which my Profeſſion does not permit me to hear without ſome Confuſion. Depend upon it that I have no need of any other Motives than my Affection to intereſt myſelf in your Pleaſures and Anxieties. This Diſcourſe threw him all in a Heap. He embraced, and conjur'd me not to take away from him the only Conſolation he had left. I open to you my Heart, ſays he; you ought to hear me out. If you would know my Misfortunes, why will you refuſe to be acquainted with the Source of them? Alas! nothing now remains of all the Felicity, of all the Favours which I have vaunted to you; at leaſt liſten to all the Reaſons which I have to regret them.

He proceeded thus in his Relation. Fancy then to yourſelf a thouſand Charms, of which I have not finiſhed the Deſcription, but whereof you may make a much better Judgment, from the Impreſſion they made on my Heart. I had too much Joy to contain it all within myſelf. The Day following I thought that a Lover could not forego the Aſſiſtance of a Friend, be it either to applaud his Happineſs, or to aſſiſt him every Moment with his Advice. I already experienced the Neceſſity of this Opinion, from the Perplexity wherein I ſtood in the new Conduct that I ought to obſerve in my Love. Muſt I ſee Madam *de L*—— at her Houſe, or defer it till the Return of her Father? To write to her in this Interval, or to continue to preſent myſelf before her Window with the ſame Reſpect and the ſame Silence? There was

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no need of Art or Study to know how to love; but I was not yet ſenſible how much Art and Study was neceſſary for the continual Regulation of a violent Paſſion, when a Man would contain himſelf within the Bounds of Decorum and Honour. This Thought might probably have perſuaded me not to take any other Confidant than you, if I had not dreaded the Rigour of your Principles. I had no Choice left but either of Mr. *de Peſſes*, or my Brother. I had ſome Diffidence in the Fidelity of the firſt, becauſe of his extraordinary Attachment to you; and I conſidered moreover, that for making an Acquaintance with Mr. *de L*——, and for other Events that might ariſe, I ſhould always draw more Advantage and Honour from the Mediation of my Brother.

I made haſte then to ſee him, and he received the Confidence I put in him with all the Tokens of a lively Satisfaction. I am in Raptures, ſays he, that you have begun to think of yourſelf. Do not have the leaſt Suſpicion that I will not aid you to the utmoſt of my Power. If Madam *de L*—— be ſuch as you have deſcribed her, and diſpoſed in the Manner you flatter yourſelf, I ſhall not only conſider your Enterpriſe as the Trial of a Heart, which may help to ſhew you a very gallant Man, but as an Introduction itſelf to ſomething ſolid. Is ſhe rich? added he. I could not give him a ſatisfactory Anſwer to this Queſtion; but an Air of Neatneſs and Plenty (ſays I) which I ſaw in the Houſe, makes me judge well of her Fortune. It is enough, ſays *George*; the Ambition of a younger Brother of *Ireland* ought to have Bounds. It were only to be wiſhed, that ſhe was of the ſame Religion as we. But as ſhe may poſſibly change her Sentiments in that Particular, the main Point is, that ſhe be amiable enough to content your Heart, and rich enough to provide for you an Eſtabliſhment. He promiſed me further, that before Night he ſhould be in a Way to aid me either with his Perſon or Counſels. We agreed, that while he was employing himſelf in my Service, I ſhould return to *Saiſons*; and that from the Apprehenſion of finding you oppoſite to our Pro-

jects, we ſhould beforehand uſe all Sorts of Precautions to deceive you. I immediately went to give you an Account of my Journey to *St. Germain*, and towards Evening I took another Pretence to return to *Paris*.

George was already far advanced. You have always ſhewed yourſelf, ſaid he, ſeeing me appear, more affectionate to the Dean than to me. I am anſwerable to you for the Succeſs of your Amour, and the Eſtabliſhment of your Fortune. In reality, as you know him to be bold and enterpriſing, he did more in one Afternoon, than I could have expected to have accompliſhed by my own Addreſs in many Weeks. He recounted to me, that under Pretence of buying ſome Trinkets from a Merchant, whoſe Houſe joined to that of Mr. *de L*——, he dextrouſly got Information of his Affairs and Correſpondence; and that having underſtood, among other Circumſtances, that the Governante whom he had placed over his Daughter after the Death of his Wife, was an old Lady from *Ireland*; he immediately took the Hint of another Deſign, the Succeſs of which might fill me with Joy. He went to inquire after this Lady, having firſt learned her Name. He gave her an Account of our Family, for which ſhe expreſſed a great Regard; and improving the Thought into the Inclination which People from the ſame Country ought to ſhew in obliging one another, he pray'd her in Confidence to inform him, for ſome Reaſons which he would ſoon declare to her, what ſhe knew of the Character and Circumſtances of Mr. *de L*—— and his Daughter. She gave a very honourable Account both of the one and the other; upon which *George* informed her, that this Teſtimony had cured him of a mortal Inquietude; that having a Brother younger than himſelf, who had conceived an extreme Paſſion for Madam *de L*———, and who appeared reſolved to ſacrifice all other Hopes of an Eſtabliſhment to his Love, he had apprehended that his Brother had given an ill Turn to his Views and Expectations; but that far from condemning him after what he had heard, he entreated her to favour his Pretenſions upon Occaſion, and to do him all the good Offices

Offices with her Miſtreſs in her Power. He preſented to her a Diamond of ſome Value, which ſhe made no Difficulty of receiving, and which was perhaps the Thing that contributed as much as our Country and Name to the obtaining a Declaration of the Secret of Madam *de L*——. She aſſured my Brother, that if I was, as ſhe had no Reaſon to doubt, the ſame young Man, who had for about two Months paſt aſſiduouſly endeavour'd to engage the Looks of Madam *de L*—, I ought to be highly ſatisfied with my Lot; that my Appearance, and the Conſtancy of my Application, had made a ſurpriſing Impreſſion on her; and that without doubt her Paſſion would increaſe, when ſhe came to be informed of my Birth. *George* added, that he had preſſed her to procure me the Satisfaction of ſeeing my Miſtreſs, and that he had found her intractable upon that Point. I would ſerve you, ſaid ſhe to him, but I would not betray the Confidence of Mr. *de L*——. She had the ſame Diſcretion in concealing from him the Adventure of the preceding Day, of which his Diſcourſe with her could not give the leaſt Suſpicion that he was informed of it; and ſhe adviſed me to purſue the Paths of Honour in authoriſing my Paſſion by an Acquaintance with her Father, who was expected at *Paris* in a few Days. Nevertheleſs, ſhe could not reject another Propoſal, which was, to grant himſelf the Liberty of ſaluting Madam *de L*——. She took a Minute to diſpoſe her to this Viſit; and the unexpected Explanations which ſhe diſcovered to her, obtained her Conſent to admit of it. In fine, *George* informing me of the charming Qualities he had obſerved in Madam *de L*——, and the tender Acknowledgments he had drawn from her in my Favour, finiſhed the inflaming me to an inexpreſſible Degree, and made me indeed the moſt paſſionate of all Mortals.

Have I ſerved you well, ſaid he then, and do you believe me your Friend? It was with Difficulty I found Terms to expreſs my Acknowledgments to him. Depend upon it, replied he, I will undertake to manage your Acquaintance and Friendſhip with Mr. *de L*——; and I ſee nothing on any Side that does not

promiſe as happy an End to your Love as you can wiſh for. But, continued he, having been in a deep Study for ſome Moments, are you ſo much taken up with your own Concerns, that you abandon intirely the Intereſts of poor *Roſe?* In what Situation then is her Marriage with Mr. *de Peſſes?* Do you conſent to this Infamy? Muſt the Caprices of the Dean ruin the Fortune of a Girl ſo amiable? I muſt abſolutely deliver her out of his Hands. Conſider whether you will contribute to do her this Piece of Service. A Diſcourſe ſo little expected threw me into the laſt Confuſion. In my turn I remained penſive, and like a Man, as it were, in a Dream; but he preſt me inſtantly to anſwer.

Indeed I at firſt trembled at this Propoſal, and all my Reflections fell upon you; I could not ſupport the Thoughts of cauſing you ſo mortal a Vexation as to force from you my Siſter again. It is not to perſuade you of my Sentiments that I make this Proteſtation; my only View is to be ſincere in my Story. Let me not be ſo underſtood, as if I intended to caſt upon *George* all thoſe Things which you found odious in our laſt Reſolutions. You ſhould acknowledge it as well as I, he is honeſt and generous, and I owe him this Juſtice, that if the Reſentment of the Injury that he thought you did him had alienated him too much from you, yet he has never forbore to maintain for you the Sentiments of a Brother, and to conſider your Intereſts as his own. But in fine, I am leſs culpable than he, and I find a Satisfaction in telling you ſo; for Heaven is the Witneſs of the ſincere Attachment I have always had to you, and of the Torment which all your Troubles have occaſioned me. Let our Diſcontents die, ſaid I, a thouſand times to *George*; he loves us with the extremeſt Tenderneſs, and our Ingratitude pierces his Heart.

I interrupted *Patrick* anew, and, borne down by my Affection, which was renewed by thoſe Teſtimonies of his, Yes, dear Brother, ſays I, embracing him, I know your Heart is ſuch as you have explained it; that there is nothing good and virtuous but what it is diſpoſed to reliſh, and that it is not capable of voluntarily renouncing its Duty. I begin to comprehend

what

what it was that eſtranged you from me. It is a Paſſion that you have ſuffer'd to aſſume too great an Empire over you. You have been flattered in that to find your Repoſe. Heaven has not permitted it, I am confident of that. A few Moments of a trifling Joy, and ſubject to a thouſand Changes, are not the things that compoſe the Happineſs after which your Heart pants. It is made for another Love, and for a Felicity more perfect. Sooner or later it will obtain the Knowledge and the Taſte of it; but go on with your Relation, which I have interrrupted too long.

He proceeded thus: In vain did I repreſent to *George* the Repugnance I had to give you any Grief. He anſwered, that you had not ſo much Conſideration for him, when you carried away my Siſter from the *Hotel de Carnavallet*, you then left him for twenty four Hours in an Inquietude which ſeemed little to affect you; and moreover that his Views tended to nothing but the Advancement of *Roſe* and the Honour of our Family, as you ſhall be obliged to confeſs one Day or another by what he would do for her; that I ſhould be always a Witneſs of every Step he took, and that he would begin immediately to impart a Secret to me that ſhould at once let me into his Sentiments. I have commenced a ſtrict Friendſhip, ſays he, with my Lord *Linch*, a young *Iriſh* Nobleman, whoſe Name you are acquainted with. He is rich, and his own Maſter. I am perſuaded he cannot ſee *Roſe* without having an Inclination for her. We muſt take care that nothing happens which may be an Imputation to us. I confeſs, added he, that the Picture I have drawn of her has raiſed an earneſt Deſire in him to ſee her, and he talks of her to me inceſſantly. You muſt act your Part at *Saiſons*, by labouring to make my Siſter reliſh my Project; or if any Difficulty ariſes, at leaſt contrive a Way that I may have ſome Converſation with her without the Knowledge of Mr. *de Peſſes* or the Dean.

I greedily embraced this laſt Part of the Scheme, which would relieve me from an Employment for which I had no great Appetite. The Night being

the only Time that I could pitch upon to admit him ſecretly at *Saiſons*, we agreed that he ſhould be there the next Night, and that I ſhould prepare *Roſe* for this Viſit. I left him as well ſatisfied with this Promiſe as I was pleaſed with the happy News he had told me; and as there remained yet Day enough to give me Hopes of ſeeing Madam *de L*——, I repaired to the Street, where ſhe was ſome time without my perceiving her at the Window. She was there nevertheleſs, but concealed behind the Curtain. I had paſſed near a Quarter of an Hour at the Coffee-houſe Door, when I thought I had diſcovered her by an opening ſhe made in the Curtain in moving without Precaution. The Fear of diſpleaſing her, when ſhe appear'd deſirous not to be ſeen, prevented me from ſaluting her; but I thought, that being favoured by the Day, ſhe might make her Remarks on me with Eaſe. I had ſome Difficulty to moderate my Tranſports, which were continually on the watch to betray me. In the End, putting aſide the Curtain, ſhe ſhewed herſelf, and I out of hand made her my Acknowledgments by a Bow, ſtrongly enlivened by the Impatience I had to meet this happy Moment. She ſaluted me with Civility, but without diſcovering any Token of an Intelligence between us. She then affected to turn her Eyes to another Side, whilſt mine were conſtantly rivetted on her. I know not what her Thoughts were at that Moment; but her Heart, which was ſo happily prepoſſeſſed in my Favour, did not ſuffer her very long to do herſelf ſo much Violence, and me ſo much Injuſtice. She brought back her Eyes on me again by Degrees, which at length encountered with mine. We both bluſhed, in diſcovering in each other's Eyes all the Tenderneſs which we were inchanted to find in them. I forgot myſelf in this delicious Contemplation, loſt in a thouſand Thoughts to which till now I was an utter Stranger. I taſted more Pleaſures than I ever before had in Idea, when a Servant of the Houſe coming abroad by Chance left the Door open. I immediately loſt Sight of all Obſtacles, and, hurried on by Charms that acted upon

all my Senſes, I croſſed the Street and entered into the Court. I ſhould have even gone up to her Apartment, if I had not met another Servant, who demanded of me my Buſineſs. I remained without giving him an Anſwer; nevertheleſs, in an Inſtant I came to myſelf, and fearing, that after what had been given me in Charge the Day before, and what had been confirm'd to me that preſent Day by my Brother, ſhe would be offended at my Boldneſs, I choſe to conceal this Indiſcretion, by aſking only for Madam *Gerald*, which was the Name of the old *Iriſh* Lady, whom *George* had brought over to my Intereſts.

I was introduced into a Chamber, where ſhe did not make me wait long before ſhe appeared. I knew her to be the ſame Lady who was the Evening before with Madam *de L*——. She would have been gone that Moment; becauſe having ſeen me croſs the Street and come directly to the Houſe, ſhe doubted not it was I who had enquired for her. I opened my Mouth in order to excuſe myſelf, and afterwards to let her know that I was the Brother of the Lord *C*——, to whom ſhe had made a Promiſe of favouring my Love. But ſhe took me up ſhort, and told me, that ſhe had no need of ſuch Inſtructions. You are an inconſiderate young Man, ſaid ſhe to me, to appear here before the Return of Mr. *de L*————, and I am come to reproach you with your Indiſcretion: But I find myſelf ſo much diſpoſed in your Favour, that I have not the Power to do it. Sit you down, continued ſhe, I will explain to you what our Sentiments are here, what you have to pretend to, and in what Manner you ought to conduct yourſelf.

We ſat down. She let fall her Voice, and without giving me Time to thank her, You know, ſays ſhe, that Mr. *de L*—— and his Daughter are *Lutherans*, and you are ſurpriſed without doubt to ſee an *Iriſh* Catholick in the Houſe of them. I was a Friend to the late Madam *de L*—, who took me with her to *Germany*, where her Huſband was an Envoy from Court. We reſided there many Years, during which Time ſhe brought her Daughter into the World. A dangerous Curioſity

Curioſity having carried Mr. *de L*——— to make Inquiries into the Religion of the Country, he took ſo great a Taſte for it, that he embraced it, and by an Effect of the ſame Zeal employ'd all his Efforts and Addreſs to gain over the Mind of his Spouſe, whom he made alſo a *Lutheran*. Their Daughter was conſequently educated in the ſame Principles. They ſpared no Pains to inſpire me with them; but the Succour of Heaven ſupported me againſt all Sorts of Seductions. I did not ceaſe living with them in the ſame Amity and Union, without believing that I had a Right to reaſon upon the Conduct of others; and the Envoy himſelf, who knew my quiet and calm Character, and my Attachment to his Family, loſt nothing of the Confidence which he always had in me. Some time after, he was recalled to Court, where, notwithſtanding all the Precautions he had obſerved, Suſpicions were entertained of his Change. He had voluntarily renounced his Country to fix his Reſidence and Eſtabliſhment in *Germany*, but a conſiderable Eſtate that he had in *France* obliged him to return there with his Family, and perſiſting in the ſame Notions of Religion, he undertook, in order to make himſelf eaſy under the Reſtraints to which he was obliged by the King's Edicts, to render all the good Offices of Zeal and Charity in his Power to the ſmall Number of *Lutherans* that live at *Paris:* So that he is become as it were, their common Father, and has made a kind of Church and Burying-place of his Houſe.

Death robbed him of his Wife about two Years ago; ſhe was not ſo firmly ſettled in his Opinions, but that the Approach of Eternity raiſed in her piercing Alarms. It was in one of theſe Moments of Perturbation that ſhe opened to me her Heart, with ſuch Marks of Inquietude that gave me to underſtand, that her Tenderneſs for her Huſband was the principal Motive of her Change. I preſſed her to be reconciled to the Church, and I privately procured her the Aid of an Eccleſiaſtick, who at length reſtored Peace to her Conſcience. She obliged me to declare to her Daughter

Daughter in what Religion ſhe had died, and to exhort her to profit by her Mother's Example.

Altho' theſe laſt Counſels of a dying Mother have not made on Madam *de L*——— all the Impreſſions that I could deſire, yet I can make a good Conjecture of her Diſpoſitions, when I ſee her ſupplicating her Father to continue me about her. He loves her tenderly, and is too well ſatisfied with my Conduct to refuſe her this Favour. I have held with her the Place of a Mother ſince ſhe loſt her own. The Confidence and Friendſhip ſhe has placed in me have no Bounds; ſhe has not had theſe two Years either Thoughts or Sentiments that ſhe has not communicated to me. All my Pains have been applied to wean her inſenſibly from her Religion, ſometimes by repeating to her the laſt Words of her Mother, and ſometimes in raiſing Objections and Doubts, according to the Meaſures of my own Underſtanding: But the Fear of rendering myſelf ſuſpected by too ardent a Zeal, and upon the whole, the Diſcretion I am obliged to uſe to her Father, have obliged me to moderate my Exhortations and Counſels. I ſow; it is Heaven muſt bleſs my Efforts, in making me one Day gather the Fruits I hope for.

In fine, added Madam *Gerald*, as it is ſeldom that I am abſent from her, it was about two Months ago that we perceived you from our Windows, and remarked with what Admiration you caſt your Eyes towards us. I did not in the leaſt doubt but that this was the Effect of the Charms of my Pupil, and I made War on her in Banters. She granted that your Diligence did not diſpleaſe her, and that your Demeanour gained on her mightily. I have not yet inſpired her with thoſe ſevere Maxims, which make a young Lady fear the Sight of a handſome Man, and which augment her Danger by giving her too much Knowledge in the Diſtruſt of them; ſooner or later the Heart muſt love ſomething; and it is not ſuch a dangerous Propenſion with which Modeſty is obliged to be at perpetual War. It was proper that ſhe ſhould have clear Notions given her of theſe Things,

Things, not to let her follow a blind Courſe, and in the mean time think to fortify herſelf enough to ſtop always at juſt Bounds. I had accuſtomed Madam *de L*——— by theſe Principles not only not to give herſelf Anxiety about the indeliberate Movements of the Heart, but never to ſurrender herſelf to them inconſiderately; and I made a better Account of this Sort of Virtue, than of all the affected Grimaces to which our Sex have given that Name. It was agreed then that you ſhould pleaſe her, and I had no other Objection to make to her, than the Imprudence ſhe ſhewed in taking a Liking to a Perſon unknown. You muſt continue to come regularly to the neighbouring Coffee-Houſe, or oppoſite to our Windows. She will not once loſe the Opportunity of ſeeing you, although ſhe will not always ſhew herſelf to you. You may keep an Account of all your Pains; and I muſt tell you, that after having conſidered, that a Love as timorous and reſpectful as yours, ought to proceed from another Source than Lightneſs or Libertiniſm. I feel myſelf ſtrongly inclined to wiſh that your Birth and Character may be found anſwerable to what is ſaid of you abroad. I had the ſame Confuſion in anſwering my Ward, when ſhe conſulted me upon the Progreſs of her Love. Wait, ſaid I, to her, Time will ſhew whether he be worthy of you; he will find the Way ſooner or later to unfold himſelf: But remain always Miſtreſs of your Heart. She aſſured me, that granting you were ſuch a Perſon as ſhe imagines you, ſhe would have no great Pain in vanquiſhing her Inclinations, if the Event ſhould not anſwer Appearances; but that ſhe ſhould have a mortal Regret to find herſelf deceived: And ſhe confeſſed, that you appeared to be formed to make her happy.

O Gods! cried I, interrupting Madam *Gerald*, have I been ſo long ignorant of my Happineſs? Permit me then to ſee her, and that I may go and die with Joy and Acknowledgment at her Feet. No, replied ſhe, it is a Matter determin'd; you muſt not ſpeak to her, but by the Conſent of her Father.

But

But hearken to this that ought to ſuſtain your Hopes: Since the Time that ſhe diſcourſed with you, and that I have ſpoke myſelf to your Brother, we are reſolved to do for you every thing that may contribute to render Mr. *de L*———— favourable. He paſſionately loves his Daughter, and has declared to her a thouſand times that he would leave her at liberty to pleaſe her Heart in the Choice of a Huſband. Whatever your Lot be, the Want of Riches ſhall be no Obſtacle. Madam *de L*——— is an Heireſs, who can make the Fortune of the Man ſhe loves. There is nothing but the Difference of Religion that makes me dread a Storm; but we have provided againſt every Accident with a Zeal that will convince you that we ſhall in earneſt buſy ourſelves in your Concerns. When you ſhall have inſinuated yourſelf into the Friendſhip of Mr. *de L*——, and that we can, upon a further Acquaintance better than at preſent, be ſatisfied that you merit the Opinion we have conceived of you, if we do not ſee that he is inclined to make you happy, we ſhall then wait till either his Death, or the Age of his Daughter ſets us at liberty. We ſhall be reſponſible to you for our Perſeverance. All theſe Reſolutions, added ſhe, are taken this Day. You cannot have a Notion with what Exceſs of Joy we received the Explications made by your Brother. He preſented me with a Diamond, which I received as a Pledge of her good Faith and yours. Yeſter-night you ſaw me embarraſſed; and although the Advice which Madam *de L*—— gave you to make an Acquaintance with her Father came from me, I was diſpleaſed with her laſt Anſwer, which appeared to me to be too favourable for a Perſon unknown. But to-day I give no further Limits to your Hopes, nor to the Paſſion I have to do you Service.

Ah! ſays I to her, kiſſing her Hands, you do more for my Happineſs than I could expect from the united Power of Men and Fortune. But do you believe I can live, if you do not grant me this Moment the Pleaſure of ſeeing Madam *de L*——, of ſpeaking to her, of aſſuring her a thouſand times that I adore her,

her, that I abandon to her my Life and my Deſtiny? She proteſted to me anew, that it was a fruitleſs Requeſt; that I ſhould not fail to come, according to Cuſtom, to the neighbouring Coffee-Houſe; and ſhould not ſuffer myſelf to fall into Deſpair from theſe counterfeit Rigours; but, that they might have nothing to reproach themſelves with, I ſhould abſolutely wait the Return of Mr. *de L*——, and that they wiſhed he might readily approve of my Viſits. From the Trouble of ſeeing a Pleaſure as it were torn from me, which I thought within my Reach, and for which the Tranſports I was in would have made me ſacrifice an Empire, it came into my Mind, that Madam *Gerald*, who had received a Diamond from my Brother, might alſo be ſenſible of ſome Liberality of this Nature from me, and nothing preſenting itſelf to my Memory immediately but my Share of our thirty thouſand Livres, I ſaid to her without conſidering any thing, that though my Quality of younger Brother had made me loſe my Share in the Diviſion of the Jewels of our Family, yet I had about a thouſand Piſtoles in Money, which was all I had brought from *Ireland*, and that this Sum ſhould be at her Service, if ſhe would procure me the Satisfaction I requeſted, which Favour ſhe had it in her Power to grant me. Whatever Imprudence was in this Offer, I made it from the Bottom of my Heart. I know not in what Light it appeared to Madam *Gerald*; though ſhe ought to have looked upon it as ſincere, yet ſhe was ſo provoked, that ſhe left me without making any Anſwer, and immediately went up to the Apartment of Madam *de L*——, from whence ſhe returned in about four Minutes with the happy Permiſſion of conducting me to her. Come, ſays ſhe, taking me by the Hand, you are a Lover of a Character entirely new, and which well deſerves that we ſhould relax ſomething, to prevent your Death or Ruin. However, as we went up Stairs, ſhe exacted from me a Promiſe upon Oath, that I ſhould not again demand the ſame Favour until the Return of Mr. *de L*——.

I

I promiſed my Life, and every thing that might not help to diminiſh the Pleaſure I was going to enjoy; I ſwear, ſaid I to her, to obey you eternally: And ſeeing Madam *de L——*, who ſtood expecting us, I threw myſelf on my Knees with as much Devotion as if I had been entering a Church. I ſhould not have quitted that Poſture, if ſhe had not abſolutely commanded me to be ſeated. We commenced a Converſation, in which Love had no other Bonds than Honour and Modeſty. But I will forbear relating the Circumſtances, becauſe the Severity of your Maxims will not ſuffer you willingly to hear them. I paſſed two Hours with Madam *de L——*, in which I ſhewed nothing but one continual Tranſport; and in taking my leave, I carried away wherewithal to make me happy for whole Ages, only from the Remembrance of ſo much Love and Pleaſure.

It was too late to communicate my good Fortune to *George*. I thought of nothing but to reach *Saiſons*, where, full of Joy, which made me appear thoughtful and abſent, I had the Pleaſure of ſeeing you attribute to my melancholy Humour the moſt delightful Meditations that could employ the Mind of a Lover. *Roſe* was alone, to whom I thought proper to diſcover my Secret, as well to flatter my own Heart by imparting it, as to prepare her for the Viſit of my Brother. I paſſed one Part of the Night in painting the Charms of Madam *de L——*, and I raiſed in my Siſter an eager Deſire to become her Friend. As ſhe had already truſted me with the State of her Heart, and that I was convinced her Sentiments for Mr. *de Peſſes* were intirely chang'd from what I believ'd ſhe had for him in *Ireland*, nothing hindered me from declaring to her off-hand, that *George*'s Deſign was to procure her a Lover. She anſwered me, that ſhe would not engage in any thing without your Participation. You are more prudent than I, ſays I to her; but I leave your Affairs to be unfolded by *George*, who will be here to-morrow Night, and who deſires to be with you in private. We took our Meaſures to receive him in my Chamber,

where

where ſhe conſented to be, when every Body was a-bed. I left her determined to undertake nothing without conſulting you, and I did not in the leaſt oppoſe this Reſolution; but, to continue to ſhew you my Sincerity, the Intereſt ſhe was ready to take in the Relation of my Amour, made me judge, that ſhe would not remain always without Taſte for the ſame Pleaſures, and that my Lord *Linch* was not like to meet with a Repulſe, if he had Merit enough to pleaſe her.

I ſtole out the next Day, to return to the Source of my Joy and Repoſe. If I obſerved faithfully the Law that Madam *Gerald* had impoſed on me, I was recompenſed for this Submiſſion by other Complaiſances which ſatisfied my Tenderneſs. I afterwards gave an Account to my Brother of all thoſe Circumſtances to which he was before a Stranger, and of the Diſpoſition of *Roſe* to ſee him the Night following. He promiſed to come at Midnight to *Saiſons*, and he recommended to me beforehand to find ſome Pretext for going the Day after to *St. Germain*; becauſe he had formed new Views, for the Explanation of which he put me off till that Time.

At the Hour appointed I found nothing ſo eaſy as to bring him into my Chamber. My Siſter waited to attend him with Impatience, and all the Houſe were already in a profound Sleep. You may imagine what could be the Subject of their Converſation. *George* employ'd all his Wit to give an inſinuating Turn to his Offers and Intreaties. He did not at firſt openly propoſe that ſhe ſhould quit *Saiſons*; but having mentioned my Lord *Linch* as a certain Conqueſt, and extolled the Advantages my Siſter would have in marrying him, he repreſented to her that an Affair of ſuch Importance could not be managed but at *Paris*: That the Queſtion was, the ſecuring her a Fortune, a Rank, a Title, and that ſuch favourable Opportunities did not offer every Day; that when ſhe had lived with him ſome Time alone, ſhe would have it more in her Power than you to do Juſtice to the Innocence of his Intentions and Conduct, and he urged her not to give herſelf up ſo lightly to your falſe Alarms; that he always

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was of Opinion, that you were more capable than any Perſon to make of her a Nun and a Saint; but if ſhe was not abſolutely reſolved to bury herſelf in a Cloiſter, ſhe had no other Choice to make, than to ſhew herſelf to the World, and to ſet her natural Accompliſhments in the Point of View, which from henceforth ſhould be her only Reſource; that I myſelf had known the Injury I had ſuffered in ſubmitting to be a Slave to your Counſels, and that I began to find the Difference in having preferred to them his own. In fine, he joined to theſe Reaſons the moſt tender and preſſing Inſtances. I thought *Roſe* was vanquiſhed; nevertheleſs, ſhe had the Power to defend herſelf, and refuſing reſolutely to forſake you, ſhe conſented only to receive a Viſit from my Lord *Linch*, when we could bring him to *Saiſons* with Decency.

My Brother appeared ſatisfied with what he obtained. We went to *St. Germain* the Day following. They had already ſome Knowledge of our domeſtick Quarrels; and *George*'s Deſign was to make our Preſence diſperſe the Rumour, of which the Effect could not be advantageous for us. They doubted no more of the good Underſtanding among us, when they ſaw us make our Appearance together at Court. We were received favourably by the King, and loaded with Civilities by our Friends.

It was in reaſoning with them upon divers Projects for our Eſtabliſhment and Fortune, that M. *de Sercine*, to whom *George* had already confided the Bottom of our Affairs, and who enter'd into the Thoughts of the Neceſſity of introducing my Siſter at Court, offer'd to receive her in his Houſe, where ſhe might live agreeably with his Wife and Daughter. We accepted this Propoſal with Acknowledgments; and when I was alone with my Brother, I aſked him, if he did not hope that you yourſelf might be brought to approve it, and I thought it adviſeable to take this Opportunity to reconcile us ſincerely. I doubt of it, ſays he; for what Hope can there be of curing him of his Scruples concerning Balls, Shews, and Aſſemblies? It would require ſome Time to fortify *Roſe*; but according

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ing to his Notions of Things, muſt not a Woman be always weak? We will not expoſe ourſelves, added he, to ſee him confound all our new Projects. We will begin by delivering her out of his Hands, and by that Mans eſtabliſh her Fortune. There will be always Time to reconcile us; and if after this Proceeding he finds that ſhe has yet Need of his Inſtructions, we will turn her over to his Zeal.

I was ſo much the more eaſy at thoſe ſpecious Reaſons, as I ſaw in my Lord *Linch* an extreme Impatience to know her; and I did not in the leaſt doubt but he would attach himſelf to her ſeriouſly after he had ſeen her. He requeſted the Favour of my Friendſhip, which I freely promiſed him in accepting of his. He was of a Character lively and open, but more capable of receiving much Love than of inſpiring it. In my Knowledge of *Roſe*, I thought, that to make the Conqueſt of her Heart, a Lover ſhould have more ſhining Qualities, and upon the whole more Wit and Nobleneſs of Sentiments. Nevertheleſs, as the Queſtion was only about Fortune, and that *George* had not ſpoke to him upon any other Foot, I fancied that this Motive might accuſtom her to brook him, as it had made her conſent to ſee him.

A few Days after, we improved the Opportunity ſo luckily, that being come to *Saiſons* with *George*, he ſpent there a Part of the Afternoon. Some Affairs had obliged you to retire with Mr. *de Peſſes*, and I took care the Evening before to advertiſe my Brother of your Intentions. I examined curiouſly the Impreſſion my Lord *Linch* had made on my Siſter. It was agreeable to my Conjectures; that is to ſay, notwithſtanding the Paſſion he had all of a ſudden conceived for her, ſhe looked on him only in the light of a rich Man, who would advance her to Fortune. As to him, into whoſe Diſcourſe and Motions I had made a ſtrict Scrutiny, he carried away ſo much Love in leaving her, that I thought the Eſtabliſhment of *Roſe* as infallible as *George* had foretold. I was expoſed ſome Days following to the perpetual Solicitations of procuring for him anew the Satisfaction of ſeeing her;

her; but tho' my Brother joined in his Intreaties, it was impoſſible for me to find an Opportunity till the Sickneſs of Mr. *de Peſſes*.

This Accident, of which Mr. *de Peſſes* had Generoſity enough to conceal from you the Cauſe, was no more than an Effect of Jealouſy. With the Pains he had taken to gain over our Domeſticks, he had the Addreſs, upon ſome Suſpicions, to draw from them Light enough to diſcover ſome Part of the Truth. His Paſſion, which had for a long time mounted to an Exceſs, incited him to ſome Complaints, which my Siſter rejected perhaps with too much Scorn, and which he told her could not fail to occaſion his Death in accompliſhing the Loſs of all his Hopes. Tho' I was irritated myſelf at his Indiſcretion, the Friendſhip I had for him made me intreat *Roſe* to treat him with more Indulgence during his Sickneſs, and ſhe was freely diſpoſed to it from her natural Goodneſs. But an Opportunity ſo favourable was not neglected by my Lord *Linch* and my Brother, who were often at *Saiſons*, whilſt your Love for Study engaged you among your Books. They remained there a Part of the Night, which we paſs'd at Supper, while you gave yourſelf up to Sleep. The Recovery of Mr. *de Peſſes* interrupted a little their Pleaſures; until, upon ſome Repreſentations from me, you pray'd him forthwith to return to *Paris*. In fine, my Lord *Linch*, who was abſolutely devoted to *Roſe*, propoſed to us his Purpoſe of ſharing his Fortune with her; and it made a little Buſtle at *St. Germain* in ſupplicating the King to approve of it.

I thought I was indebted to *George* in this, tho' an inconſiderate piece of Complaiſance, as an Acknowledgment for the Zeal in which he was indefatigable to ſerve my Intereſt. Of all the contented Hearts mine was the moſt happy, ſeeing with the Proſpect of a Fortune I enjoyed alſo the moſt ſweet Pleaſures of Love; for I never paſs'd a Day but I made a Trip to *Paris*, and there ſaw without Reſtraint, or entertain'd Madam *de L*——. Her Father returned at the Time expected. I was indebted to *George* for the Obligation

of procuring me his Friendſhip, and even ſome Claim to his Acknowledgments.

As he was a Man rough and paſſionate, whom it would have been difficult to gain by the ordinary Ways, my Brother made uſe of an innocent Stratagem, of which the Succeſs ſurpaſs'd our Expectations. Having been aſſured of the Day of his Arrival, he made two of my Lord *Linch*'s Footmen, and two of his own, dreſs themſelves in the Habit of Soldiers, and arming them with Piſtols, poſted them on the High-Road, with Orders to attack his Chaiſe briſkly. We were about an hundred Paces from them, ſo that ſpurring our Horſes we arrived to his Aid at a Time he thought himſelf in extreme Danger; ſome Shots of our Piſtols fired in the Air, with other Marks of Reſiſtance and Fighting, eaſily perſuaded him that we had expoſed our Lives in his Defence, and that he was indebted to us for his. We found him ſpeechleſs and trembling in his Chaiſe: But when he ſaw us Maſters of the Field of Battle, he appeared lively touched at the Service he had received. He preſs'd us to inform him of the Names of his Deliverers; he told us his own, and, in fine, offer'd us the Diſpoſition of his Fortune and Life, which we had preſerved. My Brother anſwered him modeſtly; and to give heaped Meaſure to the Obligation, we conducted him even to the Gates of *Paris*, where in ſpite of his Inſtances we refuſed to let him know our Houſe, but promiſed him not to be long without paying a Viſit to his.

His Daughter and Madam *Gerald* were in the Secret of our Enterpriſe. He did not fail to give them a Relation of the Danger he had eſcaped, and to boaſt of the Service we had done him. Madam *Gerald*, who being a Lady from *Ireland* muſt naturally be acquainted with our Names, did not fail to lay hold on the Opportunity of making our Panegyrick. She exhauſted herſelf more particularly on mine; inſomuch, that waiting on him two Hours after, we found in him all the Fervency of Acknowledgment and Eſteem. He preſented his Daughter to us, recom-

recommending to her to look upon us for the Time to come as his beſt Friends. He made us promiſe not to make any Diſtinction between our Houſe and his, but that we ſhould take the free Command of all that belonged to him. I began to think my good Fortune ſolidly eſtabliſhed. Madam *de L*———, being as much charmed as I was with the Succeſs of our Artifice, thought herſelf intirely authorized to deliver herſelf up to her Tenderneſs. We had a Liberty of ſeeing one another, the Opportunity of knowing one another, and a thouſand new Reaſons for our Love. If Prudence did not permit us then to make Propoſals to her Father, every thing at leaſt gave us Room to hope for a happy Opportunity to come. It is true, we every Day obſerved ſufficient Meaſures for diſguiſing our Love; but this was by the Advice of *George* himſelf, and Madam *Gerald*, who ſeeing Mr. *de L*——'s Friendſhip for me increaſe every Day, imagined that he would come to the paſs of offering his Daughter to me of his own Accord. I had it more than once in my Thoughts, at a Time when every thing favoured my Views, and in which you could not condemn my Meaſures and Conduct, to diſcover to you this Intrigue, in order to authorize it by your Conſent. I propoſed it to *George*, who obſtinately forbid it. He made me apprehenſive leſt Difference of Religion ſhould give the Alarm to your Zeal, and make you traverſe our Projects.

This was our Situation when you took the Reſolution of going to Court. I gave Advice of your Departure to my Brother; and it appeared to him an Opportunity proper for the Deſign he had always formed of taking away my Siſter from you. He had till now only given her a ſlender Taſte of his Intentions, in offering to conduct her to *St. Germain*; but he had not the leaſt Doubt, if he could engage Mr. *de Sercine* to go to *Saiſons* with his Wife and Daughter, but that the Preſence and the Company of theſe two Ladies would make a great Change in her Reſolutions. I need not report to you what followed; you may judge of it by the Circumſtances, of which you were

a Witneſs. In my Turn I ſuffered myſelf to be overcome by the ſame Inſtances which had vanquiſhed my Siſter. In truth, I was in ſome Confuſion at their Proceedings, when I perceived your Melancholy: But your appearing to have aſſumed a more calm Air, as ſoon as you heard what Mr. *de Sercine* had offered, I fancied to myſelf that you approved his Reaſons, and that we ſhould not ſee a Guide, ſuch as you, forſake us without Regret. I even took your Reproaches for Counſels which had leſs Relation to the preſent than to the Time to come. If you had not believed theſe Excuſes ſincere, I was determined to come at leaſt often to *Saiſons* to ſee you, that you ſhould have had little Room to be ſenſible of my Abſence.

In fine, we ſeparated ourſelves from you. It is impoſſible you could have ſupported our Abſence without Reſentment; ſince it forthwith made you take the Reſolution of abandoning us. But if you thought us ſo culpable, if you wiſhed perhaps that Heaven would defeat our Deſigns, and by ſome Chaſtiſement make us ſenſible of the Levity of our Conduct, you have not been overmuch miſtaken. You ſee me here loaded with my own Griefs, and with thoſe of a Brother and Siſter yet more unhappy, who demand from you that Succour, which they can expect from none but you. *George* at the Bottom of a Dungeon, from whence he can never get out; *Roſe* in a Cloyſter, where her Inclinations never led her, and which Neceſſity nevertheleſs ought to hinder her from forſaking, as long as ſhe ſhall love Virtue and Honour; myſelf ſtripped naked ——— alas! of all the Happineſs which Love had promiſed me; for I ſlight all other Riches, which I could not poſſeſs with that only Happineſs that made me love them. But why do I ſeek beforehand to ſoften your Compaſſion, when my Recital demands more than ever your Attention.

Upon quitting *Saiſons* we came to *Paris*, where *George*'s Project was to make my Siſter ſpend ſome Days to put her in a Condition to appear honourably at Court. Mr. *de Sercine* with his Family, and my Lord

Lord *Linch*, in the Evening retook the Road to *St. Germain*. We lodged with *George*, who had lately taken a fit and commodious Houſe. Having a Deſign to pay my ordinary Viſit to Madam *de L*———, I propoſed to my Siſter to gratify the Impatience ſhe had ſhewed of being acquainted with her, and my Brother adviſed her to accompany me, whilſt he employed himſelf on ſome other Buſineſs. We found Madam *de L*——— alone, and the Sight of *Roſe*, which I had a long time given her Hopes of, filled her with Pleaſure. Vivacity and Joy animated our Converſation. If I was charmed in making a Siſter ſo amiable acquainted with my Miſtreſs, I had it not leſs in my Power to juſtify in the Eyes of *Roſe*, all the Merit which ſhe a hundred times made me obſerve in Madam *de L*———. I prided myſelf in her extreme Tenderneſs, and abandoned myſelf to all mine, with that Air of toying which makes the Charms of an Amour innocent. I received from Madam *de L*——— a thouſand new Teſtimonies of Affection, which it ſeemed ſhe was willing to make a Merit of with my Siſter. Never two Lovers appeared ſo ſatisfied with one another. *Roſe* reproached us agreeably with the Exceſs of our Paſſion. We anſwered her in the ſame Tone, that this ſame Exceſs ſhould ſerve her for an Excuſe. She continued for ſome Time to make War upon us with her Railleries, and we defended ourſelves without appearing diſpoſed to ſubmit to her Reaſons. But I thought I perceived in the End, that the Gaiety which *Roſe* affected was forced. I even diſcovered an Air of Heavineſs and Melancholy in her Eyes. During the Time ſhe laboured to make the Converſation agreeable, ſhe was poſſeſſed with ſome Reverie, and the half of her Attention was employed on ſomething that paſſed within herſelf. I feared that this Senſe of Tenderneſs might have become troubleſome and impertinent to her, and although I could not think her capable of acting croſs Purpoſes out of Seaſon, yet it came into my Mind, that an exceſſive Delicacy might make her

diſapprove our not obſerving more Diſtance with Madam *de L*——— in the firſt Viſit. Her Abſence and Inattention afterwards increaſed, even to the making her keep Silence, and ſometimes loſing the Thread of our Diſcourſe: I judged that ſhe was entirely fatigued with it, and would be glad to retire. She conſented to it in effect at the firſt Propoſal.

We did not find *George* at our Return to his Houſe, and we received a Note from him at Supper Time, in which he excuſed himſelf for not being able to bear us Company the firſt Day of our Arrival. He was detained againſt his Will by the Duke of ———, his Friend and Protector. We ſhall be then more eaſy, ſays I to my Siſter, and in Reality I wiſhed to be ſo, to entertain myſelf freely with her. I did not yet let her know, that I had perceived a Change in her Humour at Madam *de L*———'s, and how I had propoſed to make a ſtrict Friendſhip between them, with the Hope of drawing from thence much Advantage for my Intereſts; but I was truly afflicted, that Appearances had anſwered my Intentions ſo ill on the Part of *Roſe*. I ſupped alone with her, and waited till ſhe ſhould explain herſelf upon what might have diſpleaſed her in the Converſation with Madam *de L*———, or at leaſt till ſhe made me ſome Overture to queſtion her upon it. She recollected herſelf in a few rambling Encomiums on the Beauty and Sweetneſs of Madam *de L*———, without forgetting the Air of Penſiveneſs which ſhe had diſcovered in our Viſit. In fine, being deſirous to have the Matter cleared up, I demanded of her preciſely what had cauſed the Alteration I had perceived in her. She ſcrupled to anſwer me upon this Head. I preſſed her: If it be any Thing, ſays I, that intereſts Madam *de L*———, how can you refuſe to let me know it? I have told you already that ſhe loves you tenderly, and that ſhe would not have leſs Vexation than I to find ſhe had diſpleaſed you: She remarked to me your Inquietude at parting.

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I importuned her with other Reaſons, which ſhe reſiſted a long time; in the mean time I could obſerve that her Heart was full, and that ſhe wanted to diſburthen it. I complained that ſhe failed in her Confidence in me, who always had a particular Affection for her, and that ſhe alſo always loved me with a kind of firſt or tendereſt Love. Very well! ſays ſhe, covering her Face with one Hand, what will it avail me to tell you that I cannot love my Lord *Linch*, and that I would rather chooſe to die than be obliged to marry him? You love then another, interrupted I out of hand. No, replied ſhe, but I perceive, that I cannot be happy with a Man whom I cannot love: You force me to diſcover to you the Weakneſs of my Heart, added ſhe ſighing: I cannot ſee Madam *de L*——— ſo contented with her Tenderneſs and your's, without being jealous of a Happineſs which is not made for me. How happy is ſhe, and you alſo! My Heart is as tender as her's, and I have no leſs Hope to find a little Sweetneſs in Love: They think to make me marry a Man, for whom I have not the leaſt Taſte: Muſt I then paſs all my Life without loving, lament my Fortune, be weary of my Duty, envy all the Women who extoll their Tenderneſs to me, and do a cruel Violence on my own? What an endleſs Torment will this be? And you, *Patrick*, who ſay you love me, and who have torn from me this Confeſſion of my Pains, will you give no Aſſiſtance to my Deliverance?

I hearken'd to her with extreme Aſtoniſhment. But, dear Siſter, ſays I, who talks of forcing you to any thing, or of obliging you to marry *Linch* againſt your Will? You muſt own that theſe are the firſt Marks you have given of your Repugnance. Is it not ſtrange that your Averſion has ſprung up ſo lately, or that you have concealed it ſo long? She aſſured me that Fear alone had tied her Tongue, and that after having refuſed Mr. *de Peſſes*, under Pretence that he was deficient in Birth, ſhe had not Courage to reject a Man of the Conſequence of my Lord *Linch*.

I anſwered, however it be, I, who prefer Contentment of Heart to Fortune, will make no Scruple at all to promiſe you, that you ſhall not marry any Perſon without your Conſent, and I engage to make *George* embrace the ſame way of Thinking. As I made an End of ſpeaking, I heard a Noiſe in a Cloſet adjoining to the Chamber we were in; and the Door of it opening with Violence, we were much ſurpriſed to ſee my Lord *Linch* come out of it. He had returned to *Paris*, during the Time of our Viſit to Madam *de L*——, and ſeeing me come in only with my Siſter, he had a Mind to have the Pleaſure of hearing and ſurpriſing us. His Curioſity coſt him dear. He had heard our Converſation to the leaſt Word. A juſt Deſpair not permitting him to conſtrain himſelf longer, he came and threw himſelf with a furious Air into an elbow Chair which ſtood oppoſite to *Roſe*. We all three remained a long Time in a profound Silence. In the End I begin to ſpeak with ſome Confuſion. My Lord, ſays I, you cannot but imagine, that we did not think you ſo near, and that we are a little perplexed at this Scene: But ſince by Chance you have heard what we ſhould have had ſome Pain to declare to you, I have no Doubt but that you have all the Complaiſance for my Siſter, which a Man of Honour ought to have for her Sex, and that you will give her the Liberty ſhe deſires. He appear'd for ſome Moments irreſolute; but all of a ſudden addreſſing himſelf to her — No, Madam, ſays he, I ſhall not have that ſilly Complaiſance which you expect. You are mine by your own Conſent, by the Promiſe of your Brother, and by the Authority of the King himſelf. I will make the beſt of ſuch juſt Pretenſions, and will not be fool'd with Impunity. *Roſe* was out of all Countenance, and got up to retire. He threw himſelf bluntly in her Way, proteſting that ſhe ſhould not leave the Room till the Return of my Brother, of whom, ſays he, I will expect an Explanation of ſuch a ridiculous Procedure. This Brutality put me in a Paſſion. I told him in a very high Voice, that it would ſuffice if I gave him all the Explanation he deſired, and that I would begin by

by maintaining that my Siſter was intirely at her liberty. Some Remains of Diſcretion made him apparently calm his Tranſport. In a ſofter Voice he aſked me if I knew where *George* was. I told him that he was at Supper with the Duke of ——— ; upon which he left us without Reply, and ſet out to find him.

Roſe had a juſt Foreſight of the unhappy Conſequences of this Difference. She preſs'd me with Tears to forget the Confidence ſhe had placed in me, and to ſuffer her to put on thoſe Chains, the Weight of which ſhe would labour to conceal to her Grave. I confeſs, ſays ſhe, that I have had no Moderation in my Complaints. We are made to be the Victims of Men. Ah! what does it concern the good Order of the Univerſe, whether the Heart of a Woman be in Quiet! What do you ſay? ſays I. It ſeems on the contrary to me, that the Weakneſs of your Sex, which obliges you always to a Dependance on our's, puts us under a Neceſſity to make it our Study to conſult your Happineſs; and, that, independent of our own natural Inclinations, Reaſon and Juſtice ought to influence us to comfort and relieve the weakeſt. I uſe this Reaſon only to let you ſee, that I do not ſpeak like a Man prejudiced or blinded by the natural Affections of a Brother, or by thoſe of a Lover: For if one was to ſet a Value on your Charms, and the Sweetneſs that your Converſation diffuſes on Society, none but a Barbarian could pleaſe himſelf in grieving a Woman, or find Satisfaction in his Heart at the Expence of your's. But of whatever Principles my Lord *Linch* is at the Bottom, you may depend upon this, that your Inclinations ſhall be free, and that I ſhall one Day ſee you as happy as I am. In reality, loving with the greateſt Tenderneſs, and knowing nothing ſo ſweet as the Pleaſure of giving one's ſelf up to an innocent Paſſion, I vowed at all Hazards to procure her a Happineſs, of which ſhe appeared to have ſo great a Senſe.

We were yet talking upon our Adventure, when *George* came in, and inquired of the Servants with ſome Eagerneſs, if we were by ourſelves. He came

up to us immediately, and with a diſturbed Look deſired us to acquaint him without Diſguiſe what had paſs'd in his Abſence. I ſatisfied him. The Relation my Lord *Linch* had given him was exact, ſeeing it agreed preciſely with mine. *George* had no Scruple in embracing that Side which appeared agreeable to his Honour and Friendſhip. He told us, there was no thinking more of my Lord *Linch*, ſince he was diſpleaſing to *Roſe*; nor had ſhe Occaſion to grieve herſelf for concealing till now her Diſguſt, ſince what was done could not be repaired. But our Difficulty, ſays he, is to diſengage ourſelves honourably, at leaſt in the Opinion of the Publick. He moreover informed us, that *Linch* having expoſtulated with him in very ſmart Terms, he thought it incumbent on him to liſten with Patience, and to deſire Time for clearing up the Matter; that he had promiſed to write to him the next Day, and to lay before him plainly, what he had to depend upon; that knowing him to be fiery and paſſionate, he did not in the leaſt doubt but he would take all Sorts of Methods to revenge himſelf, and that the Wrong being offer'd by us, we ſhould be under a Neceſſity, in order to keep fair with the Publick, to conduct ourſelves with Moderation. *Roſe* importuned us again not to expoſe ourſelves, for her Sake, to Conſequences which ſhe dreaded. But my Brother was as incapable as I to conſtrain her Inclinations.

He wrote to *Linch* the Day following, and we joined in Opinion to give a civil Turn to our Excuſes. We were ſome Days without receiving any Anſwer. It was in this Interval that Mr. *de Peſſes* informed us of your Departure, with a thouſand Circumſtances that made us reflect with great Severity on our own Conduct. Under the Inquietude that *Roſe* was already, this new Stroke made her fall down in a Swoon, and loſe her Senſes. I was as much touched to the quick as ſhe, and even *George* appeared to be ſo much ſtruck, that he would have taken Poſt to follow you, and to perſuade you to change your Reſolution, if we had not been told at the ſame time, that

that there was little Hopes to overtake you, ſeeing you had begun your Journey four Days before. With what Bitterneſs did we not recollect our own Ingratitude and your Tenderneſs, in all the Converſations that I had with my Siſter! I had, as well as ſhe, a Foreſight of the Misfortunes that threatened us. Even the Conſolations of Madam *de L*———, whom I made a Confidante of my Grief, did not reſtore Tranquillity to my Heart. It was not that ſhe loſt the abſolute Empire ſhe had over my Pains and my Pleaſures, (alas! my Love was never before ſo perfect) but ſhe took a Share herſelf in my Fears. I was tortured without knowing for what; and, in the involuntary Diſturbance of my Mind, I thought I had Reaſon to tremble for all that was moſt dear to me.

Nevertheleſs, receiving no Anſwer from *Linch*, we began to think that he had choſe to revenge himſelf by Forgetfulneſs, and we prepared to conduct *Roſe* to *St. Germain*; when a Gentleman of *Ireland*, who made himſelf known to us by his Name, ſent us two Letters, one directed to my Brother, and the other to me. I opened mine with ſome Movements of Fear, which could not but increaſe at the Reading of every Line. *Linch*, from whom it came, thanked me with a bitter Irony for the good Offices I had done him with his Miſtreſs, and informed me, that thinking himſelf under an Obligation to do me Service for Service, he had taken good Meaſures to put a Stop to my further Happineſs with mine. He explained to me the Means he had uſed, ſeeing he had a Heart, he ſaid, incapable of Treachery. He had informed Mr. *de L*—— the Evening before of all the Circumſtances of my Intrigue with his Daughter; the State of my Fortune; that is to ſay, my Poverty, which made me with good Reaſon wiſh for a Marriage capable to repair it; the true Title by which I had obtained his Friendſhip, in raiſing pretended Aſſaſſins againſt him, who were in no more danger than *Linch* himſelf, and who had ſerved him very happily in procuring me the Honour of his Acquaintance; in

fine, he acquainted him with a thouſand things, under a Turn ſo odious that muſt of Neceſſity infallibly ruin me in the Opinion of Mr. *de L*——. He did not doubt at all, added he, but that my Wit and Addreſs would make me great Advantages from all theſe Articles; but he declared in the mean time that he was forced to ſtrike the Blow. The Letter addreſſed to my Brother was ſhorter. It was only a plain Challenge, wherein the Time and Place of Combat were appointed: So that *George* had no need but at a ſingle Caſt of his Eye to read it; and haſtening to give an Anſwer before I had finiſhed the reading of my Letter, he aſſured the Meſſenger that we would be exact to the Appointment.

It was now eight o' Clock in the Morning, and we were to meet at Ten. My Brother told me coldly, that he was vexed at this Accident, for that it tended to throw all our Affairs iuto Confuſion. See here, ſays I, which of us has moſt Reaſon to deſpair? I gave him my Letter to read; and he confeſſed with an Air of Calmneſs, that I had every thing to fear for the Succeſs of my Amour. In Reality my Situation was ſo grievous, that it was impoſſible for me even to ſee Madam *de L*———, to know from her at leaſt what Effects the Malignity of my Enemy had produced in her Father: For the Hour approached, and we had a good Way to go to the Field of Battle. In the mean time I was provoked at the Coldneſs with which *George* looked on my Troubles. You do not lament me, ſays I, you do not lament *Roſe* who is ruined without Reſource, if the Fortune of Arms declares againſt us. He anſwered me, that on Occaſions of this Nature, Tenderneſs would be unprofitable, and that Honour not ſuffering us to come late to the Field, we ought to poſtpone all other Thoughts till after the Deciſion of our Quarrel. Cruel Neceſſity obliged me to follow his Counſel. We embraced one another and went out. *Roſe*, who was yet in Bed, had not the leaſt Knowledge of our Departure.

Our Enemies were already in the Field. They were waited on by two Servants, who held their Horſes;

Horſes; and we were on Foot without any Attendants. But the Intrepidity of *George* not making an Account of Numbers, he accoſted them with his Sword in Hand, without yet knowing how many we ſhould have to fight. In the mean time my Lord *Linch* gave Orders to his Servants to withdraw; and ſeeing us on Foot, If you are fortunate, ſays he, I make you a Preſent of my Horſes to forward your Eſcape. This generous Care diſſipated our Suſpicion.

He pointed with his Hand, that it was with me he deſired to meaſure Swords. We fought fiercely, and I parry'd ſome Thruſts made with ſuch Fury, that I could eaſily ſee he aimed them at my Life. At length I was wounded in the Arm. My Brother, who was engaged with the other, having ſeen the Colour of my Blood, obſerved no more Meaſures, and throwing himſelf upon his Adverſary, gave him a Thruſt in the Stomach, that brought him down dead at his Feet. I ſaw that he ran to my Succour, but whether Fear had infeebled *Linch*, or that I was inſpired with an Emulation to conquer without the Help of a Second, I rouſed up my Reſolution, and at the ſame Moment gave my Adverſary ſo deep a Wound in the Thigh, that being no longer able to ſtand, he ſat down on the Ground, and gave me up his Sword. I returned it immediately. Shame made him hold down his Eyes for ſome Moments; but ſeeing us call his Servants to take care of him, he generouſly renewed to us the Offer of his Horſes, if we thought them neceſſary for our Safety.

Seeing the Neceſſity he had of them himſelf, our Generoſity would not give us Leave to embrace his Offer. Beſides, whatever Danger we had to fear in *Paris*, we were obliged to return there for Reaſons too powerful to ſuffer us to quit it ſo ſoon. We were returning, when finding himſelf weaken'd by Loſs of Blood, and beginning to fear that his Wound was mortal, he ſent his Servants to call us back. The Impatience we had to recover *Paris* did not hinder us returning from a good Diſtance, and we found in him, in reality, a Paleneſs and Feebleneſs, that made us have a bad

Opinion of his Life. He commanded his Servants to remove at ſome Diſtance, and conjured us with a dying Voice, from the Confidence he placed in our Honour, to be the Depoſitaries of a Secret, which was of equal Importance to Religion and our Country, and which might even help to obtain our Pardon for his Death and that of *Plunket* (for ſo his Friend was called) and might be ſome Expiation for the Hatred and Evil which he would have done us. Since Death, continued he, has put *Plunket* and me in the Condition of Things paſſed away, I muſt inform you, that we have been in Poſſeſſion of an immenſe Treaſure, which has lain hid for a long time in our Houſes, and which my Father and his have conſiderably augmented by their own Care. The principal Part of it conſiſts of Veſſels and Reliques of Gold and Silver, which before the Reformation belonged to many Epiſcopal Churches and a great many rich Abbeys of *Ireland*. The Tumults of Wars, and the Fear of all the Evils that have ſince happened, obliged at that Time a great Number of Prelates and Catholick Lords to ſeek for a Place of Security wherein to depoſit ſo much Riches; and the Situation of the Demains of our Anceſtors being judged proper to depoſit this Truſt in, they were removed in the Night into a Vault hollow'd for that Purpoſe in the middle of a vaſt Foreſt. Though the Fact was known to a great Number of People, yet the Secret of the Place only remained in our two Houſes. In fine, loſing all Hopes of the Re-eſtabliſhment of our Religion, ſince the Proteſtant Branch has been fixed on the Throne, my Father and *Plunket* had formed a Deſign of removing this Treaſure, from henceforth of no Benefit to *Ireland*, into the Hands of King *James*, to be applied to ſuch Uſes as ſhould be agreeable to his Piety and Wiſdom. Their Zeal at the ſame Time induced them to levy great ſums of Money among the Catholicks of the Country, which were deſigned for the Support of the Court, and which are lodged in the ſame Vault. They prepared themſelves to take a Journey to *St. Germain*, to receive the King's Orders upon the Means of tranſporting into

France

France this Maſs of Wealth, when the Death of my Father put a Stop to the Project. To this Minute the Secret, and the Duty of executing the Truſt, is lodged in our Breaſts, and it was with theſe Views that I came here with *Plunket* ſome Months paſt. The King is informed of the Motive of our Journey, and waits only for favourable Circumſtances to make uſe of our Offer; but he is ignorant in what Place the Treaſure is concealed. Here are the Tokens, added *Linch*, taking a Memorandum out of his Pocket, take it; *Plunket* has a Duplicate of it. We took this Precaution to ſecure us againſt all Manner of Accidents. Make ſuch uſe of it as you think proper for your Safety, your Fortune, and your Honour. His Strength failed him after ſo long a Relation, and he made us only a Sign to take the Duplicate of the Memorandum out of *Plunket*'s Pocket; then having proteſted to us in a few Words, that he forgave us his Death, he left us at liberty to retire. We could not refuſe to give him ſome Marks of our Regret and Acknowledgment: But our own Affairs demanding all our Attention, we left him in the Hands of his Servants, to return in ſpeed to *Paris*.

Though we were Strangers in *France*, yet we were not ignorant of the inflexible Rigour of Juſtice there againſt Duels, and we conceived that the moſt ſafe Courſe we had to take was to think immediately of getting into ſome private Place for Shelter. Nevertheleſs, two Intereſts ſo urgent as thoſe of Friendſhip and Love claimed a Preference to our own. *Roſe*, who had no Knowledge of our Misfortune, could not be abandoned to herſelf without Succour, and without Advice; and I would a thouſand times have expoſed my Life rather than be long ignorant how I ſtood in the Heart of Madam *de L*—— and in the Thoughts of her Father. As there was but ſmall Appearance, that the Noiſe of our Duel ſhould be of a ſudden publiſhed, we flattered ourſelves that we ſhould have Time enough to ſatisfy theſe two Cares. My Brother undertook to return to his own Houſe, while I ſhould go to Mr. *de L*——'s. He propoſed to regulate

regulate Matters with *Roſe*, in what manner ſhe ſhould conduct herſelf, and to take a Part of our Money, which he had brought from *Saiſons* to *Paris*. He then was to go to the Duke of ———, where I promiſed to rejoin him, and where we were to form other Reſolutions.

We did not part without embracing tenderly, and recommending to each other not to loſe the Sight of Danger, and to turn every Moment to Account. My Brother hitherto affected a reſolute and unſhaken Air, and I laboured to imitate him: But I gave the lye to theſe Reſolutions by the Trouble of my Heart, which communicated itſelf even in my Looks and the Sound of my Voice. Beſides the Horror of a bloody Duel, which I had juſt come from, I trembled at what I had at that Inſtant to fear in the Place to which I was going; and all my Loſſes appeared before my Eyes, before I knew what they were. *George*, who perceived it, exhorted me to better Hopes, and made me promiſe, that let things turn out how they would, I would not fail to rejoin him. But he did not foreſee either my Misfortune or his own.

I came to the Door of Mr. *de L*———, which I found ſhut, as the Windows were alſo, with all the Appearances of a deſerted Houſe. I knocked fearfully; and when it was opened, I ſaw a Man appear, to whoſe Countenance I was an utter Stranger. I took him for a new Domeſtick. After aſking me my Name, he ſhewed me into the Porch which gave an Entry to the *Corridor* that led to the Cellar. I there found four Men, whom I knew no more than the firſt, and who ſeized me by the Arms, although without uſing any Violence. They took away my Sword, and having led me to the End of the Gallery they let my Arms looſe, entreating me civilly to go down with them. I aſked them what I ought to think of this Reception, and what their Deſign was. They exhorted me to fear nothing.

We went down to the ſame Cellar where I was before. It was not long before I ſaw Mr. *de L*—— enter, followed by his Daughter and Madam *Gerald*.

I began to ſpeak to her a few Words, which he interrupted, recommending to me to keep Silence a Moment. He had ſome Flambeaux lighted, but not a great many. Mr. *de L*——— made me come near a Table, about which all the Spectators were ranged in Order. He placed his Daughter oppoſite to me, and drawing his Sword out of the Scabbard, he pointed it all of a ſudden at my Breaſt. Fear and Tenderneſs made his Daughter throw out a piercing Cry. He in a ſevere Tone commanded her to be ſilent; and addreſſing himſelf to me, You made your Jeſt of frightening me, ſays he in a fierce Tone, it is but juſt that I ſhould have the ſame Pleaſure in my Turn: But although I have no Deſign of taking away your Life, if you obey me, yet you may reckon your ſelf among the Number of the Dead, who reſt in this Cellar, if you make the leaſt Difficulty of ſatisfying my Deſires. Then explaining to me his Will, You have deceived me, continued he, you have ſeduced the Mind of my Daughter, you have exacted from her Oaths of Love and Fidelity to you; which ſhe objects in Juſtification of her Refuſal to obey me: I expect that you on the Spot diſengage her from all her Promiſes, and renounce all Sorts of Rights that you pretend to her: If you a Moment heſitate in doing this, you are a dead Man.

I turned towards Madam *de L*——— my Eyes, to read the Motions of her Heart in hers. Her Paleneſs and Tears, which the Darkneſs had at firſt hinder'd me from perceiving, gave me ſufficiently to know that ſhe had been prepared for this Scene by Perſecutions which her Love for me had made her reſiſt. Was my whole Life ſufficient to repay thoſe precious Marks of Love and Conſtancy? I had felt perhaps ſome Fear at the firſt Motion of the Sword; but not liſtening more to any thing than a Love capable of making me dare Death and Torments, I anſwered with a Courage and Steadineſs, to which Mr. *de L*—— gave no Attention, that he was the Maſter of my Life, ſince I ſaw myſelf without Defence; that with the Poſſeſſion of a Heart which he would force

me

me to renounce, Death had nothing in it terrible to me, but which I would go in ſearch of willingly, ſhould I have the Misfortune to loſe the only Happineſs that could make me wiſh to live; ſo that in one or the other Chance his Vengeance would be fruſtrated, if it gave him Room to hope any thing from his Menaces; but if he would hearken to Reaſon, he would treat me perhaps with more Humanity: That my Birth and the Honour of my Views did not in the leaſt merit his Hatred or Contempt. ——— He interrupted me by ſwearing anew, that he was going to drive his Sword into my Heart; and I did not know to what Miſchief the Violence of his Temper had carried him, if his Daughter, from whom the Fright had already taken her Voice and Strength, had not all at once fallen down into a Swoon void of all Senſes. He loved her. This Sight gave another Turn to his Mind. He haſten'd to go and ſuccour her. It is probable I might have had the Power to eſcape in the Diſorder, which continued ſome Minutes, but I rejected a Thought ſo mean. Upon the whole, during the Danger to which every Body thought the Life of Madam *de L*——— expoſed, I would immediately have flown to reſcue her from it, without thinking of my own, if her Father had not had the Barbarity to puſh me back as ſoon as he ſaw me approach her.

Madam *Gerald* laid hold of the Opportunity of this Interval to tell me in *Iriſh*, that ſhe was ſurpriſed to ſee me ſacrifice my Life, and put that of Madam *de L*—— in Danger, for a ſilly Chimera of the *Lutheran* Principles, which no way concerned my Honour or Love; that being ſure of being beloved, I riſqued nothing in renouncing thoſe Rights, which all the World could not make me loſe, and of which my Miſtreſs was as jealous as I: In fine, ſhe left it to me to conſider how Madam *de L*—— could be leſs mine by this Excuſe, and to reflect on what ſhe ſuffered the whole Night in preſerving herſelf for me; and ſhe warned me ſeriouſly, that the only Means of ſtilling the Tempeſt, was to give way to the Paſſion of Mr. *de L*———. In reality, he no ſooner ſaw his Daughter out

out of Danger, than he took up his Sword again with the ſame Fury. It is you, cried he, that cauſes me ſuch Pains as I never felt before; but if you will ſtill continue obſtinate, I will pierce your Heart this Moment. He ſtretched out his Arm, and looked on me with an Air that confirm'd his Menace. His Daughter, ready to fall again into a fainting Fit, out of which ſhe had juſt recovered, ſpoke to me in a feeble and trembling Voice, Eh! Mr. have you no Thought at all of your Life? I own my Perturbation was extreme. I would willingly have followed the Advice of Madam *Gerald*, were it only to deliver Madam *de L*——— from the mortal Situation in which I ſaw her; but my Heart and my Tongue equally refuſed to make a Declaration, which ſeemed to me to be diſhonourable, becauſe it was forced. I was indeed convinced of the Conſtancy of my Miſtreſs, but it was my own Delicacy I had to conquer, without making any Account that what was wrung from me with ſuch a frightful Violence, could not appear of ſo little Importance as Madam *Gerald* would perſuade me. Nevertheleſs, I could not at all reſiſt the four Words which I had heard; I looked upon them as a Command, to which all my Difficulties were to give way. You have prevailed, ſays I to her Father, I conſent to all that you require. He was not at all contented with a Declaration ſo uncertain. He made me repeat after him the ſame Expreſſions which he had already uſed; and he obliged me to confirm them by an Oath. Then turning to his Daughter, You are freed, ſays he, from your Engagements, I take all the Aſſembly to witneſs it. As to what remains, proceeds he, addreſſing himſelf to me, if you think to betray me in order to revenge yourſelf, I declare to you, that having always paid Obedience to the King's Arreſts, and having never yet join'd in any other Act of Religion than burying ſome Dead, I little fear your Reſentment. I contented myſelf with anſwering, that he was badly acquainted with my Principles. The ſame Perſons who had brought me in, deſir'd me immediately to retire. I had ſcarce the Time to expreſs to Madam *de L*———

by

by a few tender Looks, that the Fidelity which ſhe had obliged me to violate outwardly had taken Sanctuary in the Bottom of my Heart, from whence it ſhould never eſcape. I was conducted to the Gate, where they delivered me my Sword, and gave me Liberty to go away.

Although nothing could equal my Conſternation after ſo melancholy an Adventure, yet I carried away with me at leaſt the Comfort of believing that my Miſtreſs was faithful, and the Hopes of ſeeing her again ſpeedily, maugre all Obſtacles; for Madam *Gerald* had found Means of making me ſuch a Promiſe ſecretly. Moreover, the more I reflected on the whimſical Renunciation which had been extorted from me, the leſs I found in it any Subject worthy of giving me Vexation. According to any Senſe that Mr. *de L*—— could put upon them, and even according to the ſtricteſt Idea that I could form to myſelf of his Views, it was certain that my Oath did not bind me to any thing for the future; and that in giving up to his Daughter thoſe Rights which I had in her Heart, I was not at all deprived of thoſe which ſhe ſhould begin anew to grant me by the Conſtancy of her Love. At the firſt Inſtant, ſays I, that I ſhall have the Happineſs of ſeeing her again, I ſhall obtain from her a thouſand new Teſtimonies of her Tenderneſs and Fidelity. We ſhall lay up our Chains; we ſhall then form new ones, if we could flatter ourſelves to have broke the firſt; and we ſhall have for our laſt Reſort, as we had always propoſed, the Expectancy of the Death of her Father, or of that Age which would make the Daughter Miſtreſs of herſelf.

It was Heaven that thus turned my Reflections on the moſt favourable Side. Its Goodneſs ſuſpended the black Preconceptions that had diſturbed me for many Days, to leave me the Liberty of Thought, which I found neceſſary in the greateſt of all our Misfortunes. I had promiſed my Brother to rejoin him at the Duke of ——'s, whoſe Hotel we hoped would ſerve us at all times for a Sanctuary. It was near two Hours ſince we parted, and I had no doubt but he

was

was already there. Nevertheleſs, as theſe laſt Ideas, with which I was filled, made me almoſt forget the Peril, I could not paſs the Street where his Houſe ſtood, without having a Deſire to go into it. I ſhould have gone directly in without any Expectation of finding him there, if I had not met Mr. *de Peſſes*, who taking me by the Arm, recovered me out of this thoughtleſs Reverie. Heavens! ſays he, where are you going? how happy am I in having perceived you! and without giving me Time to anſwer, he hurried me into a Hackney Coach, which he had already in waiting, and drove off inſtantly. How happy am I! repeated he again, embracing me. I judged that you might appear again in the Street, and I have been half an Hour waiting for you.

The Confidence I had in his Friendſhip would have made me diſcover to him our Troubles, if he had not been before informed of them; but his Diſcourſe having made me ſee that he already knew them, I aſked him in haſte if he had ſeen my Brother. Alas! no, anſwered he. But before you demand any Explanations, ſuffer me to carry you to a Place, where you may hear them without Danger. This Anſwer, and his Refuſal to carry me to the Duke's Hotel, gave me an Inſight into our Misfortune. He could not however diſown but my Brother was in Cuſtody. Fraternal Tenderneſs made me caſt out a doleful Cry, which it was impoſſible to reſtrain. I would have gone to his Aid, without ſo much as knowing to what Place I ſhould go, or on what Side I ſhould turn. Mr. *de Peſſes* had a great Difficulty to ſtop me. In fine, having made me underſtand, that violent Remedies were now fruitleſs, he inform'd me, that *George*, being impeached in all Appearance by the Servants of my Lord *Linch*, was ſurpriſed in his Houſe, where he had the Imprudence to continue an Hour, and was carried to the *Baſtile*. In going away, he had obtain'd the Liberty to advertiſe the Duke of ——— of his Misfortune. This Lord, who knew where his Houſe was, immediately went to it, to offer his firſt Services to *Roſe*; but his Viſit and Propoſals had without doubt

doubt diſpleaſed my Siſter, ſince notwithſtanding the Reaſons which might take away any Deſire of addreſſing herſelf to Mr. *de Peſſes*, ſhe choſe by a Letter to lay open her Situation to him, who was in a manner the only Acquaintance ſhe had in *Paris*. Mr. *de Peſſes*, in giving me this Relation, could not conceal his Joy. It was my good Fortune, ſays he, which made her think of me. I flew to her, and found there the Duke tho' but little ſatisfied, ſince after ſome cold Thanks which ſhe gave him on my Arrival, ſhe determined to withdraw.

They having already put the King's Seal on every thing that belonged to you, and four Guards being planted in the Houſe, I immediately propoſed to your beautiful Siſter, continued *de Peſſes*, to permit me to conduct her to the Houſe of a Lady who was my Friend, where ſhe ſhould be received with all manner of Care and Reſpect; but her Pleaſure was, that I ſhould immediately look out for you; and fearing leſt you ſhould return to the Houſe where the Guards were placed, perhaps with the Intention of waiting for you, I thought it beſt to watch for the Coach at the End of the Street.

I thanked him for his Zeal, and thinking that every Moment I paſſed in afflicting myſelf would be a Loſs to our Intereſts, I drove from me every thing that might take up my Attention from what I ow'd to a Perplexity ſo urgent. On our Arrival at the Place which Mr. *de Peſſes* had choſe for my Sanctuary, I ſent him for my Siſter. He gave her great Comfort, in acquainting her that I was in Safety; but he could not perſuade her to accept of any other Retreat than a Convent. Far from condemning this Reſolution, I looked upon it as the only Choice agreeable to her Honour, eſpecially when (being appriſed that the Duke had offered her a Houſe, an Equipage, and great Appointments) I conſider'd to what Perils her Prudence would be expoſed in any other Place than a Cloiſter. Mr. *de Peſſes* conducted her to an *Engliſh* Nunnery, where he had the Generoſity to pay beforehand a Share of her Penſion. From thence he went to the

Baſtile,

Baſtile, but could not obtain Leave to ſee my Brother; nevertheleſs, he did not loſe all Hopes of it, as ſoon as he could get an Order from Court. He return'd to me in the Evening with theſe Accounts. I conjur'd him to add full Meaſure to his Kindneſſes, by going to *St. Germain* without a Moment's Loſs of Time; for I thought it a Matter of great Importance to prepoſſeſs all the Friends we had in our Favour, by a ſincere Relation of the Adventure. I wrote myſelf to Mr. *de Sercine*, to engage him in doing us his good Offices with the King; and I recommended to Mr. *de Peſſes*, to aſſure him of the Reaſons we had to rely upon the Protection of that Prince.

I remained a Prey to my Fears until his Return; which he did not do till the following Evening. His Tranquillity appear'd to carry a good Omen. In reality I received from his Relation all the Conſolation of which I was capable amidſt ſo many Inquietudes. He had ſeen not only Mr. *de Sercine* and all our Friends, but the King himſelf, whom the Circumſtances of our Misfortune had inſpired rather with Compaſſion than Anger; and, what made me take up yet more Hopes, he aſſured me, that my Lord *Linch*, tho' extremely weak with the Loſs of Blood, was not in any Danger. Notwitſtanding the Death of *Plunket*, I did not at all doubt, that having been forced to fight, and having defended ourſelves with Honour, King *James* would have eaſily granted us his Pardon, if we had been in *England*; but being in *France*, the Rights of Protection we had acquir'd there ſubjected us to the Laws of the Country, and that it was at the Court of *Verſailles* we had need of Protection: Nevertheleſs I imagined, that if that of *St. Germain* was gracious to us, we ſhould find more Favour at the Court of *France* with a Recommendation ſo powerful. It was with this View that I thought proper to begin my Solicitations on that Side. To neglect nothing, I pray'd Mr. *de Peſſes* to wait on the Duke of ——, who I did not think would be ſo cooled by the Repulſe of my Siſter, as to refuſe employing his Intereſts for us. He went about it immediately, and the Aſſurances of Zeal and Friendſhip,

ſhip, which he receiv'd, ſerv'd to render my Mind more eaſy. We agreed to write to my Brother, to relieve him from any Inquietude, by informing him that our Affairs had already taken a happy Turn. Mr. *de Peſſes* undertook this Trouble, in regard the ſight of my Hand-writing might have expoſed me to ſome new Peril.

This Interval of Hope was a further Favour of God, who would not that his Trials ſhould ſurpaſs my Strength, and who was pleaſed favourably to afford me ſome Moments of Repoſe, after the moſt violent Agitations. If I waited every Minute the Return of Mr. *de Peſſes*, I had a thouſand other Reaſons for my Impatience to know the Succeſs of his Journey. The Condition in which I left Madam *de L*———, my longing to ſee her again, my Deſire of being inform'd of what Madam *Gerald* promiſed to explain to me, were ſo many Subjects of Reſtleſſneſs, that had made me ponder more than once, if I ſhould not venture out of my Retreat, in Contempt of Danger, to ſatisfy my Curioſity and my Love: In fine, as I had propoſed to charge *de Peſſes* with this Commiſſion, I had no ſooner ended that Part that related to my Brother, than I confided to him the other Embarraſments of my Heart. There was nothing to do but immediately to ſee Madam *Gerald*, to inform her of my Circumſtances, and to know of her if I might be admitted to the Converſation of Madam *de L*——— at home, or in any other Place. Nothing being a Difficulty to the Zeal of *de Peſſes*, he promiſed to ſatisfy me with Diligence, and I ſaw him indeed return ſooner than I expected. But inſtead of having ſeen Madam *Gerald*, he brought me only a Letter from her, which inform'd me in four Lines, that ſhe had departed the ſame Day, with Madam *de L*——, being committed to the Conduct of two Men, and that not having Time to explain herſelf further, ſhe promiſed to write to me from the firſt Place ſhe ſhould have the Liberty to ſtop at. She added at the Cloſe of her Letter, that ſhe was miſtaken if they would not convey her to *Germany*; but that in whatever Place they forced her to live, ſhe promiſed to

write to me, and Madam *de L*—— to love me with a Conſtancy which ſhe propoſed as a Pattern to mine.

Alas! my dear Brother, your Piety makes you too unconcerned, and your Mind is too much ſuperior to the Weakneſs of Love, to enable you to conceive all that was cruel and intollerable for me in this News. You ſee in it her Departure, her Journey, even the Tokens of Remembrance and Fidelity, and you would aſk me what Reaſons I have to deliver myſelf up to the laſt Deſpair. But do you not know, that the ſovereign Good of a Lover is the Preſence of the Perſon beloved: You are ignorant, that there can be no State of Repoſe for a Heart without the Object in which it lives and breathes; that without the Pleaſure at leaſt of ſeeing, without a Comfort ſo neceſſary, Life is a Languor, a Laſſitude, a Poiſon, an Impatience, a———ah! you do not know the Delights nor the Torments of Love. And then can I have no Reaſon to apprehend why Madam *Gerald* flatter'd me with a vain Hope? Cannot I foreſee, that the ſame Rigour which forced them away againſt their Hopes would employ all Arts to hinder them from writing to me, or me from receiving their Letters; that I ſhould never be able to diſcover the Place of their Abode, and that conſequently I ſhould be abandoned, betray'd, loſt without Reſource and without Conſolation.

I ſaw in one Inſtant the full Extent of my Miſfortune. In vain did I demand of *de Peſſes* thoſe Eclairciſſements, which I could not receive from him, nor from the Servant who had put the Letter into his Hands. All the Family of Mr. *de L*—— was in my Intereſt; but this Reaſon that had made him take care to diſperſe his People in the Evening, to forward the Deſign he had executed in the Cellar, had further obliged him to conceal his Daughter's Journey till the Moment of her Departure. Madam *Gerald* had with Difficulty found Time to write me two Words: She had truſted her Letter to a Boy, whoſe Addreſs and Fidelity ſhe knew, and who had the Conſideration to wait continually at the Gate to give it to me,

or

or to thoſe who ſhould come for it in my Name. I ſaw him the Night following, but could not get from him any further Information. Near four Months have ſince elapſed, and though all my Pains and the Eagerneſs of Mr. *de Peſſes* could not afford me a ſafe Opportunity of ſtepping out of ſuch a fatal Obſcurity, yet they will give you Room to find a Fortune worthy of your moſt tender Compaſſion, if you can conceive any Idea of my Troubles.

I ſhall not needleſsly enlarge on all the Circumſtances of our Conteſts in the Courts of Juſtice; the firſt Effect of the Credit of our Protectors was to obtain a Suſpenſion of the Proceedings, which had been ſtrenuouſly commenced the firſt Day. My Lord *Linch* was happily recover'd. *George*, whom Mr. *de Peſſes* had at length obtain'd the Liberty of ſeeing in Priſon, thought we were obliged in Honour to ſend him back the two Memorandums with which he had intruſted us. He was ſo touched with this voluntary Generoſity, that he became one of our moſt ardent Defenders; notwithſtanding Love had the greateſt Share in his Zeal. Scarce had he recover'd from the firſt Heat of his Reſentment, than finding himſelf more paſſionately in Love than ever, he ſent to my Siſter moſt ſubmiſſive Apologies for the Exceſs to which he had been tranſported, and an Offer without Limitation of his Intereſt and Services. However, he had not dared to wait on her as ſoon as his Health was re-eſtabliſhed; but taking Occaſion from the Returning of the two Memorandums to praiſe highly our Proceedings, and to own himſelf obliged to ſerve us at all Rates, he fancied that after this Profeſſion of his Eſteem and Friendſhip, ſhe might conſent to receive a Viſit from him. His Hope was often fruſtrated, until having choſe to write to her, and to give her an Account of what effectual Service he had done for us, he at length obtained the Liberty of converſing with her. *Roſe* trembled for us, and expected every Moment to ſee the Head of *George* upon a Scaffold. This Thought, which ſtifled all others, made her offer Violence to her Heart, in

promiſing *Linch*, that if he ſucceeded in ſaving our Lives and obtaining our Liberty, her Hand ſhould be the Recompence of ſo great a Service. A Motive ſo capable of animating a Lover did not ſuffer him to heſitate long. He laviſhed away his Wealth to gain the Judges, and employ'd himſelf Day and Night to raiſe up to us Protectors with all the Zeal of Love.

Nevertheleſs, our ill Fortune render'd all thoſe Pains unprofitable. The Solicitations of the two Courts, and a Journey made by the King himſelf to *Verſailles*, could not ſhake the Regards which the King of *France* thought he owed to his Oaths. He was fortified by an inviolable Law, which he had impoſed on himſelf, and which no Conſideration had yet made him violate. The only Mercy which he granted at ſuch powerful Interceſſions was, to ſuffer our Proceſs to remain ſuſpended, and that my Brother ſhould wear out his Life in the *Baſtile*. I ſhould have had without doubt the ſame Lot, if I had been arreſted; but thinking myſelf ſo much the more ſafe by this kind of Indulgence, as *Plunket* had not left any Friends to ſolicit Vengeance for his Death, I made no Difficulty of returning to *Paris* under a diſguiſed Name, and of viſiting my unhappy Brother in his Priſon.

I very often ſaw my Siſter; which after ſo many Inquietudes and Alarms made me forget one Part of my Troubles. Alas, this dear *Roſe!* I never left her without being bath'd with her Tears. She reproach'd herſelf with being the Cauſe of all our Misfortunes, and that it was to puniſh herſelf, ſhe ſaid, that ſhe had promiſed her Hand to my Lord *Linch*. I flatter'd her Heart, by repreſenting to her, that her Promiſe obliged her to nothing, ſince we did not obtain the Value which ſhe was made to depend upon; and if her Acknowledgments could engage her to any thing, I ſpoke to her of *de Peſſes*, who well merited to counterpoiſe his Rival, by the Ardour and Diſintereſtedneſs of his Services. She was ſenſible of what I ſaid; for the Heart of *Roſe* is a Compound of Generoſity and Tenderneſs: But I ſaw plainly that Love did not ſpeak either in Favour of *de Peſſes* or *Linch*. I found a

Sweetneſs alſo in making her often fall on the Diſcourſe of my own Torments. I aſked her if ſhe was yet jealous of an unfortunate and unprofitable Tenderneſs, which filled my Heart with Bitterneſs, and which yet could not make Madam *de L*——— more happy, in caſe her Love was as faithful as mine. In deſpite of Fortune, which ſeparated me from my Love, ſhe thought we were worthy of Envy, and that the Pains cauſed by our Fidelity and Tenderneſs merited the Name of the moſt charming Happineſs.

When I ſpoke of the Acknowledgments we owed to Mr. *de Peſſes*, I intended only thoſe which he merited by his Pains, and a thouſand toilſome Steps he had taken, to which his Friendſhip and Love had engaged him. In the unavoidable Neceſſity we were in, after the Commencement of our Misfortunes, he had ſupplied our Expences liberally, and he continued to aid us with the ſame Generoſity. For the Time that we had Hopes of re-entering into the Poſſeſſion of our Lands at *Saiſons*, and of recovering our Money, we had accepted of his Favours without Shame: But our Friends having forgot to ſolicit the Court for a Reſtitution of our Subſtance, which they could more eaſily have obtained than our Liberty, we were under a Neceſſity of making new Applications for this Favour, and the Succeſs of them was uncertain; inſomuch, that finding an additional Burden to what we already owed, and being obliged every Day to engage in new Debts, this Neceſſity had become one of our moſt inſupportable Evils. I wrote to you in ſtrong Terms an Account in what Danger *George* was, only with the Deſign of communicating it to you, and I never receiv'd any Anſwer. Your Silence did not at all diſcourage me. I rather choſe to aſcribe it to any other Cauſe than your Indifference. I wrote to you again; and I laboured above all to perſuade you to give Attention to the Intereſts of my Siſter, to which Honour alone would have engag'd you to have afforded ſome Aid, when ſhe had no other Reſource than you and her Virtue. You never gave me an Anſwer. All my Letters have without doubt miſcarried: What

ſhould

ſhould become of them, ſince you have aſſured me that not one of them has come to your Hands? Finally, in the Extremity of Indigence and Grief, ſinking under the Misfortunes of my Brother, of which I ſee no End, prevailed on by the Tears of *Roſe* which daily increaſe, preſs'd down by the Deſpair of others and my own, I have choſe to make this Voyage to *Ireland*, to awaken in a happy Moment your Goodneſs and Affection by my Preſence. I was even oblig'd to have Recourſe to the Liberality of *de Peſſes*, for defraying the Expences of ſuch a long Journey.

It is now eight Days ſince, travelling Poſt from *London*, I wrote to you again, to give you Notice of my Arrival. I have made the reſt of my Journey with the Ardour of a ſtrong Impatience; the Ship which brought me from *Holyhead* making ſail to *Cork*, I have from that Port made my Way by Land, under many Wants and great Fatigue. Yeſterday Evening the Rain and Darkneſs obliged me to ſtop in the Beginning of the Night; and *Fincer*, our ancient Friend, coming into my Memory, whoſe Houſe was not above a hundred Paces out of my Way, I determined to take Shelter there from the Severity of the Weather. I found no Body at home but his Daughter. She received me with a certain Timidity and ſome Marks of Confuſion, which would have raiſed in me Suſpicions, if the Coldneſs of her Reception had not been out of hand repaired by her Civilities: But having readily perceived that I was ignorant of the Misfortune of her Father, whereby I could not accuſe him of having had any Share in yours, ſhe ſpared nothing to perſuade me that ſhe received my Viſit with Pleaſure. My Melancholy in Appearance and an Air inſpiring Compaſſion, which have given me a perpetual Senſe of my Afflictions, increaſed this Diſpoſition of hers in ſuch a manner, that ſhe gave me to underſtand by a thouſand Teſtimonies, that we ought not to reckon her among our Enemies. She recited to me the unlucky Adventure of her Father, the Addreſs with which he made his Defence, and the Happineſs he had in making his Eſcape. She did not diſguiſe from

me the Vexation it cauſed you, nor the Dangers to which his Accuſations expoſed me in *Ireland*. It was by her Advice that I came in the Fall of the Evening to *Coleraine*.

Patrick having finiſhed his Relation, aſked me, if I did not believe him more unhappy than culpable, and if Friendſhip was ſo extinguiſhed in my Heart, that it could not be revived by Compaſſion? I embraced him, and preſſed him to my Heart with all my Might. But my Tears, which I had Difficulty enough to keep in during his Story, found a Vent in ſpite of my Reſolutions: And not able to reſiſt all the Commotions that were raiſed in my Soul, O *Patrick!* ſaid I, O dear Object of my Inquietude and of my Tenderneſs! what is become of your Prudence and my Counſels? What is become of the Succours of Heaven, which never before failed you? Alas! What have you done with yourſelf! *George! Roſe!* unhappy Family! See then the End to which your fond Prudence and greedy Ambition have brought you! O God! let them profit by this Example, to make them ſenſible of the Need they have of thee! I added a thouſand Things with the ſame Bitterneſs of Sentiments. Nevertheleſs, not being willing to augment his Troubles by my Reproaches, and deſiring to poſtpone the Deliberation upon ſo great Events to a more ſettled Situation of Mind, I reſtrained myſelf with ſome Violence, under Pretence of his taking Refreſhment and Repoſe, which he ſtood in great need of. We ſat down to Table, but all my Efforts could not ſtop me from falling again perpetually upon the Paſſages I had juſt come from hearing. I began without ceaſing to aſk Queſtions, and to deſire Explanations of all the Circumſtances, when we heard ſome Body knock haſtily at my Door. It was opened immediately, becauſe my Servants were under no Suſpicion. At the ſame Moment eight Men armed, headed by an Officer, came into the Room where we ſat; and having no Trouble to diſcover that *Patrick* was the Perſon they were in queſt of, they arreſted him by Warrant from the Viceroy, in order to conduct him

to

to the Caſtle of *Dublin*. The Officer was a well-bred Man, and ſeeing my Oppreſſion and Grief, told me with a great many Apologies, that he had it not in his Power to explain to me his Orders, the Cauſe of which he was ignorant of; but that after the Affair of *Fincer* I had better Reaſon to judge of it than any other Perſon: That if my Brother had any Cauſe to reproach himſelf, he was very imprudent to truſt the Deſign of his Journey to Paper; that they had without doubt intercepted all the Letters that were under my Addreſs; and that he was at leaſt certain, that it was a Letter from *Patrick* himſelf that had given Notice of the exact Time of his Arrival.

THE DEAN of *COLERAINE.*

BOOK III.

I HAD ſcarce ſo much Power over my Inquietude, as to moderate it till Morning. The Anguiſh I conceived for *George* and *Roſe*, from the Relation of *Patrick*, had a Share in thoſe Perturbations that were of more immediate Concern; and not thinking there was much Time to loſe, nor indeed any great Difficulty to overcome, I reſolv'd to follow my Brother to *Dublin*. I made an equal Account of the Favour of my Friends and his Innocence. Yet too much Slackneſs in improving our Intereſt might expoſe us to Difficulties of which the Duration was uncertain; nor did I let out of my Sight the Dangers of *Paris*, ſo as to forget that *George* and *Roſe* had a Right to a Part of my Cares.

The Day began to appear, when preparing to be gone, I had Notice given me that a Gentleman of the Neighbourhood inquired for me at my Gate in great Haſte, and that he pray'd me to come to him, without being offended at an Incivility, which he was certain I would excuſe when he had inform'd me of the Cauſe. I had heard of his Name, but had ſo little Acquaintance with him, that the Time and Formality of his Viſit might have cauſed me ſome Fright even under other Circumſtances. Notwithſtanding, one Moment of Reflection upon what Importance it was not to neglect any thing for my Brother's Intereſt, made me come down to him without Heſitation. I found a Gentleman on Horſeback. He made me a Bow, and requeſted me to command my Servants to retire.

retire. Yes, ſays I, looking in his Face, in which I thought I remark'd ſome Emotion. He preſs'd me to ſend them aſide with the more Eagerneſs, that we might get into my Chamber without being perceived. I ſatisfied him without Difficulty, and continu'd only to look at him with ſome Tokens of Surpriſe. In fine, ſeeing himſelf without any Witneſſes preſent, he alighted, and ſhew'd me a Valiſe well ſtuffed, which lay concealed till then under his Cloak. Having no Suſpicion of my Honour, he ſaid to me, as he faſten'd the Bridle of his Horſe to the Wall, Help me to carry this Burden into your Cloſet, where I will explain to you the Secret of my Viſit. The Darkneſs not being yet fully diſpelled, to make him fear any thing from the Obſervation of my Neighbours, he was under no Apprehenſions but from my Servants; and he aſk'd me again, if I was ſure they were out of the Way. Amidſt theſe Alarms, that might have raiſed in me ſome Precautions, I ſubmitted to his Deſires, only from the Fear of injuring a Man of Honour, in diſcovering my Miſtruſt of him.

The Weight of the Valiſe much ſurpaſs'd its Bulk; nevertheleſs, we carried it without betraying ourſelves by any Noiſe. *Dilnick* (ſo the Gentleman was called) preſs'd me to lodge it in a ſecret Place; and propoſing to me to be ſeated, he let his Voice fall to entertain me with this Diſcourſe: Your Prudence, ſays he, and the Zeal you have diſcover'd for the Honour of your Family, are two Sureties for your Diſcretion, and for the Truſt which my Employer hath confided in you. It is not my own Life I come to put into your Hands, but that which is committed to you ought yet to be more precious. You know *Sarah* ——, the only Daughter of the unfortunate *Fincer*, my Relation and Friend. The Indiſcretion, or rather the Weakneſs of her Father, has expoſed the Honour of yours by falſe Imputations; and which, having raiſed in you a Perplexity from whence you are not yet deliver'd, may well make you look upon her as an Enemy of your Family. But you will have other Notions when I inform you, that it is by her Com-

mands I am come here, and that the Riches I have brought you are a Succour ſent by her for your Defence, and for the Defence of *Patrick*. She came to underſtand this Night, from a Rumour which obtains in the Neighbourhood, that your Brother was Yeſterday Evening arreſted in your Houſe, and was by an Order of Court conducted to *Dublin*. It is manifeſt this is the late Perſecution now renewed. The Expences attending your Defence, and the Diſorder of your Affairs, give her Room to judge that you are not in a State of great Abundance; and ſhe has put together not only all her ready Money, but even her Jewels and Plate, to furniſh you with the Means of defending your Innocence, and of ſpeedily ſetting the Liberty and Life of *Patrick* in Security. I would have interrupted *Dilnick*, and obſerved to him the Admiration I conceived of this Lady's Generoſity. He conjur'd me to give him Leave to continue his Story.

Sarah, continued he, is a young Lady full of Wit and Charms. To her natural Perfections ſhe has united Sentiments worthy of her Birth. A Sum of Money and ſome Jewels are not the moſt precious Things ſhe has to offer. I have penetrated into the Secrets of her Heart; and thinking myſelf very happy to be thought worthy of her Confidence and Friendſhip, I exhorted her to follow thoſe Inclinations which ſhe may confeſs without Shame. She has ſeen *Patrick*, and the warm Encomiums ſhe made to me of his Merit, together with the Fright ſhe fell into this Night at the firſt News of his Misfortunes, have given me the Opportunity of diſcovering a Matter ſhe would willingly have concealed from my Knowledge. Chance conducted me to her Houſe; I preſs'd her not to open herſelf by halves. The Ties of Blood added to thoſe of a long Intimacy gave a Weight to my Importunities. She confeſs'd, that for the ſhort Time *Patrick* had paſs'd at her Houſe he had touch'd her Heart with a lively Paſſion; and ſhe flatter'd herſelf to have made ſome Impreſſion on his; nevertheleſs,

leſs, not being able to form a Judgment thereof but from ambiguous Appearances, ſhe did not think herſelf in the leaſt authorized to give herſelf further up to her Inclinations; but in what Manner ſoever he was affected towards her, ſhe ſhould not find it an eaſy Taſk to ſubdue a Love ſo tender; and to ſatisfy her Mind by ſome ſenſible Proof, ſhe would employ all ſhe had in the World to procure his Liberty. Far from oppoſing her reſolution, continued *Dilnick*, I repreſented to her, that I knew few Gentlemen upon whom ſhe could caſt her Eyes with more Decorum and Honour; that your Brother was indeed without a Fortune, but that with his Birth and natural Endowments, there was no Fortune ſo high to which he might not aſpire; that for her Part, her Years, the Flight and old Age of her Father, her Riches, her Title as only Heireſs, all in a Word conſpiring to make her think of Marriage, ſhe could not in the leaſt be condemned for following the Inclination of her Heart in diſpoſing of her Hand, and that among a thouſand Reaſons for approving of her Choice, ſhe would have this one, that of working a Reconciliation between two illuſtrious Houſes, whom the Misfortunes of the Times had divided. She received my Anſwer with Tears of Joy. She has repoſed on me the Care of her Happineſs, and being continually perplexed with her preſent Fears, ſhe has not taken one Moment's Reſt all Night; but has been diſtracted with the Thoughts how to make herſelf moſt uſeful in procuring *Patrick* his Liberty. I have had the Pleaſure of taking the Charge, added *Dilnick*, of bringing to you what ſhe judged moſt proper to help you under the firſt Trouble, and I have not concealed from her, that in order to ſhorten the Difficulties, which your Delicacy might raiſe, my firſt Step ſhould be plainly to intruſt you with that Confidence and Power which ſhe has given me to ſerve her.

Every Part of this Diſcourſe ſeemed to me to require more Reflection than I was then capable of making, under the Neceſſity I ſtood of diſcovering my Thoughts of it out of hand by my Anſwer. The

Sentiments of *Sarah* for *Patrick* could not but inſpire me with as much Eſteem as Gratitude for her; but I called to mind the Story my Brother told me ſome Hours before, and how could I imagine that a Heart, filled with his *Julia*, could have Power to engage in this new Amour, which I ſhould blame him for concealing from me? However, without ſuch a Suppoſition, I could neither give a juſt Anſwer to the favourable Overtures I had received, nor with Honour accept of the Aſſiſtance, which *Sarah* could by no Means intend for the Lover of another Lady. In rendering Juſtice to her Generoſity, I ſhould have included that which ought to have been attributed to her Love. The one was evidently the Motive of the other, and Probity would not permit me to let her remain in her Error. Under this Uncertainty I took the only Courſe that could deliver me from it. My Chaiſe was ready for my Journey to *Dublin*. Without opening my Intentions to *Dilnick*, I intreated him to ſuffer me immediately to wait on him to his Kinſwoman, making no other Pretence for my Viſit than my great Gratitude; of which I ought not to delay in making Acknowledgments. My Hopes were, that in acquitting myſelf of ſo juſt a Debt I might dexterouſly procure ſome Light into the Diſpoſitions of *Patrick*, and that according to his Conduct with his Miſtreſs I ſhould altogether regulate the Opinion I was endeavouring to form of his Deſigns, and the Marks of Approbation which I could not refuſe giving.

The Diſtance was but ſhort. We found *Sarah*, who appeared to wait the Return of her Confidant with great Impatience. The Ardour, which ſhe could not moderate in ſeeing him, was all at once cooled by her Surpriſe in diſcovering that I followed him. I had pray'd *Dilnick* to go a little before, to prepoſſeſs her with my Arrival. He gave her an Account in few Words of all the Circumſtances of his Journey; at leaſt her Bluſhes gave me Room to judge, as I was ſaluting her, that ſhe thought I was informed of every thing that paſſed in her Heart.

This

This Thought made me uſe the moſt plain and ſimple Expreſſions, in order to ſpare her Modeſty. To my Thanks and Acknowledgments, ſhe anſwered, that ſhe ſhould think herſelf very happy if *Dilnick*, who had propoſed to her the giving her Hand to my Brother, had fully declared all the real Eſteem ſhe had for him, and the Honour which ſhe imagined ſhe ſhould receive in making an Alliance with my Family: That her Father, when he left *Ireland*, where his Misfortunes left him little Hopes ever to appear publickly again, had given her Authority, by a Writing under his Hand, to ſeek an honourable Opportunity of Marriage; that the Inclination ſhe felt for my Brother was fixed by this new Misfortune that befell him on his Arrival; for ſhe muſt confeſs, to the Shame of her Father, that we had none to accuſe but him; that even this Reaſon ought to ſerve to make *Patrick* more dear to her, and for him to eſtimate the Offer which ſhe made of her Heart and Fortune as a juſt Reparation for the Miſchiefs he unjuſtly ſuffers; that her Father, whoſe Intentions ſhe did not fear to lay open, would infallibly approve of her Deſigns from the ſame Views: And deſiring me to follow her into her Cloſet, I will ſhew you, ſays ſhe, by his laſt Letter, that thoſe Sentiments cannot be ſuſpected. She in Reality produced a Letter of recent Date, in which, among a Number of Reproaches that he had laid on his Conduct, he accuſed himſelf particularly of having violated his Gratitude and Attachment due to my Father and our Family. How much do I apprehend, ſays he, that my falſe Depoſitions will become fatal to his Children, and that their Misfortunes will one Day be a Scandal and Diſgrace to my Memory! I interrupted his Daughter; This Piece, ſays I, is of the laſt Importance for *Patrick*, and you cannot ſhew yourſelf better affected to him, than by producing it for his Juſtification. She immediately apprehended in what Senſe a Letter of this Nature might conduce to his Service; and I ſaw her ſome Moments held in Suſpenſe between her Duty to the Honour of her Father and the Inte-

reſt of her Lover. But when I repreſented to her, that there was more Glory in retracting an Impoſture, than Shame in committing it, and that the Publick alſo made a juſt Difference between voluntary Faults, and thoſe into which the Neceſſity of certain Situations might hurry Men of the greateſt Honour, ſhe without Difficulty committed this Retractation into my Hands, of which I hoped the moſt favourable Effect for my Brother.

Proceedings thus noble and diſintereſted ſo augmented the Eſteem which I thought I already owed this generous Daughter, that from that Moment I wiſhed from the Bottom of my Heart ſhe might meet with all the Returns of Love and Fidelity which ſhe ſeemed to hope for from *Patrick*. I am in Haſte to make this Confeſſion, to draw the Attention of my Readers to the Juſtice and Force of the Reaſons which inſenſibly engaged me in the moſt fatal Step that Heaven ever permitted human Prudence to be hurried. I conceived an Affection for the beautiful *Sarah*, and I thought her worthy of it. Her Fortune, which alone was a conſiderable Advantage to my Brother, did not prepoſſeſs me more in her Favour than the Excellency of her natural Qualifications, and the Teſtimonies I received of her Virtue. What could happen more fortunate for *Patrick* than to fall all at once into an Abundance of Wealth, and the Love of an amiable Woman, whoſe Prudence and Charms might ſo agreeably fix the Reſtleſsneſs of his Character? I did not ſcruple to interpret my Thoughts in a Manner ſuitable to theſe Reflections. Nevertheleſs, my Remembrance of *Patrick*'s Story left me a Subject for ſome Diffidence, and I could have wiſhed to have the Reaſons cleared up that perſuaded *Sarah* to think that he had an Inclination for her. I took Occaſion to inquire into this Particular, from a modeſt Anſwer which ſhe gave to what I ſaid. My Brother would be a Monſter, ſaid I, if he were not ſenſible of the Value of your Heart. He is yet ignorant of your Favours; but I doubt not but in the Opportunity he had of converſing with you, he has given you Demonſtrations

tions that he is capable of diſtinguiſhing your Merit, and of binding himſelf to you, as much by Love as Gratitude. She anſwer'd me with the ſame Air of Modeſty, that without explaining his Sentiments, he diſcovered ſome Satisfaction in ſeeing her, and ſhe thought ſhe could put a good Interpretation on Matters in her Favour. This Anſwer not being ſufficient to remove my Fears, I expreſſed myſelf more plainly, that notwithſtanding the Havock in our Fortune, which made the Money ſhe was ſo good to ſend me very uſeful for the Situation of *Patrick*, yet I did not think that Honour would ſuffer me to make uſe of it without informing him firſt of his Happineſs. I am going to *Dublin*, ſays I; the Rigour with which he is treated will not extend ſo far as to forbid me the Liberty of ſeeing him. I flatter myſelf I ſhall bring back to you, in a few Days, Expreſſions of his Gratitude, and a Confirmation of whatever your Goodneſs has made me conjecture. She conceived in the End what raiſed my Scruples. Her complaints raiſed in me a new Admiration. How! ſays ſhe, independent of my Love, of which I ought no longer to make Myſtery, do you carry ſo great a Merit to the Account of aiding an unhappy Neighbour with ſome ſuperfluous Money? would you refuſe me the ſame Service if I were in the like Situation? She firmly rejected all my Excuſes, and I could not obtain her Leave for my Departure, until I promiſed to return home, and take the Charge of a Part of what ſhe had ſent. To pleaſe her, *Dilnick* engaged to take a Journey with me to *Dublin*, and to give her a ſpeedy Information of the Succeſs of our Enterprize.

In Addition to the Thoughts I have laid open, I imagined that in whatever Manner *Patrick*'s Affections were diſpoſed to her, Acknowledgment and Gratitude would be the moſt fair Motive to engage his Conſent to our Propoſals, and that I could not take a more promiſing Courſe to bind a Heart ſo ſenſible as his. This Reflection diminiſhed the Repugnance I had to make uſe of the Generoſity of others.

others. *Dilnick* and I took up with us at firſt ten thouſand Franks, a conſiderable Sum in *Ireland*. *Patrick* having nothing to upbraid himſelf with, and the Severity of the Government being quickened with nothing but Suſpicions, I did not apprehend they intended to carry Matters againſt him to violent Extremities. But I knew by Experience the Slackneſs of the Proceedings of the Court, and diſtracted as I was by other Cares, I bore with me through all my Journey ſuch an extreme Melancholy as amazed *Dilnick*. He aſcribed it to nothing but the Fear that alarmed me for my Brother, and labouring to give ſome Interruption to thoſe idle Fancies, to which I was continually given up, he related to me the Manner in which he had contributed to the Eſcape of *Sarah*'s Father.

The Caſtle of *Dublin*, which is the Priſon for State Criminals, is an ancient Building, fortified with many inacceſſible Towers, where Priſoners are guarded with great Vigilance. *Fincer* was ſhut up in one of the ſtrongeſt of them, and his Friends after a thouſand Trials deſpaired of opening a Way for themſelves to him. His Ruin nevertheleſs appearing inevitable, they were under daily Apprehenſions, that when his Life was brought to the laſt Extremity, ſome Alarms of Conſcience might make him reveal the Names of his Accomplices, and ſome of the beſt Families of *Ireland* expected this Cataſtrophe in Fear and Trembling, being apprehenſive of being therein intangled in the Perſon of ſome Relation or Friend. *Dilnick*, intereſted upon his own Account, formed the Plan of a Contrivance which no other Perſon could have executed ſo luckily. His uſual Reſidence being upon an Eſtate remote from the Capital, he had little Apprehenſion of being known in *Dublin*. Nevertheleſs, he took Precautions againſt this Danger by diſguiſing himſelf under the Habit of a Citizen. This Garb beſides was proper for his Project. He knew from the Pains his Friends had taken to inform themſelves of the moſt minute Circumſtances, that the Keeper of this particular Tower, which was made uſe of as *Fincer*'s Priſon, was a married Man, and the Father of many Children. Under divers Pretexts he

found the Means of making an Acquaintance with one of his Daughters, and without ſticking at Beauty, he caſt his Eyes upon her whom he judged in haſte for Marriage. His Propoſal of taking her to Wife followed cloſe his firſt Declaration of Love. To make himſelf agreeable to the Father, he talked of a conſiderable Sum of Money which he was ſeeking an Opportunity to lay out; and aſking him if he knew any Perſon of Reputation with whom he might ſafely lodge it, he then propoſed to him to take the Care of it upon himſelf. After this Step his Friendſhip and Eſteem ſeeming to increaſe by Degrees, he aſſociated him in the Profits of his Trade without other Condition than charging himſelf with the Care and Conduct of it. The Goaler thought himſelf very happy in the Alteration which his credulous Son-in-law was going to make in his Circumſtances. He engaged to give him his Daughter, as ſoon he ſhould touch the promiſed Sum, which *Dilnick* had effectually ſcraped together from the Purſes of a great many of his Friends. During all this Interval he carefully avoided mentioning even the Name of *Fincer*, or taking any Notice that he was informed of his Affairs, or under whoſe Cuſtody he was; but when he put the Money into the Keeper's Hands, *Dilnick* innocently and without the leaſt Shew of Affectation mentioned, that there was due to him another Sum of Money the Loſs of which he was apprehenſive of, becauſe he had neglected ſome Formalities to give Force to the Obligation, and that his Debtor being one of the Conſpirators whom the Government had arreſted, he had but a ſlender Appearance of getting any thing of it from a Man whom perhaps he ſhould never ſee again. Greedineſs of Gain raiſing a Curioſity in the Keeper he naturally named *Fincer*. This ſhifting and going about the Buſh carried with it ſo little Suſpicion, that *Dilnick* immediately hit his Mark. One could not even accuſe the Keeper of having violated his Duty. He did a good Turn without any Intention of Harm, for a Man whom he already looked upon as his Son-in-law. *Dilnick* having gained Admittance into *Fincer*'s Priſon,

ſucceeded

ſucceeded without Difficulty in making him enter into the Intention of his Viſit, and the Meaning of his Diſcourſe. The Buſineſs at firſt was only to ſlip a Note into his Hand, to advertiſe him of the Deſign of favouring his Eſcape. *Fincer* out of hand took the Hint, and obtained the Liberty of converſing with *Dilnick* many times, by acknowledging that he was ſenſible he owed him a conſiderable Sum, but that the Accounts he had furniſhed him with were obſcurely made up, and conſequently he demanded a new Account. This ſimple and plain Anſwer again deceived the Avarice of the Keeper. He conſented to give them another Opportunity to clear up and ſettle the Matters in Diſpute. *Dilnick* took the Advantage of ſeveral Viſits to furniſh his Friend with many Inſtruments to facilitate his Eſcape; which nevertheleſs another more fortunate Stratagem ſpared him the Trouble of employing. The Truſt repoſed by the Keeper in *Dilnick* encouraged him in the End to ſhew him an Obligation fair written and formally drawn, by which he was aſſured of the Payment of his Money; and he ſhewed ſo much Satisfaction at the Eaſe with which he obtained his Deſires, that he readily engaged the Keeper to join with him in ſome grateful Requital. The Teſtimony of Acknowledgment agreed upon was, that they ſhould, without acquainting him with it, carry a Supper into the Priſoner's Chamber. The Daughter contracted to *Dilnick* was the only Perſon admitted to this Feaſt, except her Father. *Fincer* had the Addreſs to endear them to him more and more by propoſing an immediate Celebration of the Marriage. It was in the midſt of this Jollity, which Wine and Gallantry inſpired in the Gueſts, that *Dilnick* ſlew the Father with one Stab of a Poniard, whilſt *Fincer* threatened to ſerve the Daughter in the ſame Manner, if ſhe offered to make the leaſt Noiſe. Their Deſign was to make the Daughter aid their Eſcape, in obliging her to appear with them at the Gate, and *Fincer* having put on the Cloaths of the Keeper was in Hopes to paſs without any Difficulty under Favour of the Darkneſs. But this unhappy Daughter, terrified at the

Death

Death of her Father and her own Danger, fell into ſo deep a Swoon, that deſpairing to bring her to herſelf, they puſhed forward their Flight. The Danger of paſſing the Gate was leſs than that of *Fincer*'s Delay, who nevertheleſs got out undiſcovered in the Habit of the Keeper. Their Friends were moreover planted near to favour their Sally, and by Means of many Relays of Horſes placed on the Road they got to the Sea ſide before the Dawning of the Day.

It would be admirable, ſays *Dilnick*, when he had concluded his Relation, if we ſhould find your Brother in the ſame Tower from whence I got out *Fincer*. You know then the Way, ſays I laughing; but you have one thing to fear, that you may not find your Father in-law's Family ſo favourably diſpoſed. This Diſcourſe, which was no more than a Banter, proved to be verified in earneſt. The firſt News I had of *Patrick*'s Fate was, that he was in reality ſhut up in the ſame Tower from whence *Fincer* made his Eſcape. All the City was already informed of his Adventure, and the Memory of mine, which was very recent, helped to increaſe yet more the Curioſity of the Publick. I recommended to *Dilnick* to purſue his Zeal with Diſcretion; and not having any thing to manage for myſelf I went without Fear to the Viceroy's Palace, where I had the Satisfaction to ſee myſelf received with ſome Marks of Diſtinction. This Lord had me called in, and anticipating what I had to ſay, he juſtified himſelf honourably, from the Neceſſity which the Nature of his Employment laid him under, to do violence to his Inclinations, in ſupporting the Rights of the Crown and the King's Authority: If your Brother be innocent, added he, I will make it my Buſineſs to make him a Reparation for the Trouble I have cauſed him. I preſſed his Excellency to hear what I had to offer in his Defence. But he refuſed me this Favour, under Pretence that the Judgment of an Affair of ſuch Importance did not depend ſolely on his Authority. The Permiſſion to ſee him, with which I was obliged to be content, was ſold to me rather than granted me; for I did not obtain it but on

Condition,

Condition, that a Guard or a Meſſenger of State ſhould be preſent, to be a Witneſs of our Diſcourſe.

Nevertheleſs, this was a Favour of great Value, and which I did not fail immediately to turn to Account; yet under the Fear that it was granted me only for one Time, I returned to the Place where I had left *Dilnick*, and conſulted him about the Advice which it was proper to give my Brother. He recommended to me to carry him a thouſand Crowns, which might ſerve him for more than one Uſe; and explaining his Views particularly, he aſſured me, that if upon his firſt Examination nothing ſo conſiderable ſhould be found in his Charge, as to give them Room to proceed againſt him for High-Treaſon, there was not a ſingle Inhabitant of *Dublin*, whom the Hope of a much ſlighter Reward would not engage to undertake any thing for his Liberty. This, added he, I have ſeen verified in *Fincer*'s Affair. The Scarcity of Money makes it ſo precious to the *Iriſh*, that they would engage in any thing to obtain it; but the terrible Executions, by which the Government would cement the Royal Authority, have ſpread ſuch a Terror over *Dublin*, that they all turn pale at the ſole Mention of High-Treaſon. He obliged me to put this Remark in Writing, and to lodge the Paper in the Purſe with the thouſand Crowns. I cannot flatter myſelf, ſays I, that my *Argus* will afford me the Liberty of putting the Purſe into my Brother's Hands, without examining what it contains. Begin then by gaining him over, replied *Dilnick*; an hundred Piſtoles will make you the Maſter of all thoſe venal Souls. I eaſily ſaw, that this Enterpriſe was poſſible; but I ſtuck at two Scruples; one aroſe from my Principles of Religion, which would not ſuffer me to ſeduce a Man by a Bribe to the Violation of his Duty; the other was the Delicacy of my Honour, which made me conſider it as an unworthy Action to employ *Sarah*'s Money in my Brother's Service, without being ſatisfied of his Intentions to marry her. However, an hundred Piſtoles not being ſo conſiderable a Sum, but that I could make Reſtitution of it out of my own Income, I ſhould have got

over

over this Obſtacle, if the other had not acted on me with all it's Force. I informed *Dilnick* of my Difficulties, and he treated them as a weak Chimera; but not having Power to change my Sentiments, he ſuffered me to leave him without giving much Oppoſition to them.

I went to theCaſtle, conducted by a State Meſſenger, whom the Viceroy had named to me. *Patrick* was greatly affected at my Diligence, and at the firſt Expreſſions of my Friendſhip. Alas! ſays he, it is not my Life nor Liberty that cauſe my Fears; but what will become of my Siſter? Who will ſolicit for my Brother? You do not repreſent to yourſelf, added he, all the Horror of their Situation, ſince it is to me you think yourſelf indebted in your firſt Cares. Go, be gone for *Paris*, where your Preſence is more neceſſary than in *Dublin*; and under whatever Pretext they detain me here, commit the Defence of my Innocence to Heaven. I commended his natural Affection; but, anſwered I, how can you think that the moſt preſſing Object of my Cares is not what gives me the moſt piercing Alarms! Shall I leave you to periſh without Help for the Sake of carrying my Aid at a Diſtance, which perhaps would be uſeleſs to your Brother and *Roſe*, of whom you have not repreſented to me the Danger as an Extremity ſo very urgent? *Patrick* interrupted me: I believe, ſays he, *George* is ſafe from ſome of his Fears; but my Misfortunes oblige me to open my Heart upon the other Subject of our Diſtreſs, which my ſole Deſire of ſparing you made me in ſome Meaſure diſguiſe in my Recital: *Roſe* is virtuous, you need not doubt it; ſhe has ſupported our Misfortunes with Courage, and appears inſenſible to her own: But ſhe is on the Brink of falling into the moſt extreme Indigence. The amorous Diligence of the Duke of—— does not abate one Moment. A Stranger, young, credulous———Pardon me if I lay before you my Miſgivings of all that threatens her. The moſt eſtabliſhed Virtue has need of Aſſiſtance; and who can aſſure you that one Inſtant neglected may not ſometimes draw on irreparable Conſequences? He would have continued,

tinued, but his Diſcourſe had already made on me too ſtrong Impreſſions. Even the Air of Obſcurity, that he appeared to affect, helped to augment my Trouble. I interrupted him in my Turn, but with Sentiments ſo piercing and bitter, that I was not at all ſurpriſed at the Effects they produced. O Heaven! cried I, grant your Relief, and do not abandon an unfortunate Girl! Alas! *Patrick*, why do you rend in Pieces my Heart? I bear you all three in it, but how cruelly are you ſeparated! Dreadful Separation! Where can I turn myſelf? Where can I run? Where can I apply my firſt Relief? Ought I to have quitted *Paris?* But why? Did you not reject my Counſels? A thouſand Complaints of this Nature, which I let fall in my Tranſport, touched the Heart of the Meſſenger ſo ſenſibly, that he mingled ſome Marks of obliging Compaſſion with our Diſcourſe. The Fervency with which we at firſt expreſs'd ourſelves on ſeeing one another again, made us give little Attention to our being obſerved. The natural and free Expreſſions of our Griefs had mollified the fierce Nature of the Meſſenger. I was touched with his Concern, in ſpite of the Anguiſh that ſhook me, and I thought that Acknowledgments were a juſt Reaſon for making him a Recompence. I offered him a Part of the Sum which *Dilnick* thought enough to corrupt him. The favourable Diſpoſitions into which I found the Means of putting him, were no more than what he enter'd into naturally, and I had nothing to propoſe that did not ſuit with his Duty. He greedily received my Offers; his Zeal increaſed, and ſeeing nothing in us but Innocence, he ſaid, that from all he had obſerved, he ſaw no Room to hinder us from treating of our domeſtick Affairs in private.

I could then open myſelf at liberty, and I ſaid to *Patrick*, Alas! how unſeaſonable is the Time! how can I leave you in the Danger you are, to fly to the Aid of *Roſe?* And ought I to abandon our unhappy Siſter on the Brink of the Precipice you have laid before me? I think, continued I, ſtopping the Impatience he ſhewed to make me an Anſwer, I think,

think, my dear *Patrick*, that with a little Preſence of Mind and Firmneſs of Reſolution you may eaſily reſiſt our Proſecutors, and make your Innocence triumph. I am happily got out of this Embarraſſment. But your eaſy Nature ſtrikes me with Terror. I fear from your way of thinking upon the Events of Life, and from this melancholy Indifference, which your late Adventures have redoubled in you, that you will make but a bad Defence for yourſelf; you will abandon yourſelf to Injuſtice, in thinking yourſelf ſufficiently revenged by Diſdain. You are more capable than any Man to employ yourſelf in the Defence of another, and yet will do nothing for your own. Shall I then leave you here under ſuch a cruel Doubt, and not rather expoſe my Life for the Defence of that of a Brother, who is to me ſo dear? Ah! proceeded I, embracing him, that you were in a Condition to reliſh an Advice, which would repair all our Misfortunes! You might then place the Repoſe and Honour of *Roſe* in Security; you might facilitate the Liberty of *George*; you might keep me about you to advance your own; you might re-eſtabliſh our Houſe in its ancient Luſtre; in fine, you might become the Support and Glory of an unhappy Family, which is now on the Brink of Ruin, and which cannot be raiſed but by you. I am not naming to you any chimerical Advantages; all the Bleſſings I have mentioned are in your own Hands; I offer them to you, and I conjure you to accept of them.

I looked ſtedfaſtly in his Face, and laboured to throw into my Eyes all the Air of Confidence and Satisfaction, that I could not have but after an Aſſurance of obtaining my Deſires. On his Part he remained unquiet and agitated, as if he had a Foreſight of what my Propoſals were going to drive at. But, do you doubt, anſwered he, that I will not embrace with Ardour whatever may conduct us to ſuch great Bleſſings, eſpecially if it be by Ways worthy of us? No, I do not doubt it in the leaſt, replied I, if you have any Love for your Family, if the Intereſt of *Roſe* touches you, if you are ſenſible of the Merit, of the

the Generosity, of the Wishes that a Lady has to please you, and to purchase your Heart by a thousand Favours. In short, without giving him Time to recollect himself, I continued to inform him, that *Sarah Fincer*, whose Beauty and Wealth he was no Stranger to, consented to make him Master of her Fortune and Person; that *Dilnick*, her nearest Relation, had made the Proposal to me; that she had confirmed it with her own Mouth; and that consulting nothing but her Inclination and Esteem, she had already done for him all that a Husband could expect from a tender and virtuous Wife. She has stripped herself naked, says I, of all that she had most precious; she has sacrificed her Money, her Diamonds, her Jewels and even her Plate; that is as much as to say, she would sacrifice herself for you. I never knew any thing so modest and discreet as her Nature, nor so tender as her Sentiments. See if this be paying too dear for all the Conveniences we want, which we may procure in a Moment by giving your Consent to what I have proposed to you. You ought to perceive that being charged with *Sarah*'s Generosity, I can preserve *Rose* by quitting you, and put into her Hands sufficient to enable her to remove herself from the Aids of others. It is you yourself must do her this important Service, in sending her Part of that Wealth, which I would not have accepted of but for you. Free us from this Inquietude; I will remain in *Dublin* to assist you with my Counsels and Cares. I will place you in a few Days within the Arms of an amiable Woman, and one passionately in love with you. You will become the Head, the Protector, the Father of your Family; you will all at one Stroke perfect our Happiness and your own; one Word, one Sign to signify your Consent will make us all happy.

The Heart of *Patrick* was as it were locked up in Proportion to my Efforts for opening it. He appeared dismay'd at what I said, and his Consternation spread itself over his Countenance. Alas! answered he, casting down his Eyes, what is it you propose to me? Have you forgot what I told you about

three Days ago? Is this to put our Fortune and our Happineſs under poſſible Conditions, which muſt ſubject us to Perjury and Perfidy? Think you, that I am not more bound to *Julie* by Inclination than by Oaths; that ſhe has received my Faith; that ſhe has given me her's; that I am leſs my own than her's; and that I have any Power over a Heart in which ſhe reigns with ſo juſt a Right? What ſtops you, added he, ſighing? Be gone to *Paris*; go aſſiſt *Roſe*. The Succours for preſerving her do not ſurpaſs your Power; and I do not deſire any further Aſſiſtance in *Dublin* than what my Innocence gives me.

It was manifeſt to me, that *Sarah* had flattered herſelf prepoſterouſly. This Explanation was enough to ſtop the Uſe I might have made of her Liberality. I did not ſpeak a Word to *Patrick* of the thouſand Crowns I had ready to offer him, and I ſet myſelf to deliberate alone on the Courſe remaining for me to take. Nevertheleſs, having a Difficulty to conceive that a Paſſion, which I looked upon as an Irregularity and Licentiouſneſs of an idle Youth, could hold out a long Time in a Mind ſo tender as *Patrick*'s, againſt all the Reaſons which I had given him, I exhorted him, without giving a further Anſwer to what I had advanced, to meditate well upon an Affair of ſuch Importance. I have obtained the Permiſſion of ſeeing you, ſaid I, raiſing my Voice ſo as to be heard by the Meſſenger, this is in Effect to declare, that it is not thought fit to treat you with Rigour. The Conſideration for which you are in Cuſtody is not importunate, ſince this honeſt Man does not take from us the Liberty of converſing together. I will return to you again to-day.

I affected alſo not to open myſelf on the Troubles of *Roſe*, that I might leave him in Poſſeſſion of all his Reſtleſsneſs, which appeared to me to be a powerful Perſuaſive to a Heart ſuch as his. My Deſign was not leſs in going from the Caſtle to take juſt Meaſures for procuring a moderate Sum for my Siſter. This was the Hope I had of ſeeing *Sarah*'s

Deſires

Deſires ſucceed, which had engaged me more than Neceſſity to receive her Money; for I had enough of my own remaining to make Head againſt my Embarraſments, at leaſt on one Side of them, and I did not at all deſpair of finding other Aids from the Generoſity of ſome Friends, with whom I had always lived in greater Friendſhip than with the *Fincers*. I then quitted *Patrick*, without leaving him any other Subject for Reflection than the Advantages I had propoſed, and his Alarms for his Siſter. But a cruel Incident, againſt which all the Integrity of my Views could not before-hand fortify me, at one Stroke augmented my Grief, and was near deſtroying all my Hopes.

Dilnick, whom I left alone, did not think that the Adventure he had related to me was a Reaſon for concealing himſelf in ſuch a Town as *Dublin*. Change of Dreſs, and the Care he had taken to chooſe a Lodging far from the Caſtle, appeared to him to be two ſufficient Securities. Without other Precautions, he employed the Time of my Abſence in viſiting his Friends, who lived in ſeveral Quarters of the Town. The Daughter of the Keeper whom he had poniarded, this ſame Miſtreſs whom he pretended to marry, diſcovered him in his paſſing through a By-ſtreet; and, joining to the Vengeance of her Father a Reſentment for her own Shame, ſhe reſolved at any Expence to deliver him up to Juſtice. *Dilnick* was in a Coach; ſhe determined to follow him on Foot for a good Part of the Day, until being fully ſatisfied of the Place of his Lodgings, ſhe thought to have him arreſted at a ſure Blow. I arrived from the Caſtle, to conſult with him upon the ſhorteſt Way of getting a Bill of Exchange on *Paris*. I had ſcarce began to tell him my Mind, before a Noiſe, occaſioned by the Reſiſtance of our Servants, made us fear ſome Inſult. I put *Dilnick* in Mind, that he had nothing to fear but for himſelf, and I adviſed him to ſecure himſelf by Flight, without making an Account how he might be prepared for an uſeleſs Defence. He followed my Advice ſo luckily, that eſcaping through a Window that looked into the Garden, he had Time to remove himſelf from that Quarter,

Quarter, before they were in Readineſs to purſue him.

In the mean time the Noiſe increaſing by the Cries of the Guard, who threaten'd to force the Doors, I preſented myſelf before them, to know the Cauſe. I underſtood from my Servants, that at the Sight alone of many People armed, they had choſe to break down a ſtrong Door that was ſeparated from our Apartment. This Precaution ſaved *Dilnick*, who had Time enough to take refuge with one of his Friends. As to me, having nothing to fear, I gave orders to my People to open the Doors; and appearing before the Guard, I complained of the Trouble they had given me. The Officer made me no other Anſwer, but that he had a Warrant from the Viceroy to arreſt an Enemy of the Government, and to ſeize every thing that he found in the ſame Chamber. This Commiſſion, which was delivered in no other Terms, was executed on the ſpot. Although the Officer, who had made Inquiries in the Houſe, was ſurpriſed to find me alone, yet he was ſatisfied to make an exact Search through all the Cloſets, and neither hearkening to my Juſtifications nor Complaints, he lodged me in the Caſtle Priſon, whilſt my Trunks as well as thoſe of *Dilnick* were carried to the Viceroy's.

We had luckily nothing in our Cuſtody but *Finer*'s Letter, which I had got from his Daughter. This Reflection ſupported a little my Spirits; and reaſonably imagining that the Name of *Dilnick* had not even been mentioned in the former Adventure, I flattered myſelf that ſince the Accuſation of his Enemy could not be verified by his Preſence, it would fall to the Ground of itſelf, together with all Purſuits for Juſtice. I foreſaw alſo that it would coſt my Sincerity ſomething in anſwering roundly upon my Examination; but I was in Hopes of eluding all Queſtions, by proteſting that I never had any Acquaintance with *Dilnick*, and by proving the ſame by the Teſtimony of divers Men of Honour, with whom I lived in Familiarity; that I did not know him above two Days. This Manner of defending myſelf might

alſo ſerve to render his Enemy ſuſpected of Impoſture, and of having given too light a Credit to her Ill-will; ſeeing that not having any Proofs to give of her Accuſation, it would be natural, in an Affair that reflected on the Honour of a Man of Rank, to have the Matter related rather from Appearances favourable to him, than from the Depoſitions of a Daughter without Reputation and without Notice. The Remembrance of *Roſe* was then the only Weight under which my Imagination could not be comforted. The Inſtances of *Patrick*, and his equivocal Expreſſions, returned into my Mind, and having too great a Bias to magnify the Dangers by my Fears, I made bitter Lamentations to Heaven all Night of the Obſtacles which hindered me from giving that Succour to Virtue which I had intended.

It happened nevertheleſs, as I had foreſeen, that this Affair took a happy Turn. The Viceroy was ſurpriſed to find that it was I who was arreſted. He found ſo little Reſemblance of Truth in the Information given, that without making any further Inquiry, he reproached them with having made an inconſiderate Step, which he thought himſelf obliged to make amends for by many Apologies. *Fincer*'s Letter helped to confirm him in this Diſpoſition, and to inſpire him with favourable Thoughts of *Patrick*. The Day following, he ordered the Door of my Priſon to be ſet open, with a civil Compliment for the Error into which he had been precipitately thrown. The firſt Uſe I made of my Liberty was to go and return him Thanks. He renewed his Excuſes, and ſpeaking to me of *Fincer*'s Letter, he teſtified the Satisfaction he had to find therein an Inſight into ſomething that might be improved to the Advantage of my Family, and the Juſtification of my Brother. In fine, whether it happened that he had not fully comprehended the firſt Account given by thoſe who arreſted me, and that the ſhame alone of having troubled me out of Seaſon made him reject all other Explanations, or whether he was at the Bottom pleaſed to have found a Pretext not to revive an Affair which had

been

been buried, he did not aſk me the leaſt Queſtion of what related to *Dilnick*. It was then publiſhed abroad as certain News in *Dublin*, that I had been unjuſtly arreſted upon a ridiculous Accuſation, and *Dilnick* was ſo lucky as not to have his Name ſo much as mentioned in the whole Proceedings.

Who would not have imagined that my Troubles were near an End, or at leaſt that I was freed from the principal Embarraſments that cauſed them? I was of the ſame Opinion myſelf; and, preſſed by the Remembrance of *Roſe*, I did not loſe a Moment in going to my Lodgings, whither the Viceroy aſſured me my Trunks had been ſent back by his Orders. They were there indeed; but my Money was vaniſhed. I had a Difficulty to believe my Eyes or my Memorandums. I was nevertheleſs convinced, that not only the main Part of my Wealth, but even the thouſand Crowns that I had carried the Day before to the Caſtle, ought to be in a leathern Bag wherein I had put it on my Return. I was no leſs certain that I had locked up the Bag in my Trunk, and that it was carried out of my Sight by the Viceroy's Guards. Without Queſtion it was in the ſame Hands that carried it away from my Lodgings, and it was manifeſt I could accuſe no-body but them, and that they ought to be reſponſible to me for it. I had ſome Hopes however that my Complaints would be heard, and that the Juſtice of the Viceroy would order me Reſtitution of what I was robbed of without his Directions. I returned immediately to the Palace, leſs moved by a Reſentment for my Loſs, than for a thouſand frightful Ideas that already tormented me on Account of what was to come. The Viceroy, being acquainted with the Roguery of his Guards, in a fierce Tone the ſame Moment ordered thoſe who had the Charge of my Trunks to be taken into Cuſtody. But his Pains were uſeleſs. Preſent Death would not have made theſe miſerable Wretches, who valued Money more than Life, let go their Booty. They were exceeding faithful to each other in the Execution of the Villany. One could not draw out the leaſt Confeſſion

to expoſe them to any judicial Proceeding. They reſolutely proteſted that the Trunks had not been opened till they were delivered at the Palace, and that the Viceroy having looked into them with his own Eyes, it was from him an Account ought to be demanded of what was loſt.

This Inſolence, which alone would have deſerved Puniſhment in another Nation, and which could not be conceived but by ſuch as were acquainted with the Character of the Populace in *Ireland*, had not then leſs Succeſs, than the Misfortunes which threaten'd me. The Viceroy told me with ſome little Peeviſhneſs, that he was vexed at my Loſs, but that I ought not to accuſe any-body but myſelf; and that to be in a Condition to require Reparation according to the utmoſt Rigour of the Laws, it was neceſſary, that the Moment I had been arreſted by his Guards I ſhould have declared, that I had ſuch a ſum in my Trunk, of which I accuſed them to have robbed me. He gave me even to underſtand, that not being able to convict them by any Proof, I might fear that they would vex me in their Turn, for demanding a Reparation for a Complaint which they might treat as a Calumny.

This was as much as to declare to me, that it was Time to put an End to my Purſuits; for the Teſtimony of *Dilnick*, which would have ſerved as a Proof of the Truth, was not any Help to which I could think of having Reſource. I had Power enough over my Heart at leaſt to ſuffer me ſo to improve my Misfortunes, as to be a new Reaſon of Indulgence, which ſhould oblige a Lord as generous as the Viceroy not to ſuffer *Patrick* to languiſh under too tedious an Expectation of his Lot. He appeared to have a juſt Senſe of this Motive, and I went away ſatisfied with his Promiſes. But it proved a feeble Conſolation, when being retired within myſelf I endured the reunited Aſſaults of a thouſand Paſſions, which I had not before felt, and which joined themſelves to thoſe of which I had already experienced the full Force. My Inquietude for *Roſe* and *Patrick* was by no Means

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the principal Torment that aſſaulted my Heart. My Thoughts were employed on the generous *Sarah*, whoſe Advances were ſo unhappily fruſtrated, and who with her affectionate Hopes loſt a Sum of Money which ſhe might have thought better employed. I thought of myſelf, who was loaded with two Sorts of Debts, neither of which I could ſee any Appearance of ſatisfying; that of Honour, which obliged me to the Reſtitution of a Loan, which all my Parſimony would not for a long Time equal the Value; and that of Gratitude, which *Patrick*'s Refuſal would never ſuffer me to diſcharge. What Opinion would *Sarah* have of my Adventure? How would ſhe be perſuaded that her Money had ſlipped through my Hands, and that ſhe had no more Profit to hope from her Tenderneſs and Generoſity? But ſuppoſing that by a long denying of myſelf Neceſſaries I might at laſt diſcharge the firſt of thoſe two Debts, what would become of *Roſe*, to whom I ſhould bereave myſelf of the Power to afford the leaſt Help? There remained only for her the Aſſiſtance of Heaven; but how has ſhe deſerved it, ſays I, by her Inclinations after the vain Occupations of the World, and her Reſiſtance to my Advice! And from whatever Cauſe her Fall proceeds, is it then leſs terrible to me, whether I liſten to Honour, or conſult nothing but Religion?

I paſſed one Part of the Day agitated by theſe Reflections, and nothing appeared proper for calming my Mind, when I received a Billet by the Hands of an unknown Perſon, who had not a Word to ſay in Explanation of his Commiſſion. I was troubled to receive it; but in whatever Obſcurity it was couched, I had not read two Lines of it before I diſcovered that it came from *Dilnick*, who by Experience thought himſelf under a Neceſſity of making uſe of the greateſt Precautions. He obſerved to me, that being concealed in the Houſe of a faithful Friend, he had been acquainted with all the Train of our Adventures; that he was informed in the laſt Place of the Loſs of my Money; but looking upon this as the leaſt of our Misfortunes, he exhorted me to arm myſelf with For-

titude, and to depend upon new Aſſiſtances, which he had prepared himſelf to provide for me; that being bound ſo near by Blood to *Sarah*, he had already conceived for *Patrick* all thoſe Sentiments which he thought due to the Huſband of ſo dear a Relation: that he was without Children, and not thinking his Eſtate could be better employed, he was reſolved to ſell a Part of it to ſupply my Loſs; that he thought this Way more eligible than that of ſelling *Sarah*'s Plate or Diamonds, and the rather as ſuch a Sale would be drawn out into Length, and that he could in a Moment finiſh his own to one of his Friends, to whom he had already propoſed it. The Concluſion of the Letter contained other Teſtimonies of his Zeal, and ſome Advice which might forward *Patrick*'s Liberty. I obſerved, added he in a Poſtſcript, yeſterday our Diſappointment to *Sarah*; but I have not thought it proper to-day to inform her of the Robbery committed on you, and I requeſt you to uſe the ſame Diſcretion.

This was a new Subject for Gratitude; but ſuch an one as could not but help to redouble the Torments of my Heart. I did not heſitate what Anſwer I ought to give to this Intimation; it contained a preſſing Intreaty not to undertake any thing without firſt receiving ſome Explications, which I had promiſed to ſend him in our firſt Interview; and commending his Prudence in not committing the Place of his Retreat to a Letter, I ſupplied him with a Method by which he might let me ſee him without the leaſt Danger of a Diſcovery. During the Ardour of my Inclinations, inſpired by ſo much Generoſity, I intended to have gone immediately to *Coleraine*, and I employed all my Credit for raiſing a Sum of Money, though it was by mortgaging the laſt of my perſonal Eſtate, and all the Income of my Benefice: But as I could never reckon to make my Borrowings amount to ten thouſand Franks, ſo I could not forget of what Importance it was to *Patrick* that I ſhould be in *Dublin* when he was brought to his firſt Examination. The Quickneſs or Delay of Proceedings

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ſeemed to me to depend on this Scene, and it would have rended my Heart to be ſeparated from him, without knowing what he had to fear or hope.

I did not let a Day paſs over without returning to his Priſon, as much to deliver him from the Inquietude he might ſuffer the Day before in not ſeeing me according to my Promiſe, as to draw from him poſitive Explications of the Situation of *Roſe*. I had ſome Hopes alſo from my laſt Perſuaſions, and from ſo many preſſing Motives, which I had left to Time to ripen. In regard to his Siſter, he repeated to me, that her principal Fear conſiſted in the Addreſſes and Intrigues of the Duke of ——, who had in a manner propoſed to her the Ruin of her Chaſtity and Honour: But I yet knew that he diſſembled one Part of his Sentiments, and I was the more afraid of a Danger which he was obſtinate in diſguiſing from me. I received no more Satisfaction from the ſecond of my Deſires. He ſorrowfully renewed to me what he had before ſaid, with the ſame Requeſt to abandon him to his unhappy Lot. It was not yet Time to diſcover to him all Circumſtances that he was ignorant of; but I added to thoſe Reaſons which I knew were capable of touching his Heart, divers Conſiderations taken even from the Acknowledgments he had made me. Conſider, ſays I, that your *Julia* is raviſhed from you without Hopes of her coming back; that you are ignorant even of the Place of her Abode; that ſhe is in the Cuſtody of her Father, who hates you, who has deſtined her for another Spouſe, who has already compel'd her, perhaps, to receive him; in fine, that you have nothing to promiſe yourſelf from her Tenderneſs, nor from your———. He interrupted me in ſhedding ſome Tears: You count my Troubles, ſays he, but this is not a Remedy proper to cure them.

I ſhould have deſpaired of vanquiſhing him, if the Truſt I had in the Power of Heaven had not made me reflect continually, that the Hearts of Men are in God's Hands, and that he may change them at his Pleaſure. Our Misfortunes ſeemed to me to b-

worthy of his Pity; and ſeeing nothing but the Marriage of *Patrick* that could repair them, I waited for it as a Favour from his Goodneſs, in which nevertheleſs I was prepared to ſee it fail with ſuch Reſignation as Men have under Misfortunes of which they do not ſee the Cauſe, and which Religion alone teaches them to bear without murmuring. What Courſe ſhould I take under this cruel Suppoſition? I would throw myſelf at *Sarah*'s Knees, at the Riſque perhaps of dying there for Grief; I would confeſs unto her the unfortunate Iſſue of her Love and Generoſity; I would ſubmit to her Diſpoſal my Life, which was not the Object moſt dear to me, and the ſmall Share of worldly Subſtance I enjoy; and if the Goodneſs of her Heart ſhould leave me both, I would fly to *Paris*, and there offer a-new the Sacrifice of them to *Roſe*, without any other Condition than that of her loving Virtue, and ſometimes following my Advice. I took ſpecial Care not to communicate theſe Notions to *Dilnick*, whom I ſaw next Day. He had ſatisfied my Requeſt, by informing me only ſimply of the Name and Habitation of his Friend. I conceived the Meaning of this Addreſs, and not neglecting any Precaution, I made many Turnings and Windings about the Streets before I appeared at the Place which he had named to me. He received me with a Joy which gave me room to expect ſome favourable News. In Reality, getting the ſtart of me immediately. I am not much delay'd, ſays he, by the Difficulties you threw in my Way; for, fearing to fail of an Opportunity which might not offer every Day, I have ſold to my Landlord a Part of my Eſtate. Although he knew it, added he laughing, I have gained ſomething by this March, for I have drawn from him fifteen thouſand Franks for what was never yet valued at more than thirteen or fourteen thouſand. As I exclaimed upon this Step, and treated it as unprofitable and inconſiderate, You do not know, ſays he, in what a happy Point (which we yet durſt not even hope for after ſo many Traverſes) our Affairs are about to terminate; and do

not

not reproach me with having been too quick, for it is to this Diligence that I owe all our good Fortune, which can now no longer fail us. He continued to appriſe me, that thinking himſelf in a Condition to attempt ſomething with his Money, he had gone that Morning to the Preſident of the Committee eſtabliſhed by the Court for the Settlement of the late Troubles, and before whom *Patrick*'s Affair was to be tried; that not being known to him he paſs'd without Fear for a Gentleman of our Family; that in the firſt opening of the Diſcourſe he plainly underſtood, that no certain Fact was alledged againſt *Patrick*, and that he was queſtioned only upon bare Suſpicion; but apprehending that it would at leaſt take up a good deal of Time to clear the Matter, he judged that we had nothing to fear but Delays in bringing it to a Hearing, and the Dureſſe of a Priſon, of which perhaps we could not yet ſee an End; that it would be hazardous to ſound the Preſident aboveboard, and therefore without deſiring any Favour for the Criminal, he had requeſted on the contrary that the ſtricteſt Severity might be uſed in the Inquiry and Judgment, provided they were made with Expedition; that he added only, that being perſuaded that this Favour depended on him, if it could be thought no Injury to his Duty, he would without Difficulty propoſe to him ſome Motives which might be agreeable to his Conſcience, and poſſibly beneficial to his Affairs; in fine, that he had talked to him of a thouſand Piſtoles, which ſhould be ready laid down that Moment; that upon this Propoſal the Match was concluded, under one Condition only, that if nothing appeared againſt *Patrick*, he ſhould be ſet at liberty before the End of the Month. This Promiſe was performed on the ſpot by *Dilnick*'s paying ten thouſand *Livres* which he had in Gold; and as he appeared to be a Man of Diſcretion in the Way he took to bind the Bargain, the Preſident undertook the Execution of it. I am going, ſays *Dilnick*, to tell this happy News to *Sarah*, and on your Side you may communicate it to *Patrick*.

This Relation was not ſo long as to give me Time to come out of my Surpriſe, or to put my Anſwer in better Order than my Thoughts. I perceived my Heart to beat with Fear and Confuſion. But why are you in ſuch Haſte? ſays I, without being determined on what I ſhould ſay; why do you not attend to what I am come to talk to you about? Have you ſold your Eſtate, continued I with the ſame Embarraſment, to ſerve Strangers, nay, without conſulting them, without knowing whether they are in a Condition to ſatisfy Advances and Generoſities of this Nature? If this, replied *Dilnick*, be the only Difficulty you labour under, you may be pacified, and have no more Diſturbance for an Acknowledgment, which I ſhall not impoſe on you as an Obligation for the Benefit. *Sarah* muſt inherit my Eſtate, what ſignifies it whether ſhe enters into Poſſeſſion to-day or after my Death? ſeeing I ſhall have enough remaining to live on with Comfort. I know, added he, that I ſhall pleaſe her by this tender Mark of my Affection, and that ſhe will prefer the Service I went to do her to my whole Inheritance.

Touched yet more with theſe Sentiments than with their Effects, I made no Reply, but by acknowledging that I put a juſt Value on them; and taking my Leave of *Dilnick* under ſome Pretence, I went immediately to the Caſtle with as much Alacrity as I was capable of. But my Impatience ſuffered greatly by the Compaſs I was obliged to take, in order to have the Attendance of the State Meſſenger. Every Moment of Delay appeared to me to be a Loſs to the Honour of *Patrick*, to my own, to the Tenderneſs of my Heart, in fine, to all that I held moſt dear and ſacred.

It is no longer time, ſays I to *Patrick* at my firſt Entrance, to ſtand upon Terms, nor to liſten to a vain Love, when you ought to hearken to the Voice of Honour. And relating to him all the Rights which the *Fincers* Family had acquired over him, See, ſays I with Vehemence, to what you oppoſe your Pretexts and Excuſes. If one had offer'd you, with a Heart ſo noble,

noble, a forbidding Face, or any other Deformity of Body or Mind, I might perhaps lament the Neceſſity, to which however you would not be leſs obliged to ſubmit. But Birth, Beauty, Riches, united to all the good Qualities of Mind and Heart, are not indeed an Offer that merits your Diſdain. In a Word, you are bound, you have no more the Liberty of Choice left you. Accuſe if you will the Caprice of your Fortune, which in ſpite of you makes you a Slave to the Goodneſs of another, and bewail your Exceſs of Happineſs, to which my Pains have not contributed more than your's; but even this Complaint ought to be buried in the Bottom of your Heart, and you cannot be deficient in Love and Gratitude for *Sarah*, without overwhelming yourſelf with eternal Ignominy. I ſet no more Value, added I, on the Conſiderations which were heretofore taken on our proper Intereſts; it is your Buſineſs to ſee whether they have loſt their Force, and in what Point the Misfortunes of *Roſe* may move you.

He liſtened to me with his Eyes caſt down, and with more Agitation than if he had been hearing the Sentence of his Judges; You ſink me down, ſays he with Impatience; and you are in concert with thoſe who ſeek my Ruin. I know *Sarah Fincer*. I confeſs all you have ſaid of her Charms. But if I ought to eſteem her Merit, and ſhew my Gratitude for her great Benefits, I am not obliged by any Right to ſurrender myſelf up to her Views, and to make myſelf the Victim of an Inclination with which I never had a Deſign of inſpiring her. If ſhe demands nothing but my Life, I will not diſpute it with her. You require for her a Heart, which is no longer mine; and when the moſt invincible Reaſons ſhall compell me to accept the Offer of her Hand, I perceive that all her Charms will never obtain of me That which I am no longer Maſter of to grant. I anſwered him, that Honour and Habit would make up for the Vivacity of Inclination; and that Eſteem being the moſt ſolid Foundation of Marriage, he would find in it a perpetual Source in the Merit which he himſelf attri-

buted to his Spouſe. As to the Anſwers by which he thought to ſatisfy my Importunity, I reproached him with Ingratitude; and entering into a Detail of all the Circumſtances of the Conduct and Generoſity of *Sarah*, I reduced him to the Paſs of acknowledging with a Sigh, that ſhe merited the Adorations of a free Heart: Alas! cried he out, that it is not poſſible for me to love! I thought him ſtaggered. However, being willing to ſpare as well his Health as his Repoſe, which had ſuffered much in ſo ſharp a Conflict, I put off any further Proceedings to the Sequel of ſome other Diſcourſes.

My Reaſons could not but receive Strength from Day to Day by new Events. *Dilnick*, attentive to his Undertaking, gave ſo little Intermiſſion to the Preſident, that the Day after he obliged him to aſſemble his Committee, with the Participation of the Viceroy, to begin the Examination. All *Patrick*'s Crime conſiſted in his being the Son of a Father, whom the falſe Depoſitions of *Fincer* had made ſuſpected; they had nothing to object to him but the ſame Suſpicions, founded upon the Choice he had made of forſaking *Ireland*, and making his Abode in *France*, from whence they ſuppoſed he might have come back in order to carry on ſome Deſigns againſt the State. He explained the Motives of his Departure, and the Reaſons of his Return, with all the Simplicity and Plainneſs that goes along with Innocence. The Modeſty and Candour painted in his Face fixed the Committee in his Intereſt. The Preſident, being diſpoſed in Reality to ſerve him, made Remarks on the Juſtice and Clearneſs of his Anſwers, and having artfully brought about a Diſcourſe upon the Zeal due to the State, he obſerved, that to fulfill ſo juſt a Debt, it was not neceſſary to wound others, by lightly expoſing the Honour of an infinite Number of Perſons diſtinguiſhed by their Merit and Birth, and in building upon the weakeſt Appearances to ſtrike at their Liberty. *Fincer*'s Letter, which was communicated to the Aſſembly by the Viceroy, came in very ſeaſonably to confirm this favourable Diſpoſition. The Hand-

writing

writing of this Gentleman was well known. It could not reaſonably appear that he was gained over by us to give a Teſtimony of this Nature; and as he appeared capable of perjuring himſelf ſucceſſively on both Sides of the Queſtion, it was plain, that from *Denmark*, where he was known to have taken Refuge, there could not go and come Letters and Anſwers in ſo ſhort a Space. There was no body, who ſeeing this Examination take ſo fortunate a Turn in the firſt Deliberation, but what judged well of what was to come. *Dilnick* had ſome Diſcourſe with the Preſident after the Riſing of the Committee, and I obtained on my Side an Audience of the Viceroy. The Anſwers we received each of us agreed ſo well in our Favour, that we had no Doubt of the moſt ſpeedy Reſult to our Deſires.

Patrick was the only Perſon who appeared inſenſible of the Approach of his Liberty. He began to look on his Engagements with *Sarah* as a Chain, which he ſhould find a Difficulty to break; and this Thought had ſo afflicted him, that he could not be more changed by ſome Days Sickneſs. Though the Cauſe of this Alteration could not eſcape me, yet I affected to aſcribe it to the Trouble his Examination had given him; and overcoming my own Vexation ariſing from his Pain, under the Perſuaſion that I was labouring ſolidly for his Happineſs, I had the Firmneſs to renew my Perſecutions, and to recover him to his Duty with more Vigour than ever. He could not diſpenſe with viſiting *Dilnick* upon his getting out of Priſon. I apprehended, that tho' he had not in the leaſt overcome his Repugnances, yet he could not have ſo much Weakneſs as to make it viſible that he thought himſelf led to Execution, and that he would not give Cauſe to our Benefactors to be diſpleaſed at ſeeing him accept with ſo ill a Grace a Favour that ſeemed to merit all ſorts of Forwardneſs. I ſpared no Pains to make him enter into the ſame Views, and I continued the following Days to urge him to it without any Caution.

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The unexpected Arrival of *Sarah Fincer* enflamed more and more my Zeal for their common Happineſs. She began her Journey upon receiving *Dilnick*'s firſt Letter; and expecting to find us, him in his Sanctuary, and me in a Priſon as cloſe as my Brother, ſhe had ſcraped together in Haſte all ſhe could borrow of her Friends to come and labour herſelf in obtaining our Liberty by her own Pains and new Supplies. It was not at all the Load of her Benefits that diſconcerted me; it was eaſy to bear them, near a Perſon who could eſteem herſelf happy to ſee them accepted, and who confeſs'd to me, that I had a Number of Advantages over her, ſince ſhe ſhould be indebted to my Services for the Love and Affection of my Brother. But what Explanation could I give her even upon the Ground of this Hope? I was reduced to intrench myſelf within looſe Compliments, which would have made her unravel one Part of my Embarraſments if her Generoſity and Candour had not upheld her from ſuch Prejudices. Far from condemning *Dilnick*'s Conduct, ſhe thanked him with Tears in her Eyes for the important Services he had done for *Patrick*; ſhe would have reſtored to him on the ſpot the Price of his Land; but with the ſame diſintereſted Nobleneſs, he pray'd her to put off ſuch Conſiderations to another Time. I did not fail to make *Patrick* obſerve the Value of this Increaſe of Goodneſs and Obligations: He made no Anſwer to my moſt ardent Diſcourſe, and his Sighs not being a Language plain enough for me, I left him, without knowing in what Manner I ought to interpret his Silence.

The ſame Day I received from the Viceroy the agreeable Confirmation of the Reſolutions of the Committee. It was aſſembled a-new; and all the Judges being borne down by the Authority of the Preſident, and the Suffrage of the Viceroy, had in Concert declared their Opinions for reſtoring *Patrick* to his Liberty. It had alſo been reſolved by an unanimous Voice, that for making amends in the Eyes of the Publick for this Sort of Outrage he had unjuſtly ſuffered, they ſhould depute to him a Member of the Committee,

Committee, to beg his Pardon for the Conduct they had obſerved towards him, out of Zeal for the Royal Family, and for the Tranquillity of the State. This Application proceeded from the Viceroy, who had Meaſures to obſerve with the Nobility. I immediately gave *Sarah* Information of this News, which ſhe received with Tranſports of Joy; and thinking herſelf not leſs ſure of the Heart than the Liberty of her Lover, ſhe gave herſelf up without Reſerve to two Hopes, which ought to have been fulfilled the Day following. I ſhould have been there with her, could I have been ſatisfied of the Diſpoſitions of *Patrick*. I left him irreſolute in my laſt Viſit. The moſt favourable Circumſtances I could draw was from his Silence. I was in Hopes indeed, that by making on him a new Effort at the very Moment he ſaw the Doors of his Priſon opened, I ſhould bring him to a more lively Senſe than ever, at leaſt of what he owed to Gratitude; and that in the firſt Tranſports of an affected Heart he would ſecond *Sarah*'s Errors by the Vivacity of his Acknowledgments. This Thought raiſed in me another of a larger Extent. I flattered myſelf, that in giving all the Weight I could to this firſt Ardour, I might poſſibly at the ſame Inſtant have the Opportunity of getting over his trifling Difficulties; and that not daring to defend himſelf againſt Reaſons ſo powerfully ſupported by the Preſence and Tenderneſs of *Sarah*, he would conſent without Reflection to all that ſhe ſhould appear to deſire. I did not let her into any Confidence of my Deſign; but prepoſſeſſing her in general Terms with the Eagerneſs I was in of acquitting myſelf ſpeedily of all our Debts by the Heart and Hand of my Brother, I gave her to underſtand, that if ſhe was abſolutely determined to content herſelf with a Return ſo much inferior to her Favours, it would be vain to put off to the County of *Antrim*, what might as well be executed in *Dublin*. The Ceremonies of the Catholicks are made without Noiſe in *Ireland*, and the Power with which I was inveſted gave me yet a greater Right to ſhorten them. We ſhall avoid alſo, ſaid I, the Noiſe and Expence of a Wed-

a Wedding-Feaſt, of which the principal Value conſiſts in the tender Sentiments of our Hearts. She applauded this Propoſal; and *Dilnick* having no leſs Reliſh for it than ſhe, they both made me Maſter for regulating the Ceremony and the Time.

I retired in good Time to meditate at leiſure upon an Enterprize, of which I gave Thanks to Heaven for having inſpired me with the Deſign. I found a Letter at my Lodgings ſent me from *Coleraine*, where I had taken care to leave my Addreſs, and opening the firſt Cover, I was aſtoniſhed to find the ſecond Subſcription in the Hand-writing of *Roſe*. With what Impatience did I open it? I found my Heart beat, and my Hands tremble, as if I had a Foreſight of what I was going to read. This melancholy Letter remains yet among my moſt precious Papers. I cannot better pleaſe my Readers than by giving it to them faithfully in her own Words:

" How long have the Moments appeared to me, " my dear Brother, and what ſtrange Alarms have " Want and Indigence cauſed me! *Patrick* is gone, " I have received none of his Letters, and I am ig- " norant of the Succeſs of his Voyage; but whatever " News I can poſſibly hear, it cannot be ſo melan- " choly as what I have to write to you. A few " Days after his Departure, the Superior of the Con- " vent, where he had left me, ſurpriſed to ſee him " no longer appear, and without doubt diſquieted " for ſome extraordinary Expences in which my " Wants had engaged me, came to me, and declared " plainly, that her Houſe not being at all in a Con- " dition to make Advances for Penſioners, ſhe was " under the Neceſſity of making good the Value of " what ſhe had laid out for me; and ſhewing herſelf " yet more alarmed for what was to come of my " Penſion, ſhe aſked me if I ſoon expected to ſee " my Brother. My Troubles not ſuffering me to " hear her without ſhedding ſome Tears, far from " being moved, ſhe repeated to me, that not being " rich enough to charge herſelf for nothing with my " Entertainment, ſhe deſired me to think in good

" Time

" Time of providing myſelf another Retreat. I " underſtood that ſhe had been informed of the Diſ- " orders in our Fortune, and that ſhe made but little " Account of my Brother's Promiſes. Under the " Troubles I found myſelf, with little ready Money, " and obliged to lay down immediately the better " Part of what I had, I ſaw no Reſource more " honeſt than to reduce myſelf to live upon the La- " bour of my own Hands, in making uſe of the " little Talents for which I am indebted to my Edu- " cation. I have paid all my Debts, and followed " by my Chamber-maid, who would not abandon " me, I have retired among honeſt but poor People, " who have hired me a Chamber at a very low Price. " I have been ſhut up theſe eight Days paſt in an " undiſcoverable Solitude. My Landlord and Land- " lady take the Trouble of ſelling my Work, and " demand no other Payment from me for my Lodg- " ing and Diet. I employ myſelf in Embroidery, " and my Chamber-maid helps me in my Work.

" This ſorrowful Eſtate would not be without " Sweetneſs for an afflicted Heart, if my Misfortune " had not diſcovered my Retreat to ſome Enemies of " my Repoſe. The Duke of——has renewed to " me his Offers, with one too large not to carry in " it ſome Poiſon. He has aſſured me by my Hoſts, " that his Reſolution is to marry me; and I cannot " deliver myſelf from their Perſecutions, otherwiſe " than by threatening to ſeek for another Retreat. " One Day he conveyed into the Baſket, in which I " put my Work, a Purſe full of Gold, and ſo weighty " that it was difficult for me to throw it out of my " Door, ordering my Landlady to return it to him, " and to receive nothing from his Hands. Ano- " ther Day, taking notice that our Victuals were " better than ordinary, and better dreſſed than is com- " mon among ſuch People as my Hoſts, I obliged " them to confeſs, that they had them from ſome " unknown Cook who refuſed to take their Money; " and not eating any Dinner that Day, I proteſted to " them, that for the Time to come I would rather

" die

" die for Hunger than taſte of ſuch poiſoned Diſhes. " *De Peſſes* leaves me no more Repoſe. It would be " of no Uſe to mention to you other Perſecutors, " whom you do not know. My Troubles augment " without ceaſing, and I have no Perſon from whom " I may hope for the leaſt Conſolation.

" It is not any Aſſiſtance I aſk of you, imagining " that your Affairs are in too bad a Situation. But " will not you give me your Advice? A juſt Regard " for the Honour of our Name has ſtopped me a " hundred times, when I was about taking up the " Pen to write to *St. Germain:* Let me, ſays I, uſe " Shifts to conceal myſelf, rather than take off the " Veil which yet covers our Misfortunes. If I " knew any Solitude more retired than mine, a Con- " vent, in which they would not bluſh to afford a " Sanctuary to Honour and Virtue forſaken by the " World, I would go and conceal myſelf from Man- " kind for ever, and ſpare you all at once thoſe Vex- " ations, which the Uncertainty of my Lot cannot " fail to give you. But where ſhall I addreſs myſelf? " Have you no Friend who could privately do me " ſuch an important Service? What imports it where " I die of Grief and Heavineſs, provided I attain to " that Paſs as not to incommode and not to diſhonour " any Perſon? *Patrick* without doubt has abandoned " me; I have received no Account of him. Under " Pretext of paſſing into *Ireland,* he is gone to ſeek " for Employment in ſome ſtrange Court. He has " Reaſon to diſburthen himſelf from ſuch a Load as " an unhappy Siſter. Alas! I have nevertheleſs bot- " tom'd a great deal on his Tenderneſs. *George* is in " Chains; I know not whether he will ever be re- " lieved from them; and not being able to be any " way uſeful to him, I do not go near him to redou- " ble his Grief, by communicating to him my own. " Nothing remains for me but my Honour, my Truſt " in Heaven, and the Helps which I draw from my " own Hands. Adieu! my dear Brother: You can- " not believe how my Tears have altered me."

She

She concluded by giving me the Names of her Hoſts and her Abode, where ſhe pray'd me to addreſs my Anſwer without delay.

I was luckily alone when I finiſhed the Reading of this fatal Letter. It concerned my Honour that nobody ſhould be a Witneſs of my Tranſport. I threw myſelf on my Knees in the Middle of my Chamber, and with a Heart more oppreſſed than from the Fear of a cruel Torment, I remained a long Time in this Poſture, without other Motion than that of my Arms, which I lifted up with all my Power to Heaven. My Thoughts were as much conſtrained as my Altitude. I had no clear Repreſentation of any thing, and in the Confuſion of ſo grievous Senſations my Eyes had already guſhed out in an involuntary Torrent of Tears. In fine, caſting up my Eyes more freely to Heaven, as they were naturally elevated in my firſt Tranſport, I addreſſed to God all my Complaints, which were, as I may ſay, heaped together in the Bottom of my Heart, during this forced Silence. Oh! Father of the Wretched. Oh! Protector of the Weak, cried I a thouſand times in a Moment, do you abandon thoſe who have not forgot you? Do you give over to Ruin a trembling Girl, who yet combats for her Duty? Who will be the Refuge of Orphans and the Poor, if you refuſe them your Succour? Then coming as it were to myſelf, after a Number of other Invocations, I repreſented to my Imagination (with a thouſand new Torments) the Situation of which my dear and unhappy Siſter drew ſuch a moving Picture; —— reduced to Labour in the Houſe of a poor Man; —— to give her Labour in Exchange for her Suſtenance; —— to hide herſelf with a View of flying from Shame and to ſupport her Poverty with Honeſty; —— to weep and to ſuffer! O *Roſe!* O tender Siſter! What Fate! and of what Uſe in the World is Merit and Birth, if the Daughter of the Earl of —— is forced to this horrible Diſgrace.

Nevertheleſs, in Proportion as Reaſon and Religion prevailed over the Motions of Nature, I conſidered, that

that what I looked upon as the laſt Exceſs of Misfortune for a Lady of the Birth and Merit of *Roſe*, might be only a Diſpoſition of Heaven, which was willing to put her Virtue to the Trial. and which might therefore perhaps be hereafter more liberal in recompenſing it. I was aſhamed to have conſidered, according to human Views, that Affliction is a Diſgrace, which ought to be received with Submiſſion, and which would infallibly help to make the Honour and Prudence of my Siſter ſhine out with greater Luſtre. For ſetting aſide the Expreſſions of her Grief, which had not in them any thing of Bitterneſs or Paſſion, I thought I diſcovered in all her Words a Soul firm to her Duty, and a declared Reliſh for Virtue. What have I to dread for her, ſays I? a little Vexation and Chagrin, ſome Tears which the Pride of Nature drew from her a little Alteration in her Manner of Living which good Fortune may ſoon repair. But ſhe is moulded to Patience, to Humility, to Sweetneſs, to a Compaſſion for the Misfortunes of others; and this Heart, which Adverſity cannot damp, nor make her ſwerve from her Duty, may form perhaps ſome Day or other one of the firſt Characters in the World. Yet let us take care, added I, that the Trial does not endure too long, and Health or rather Life ſhall ſpeedily fail me, if any thing be capable of retarding the Aſſiſtance which I myſelf will carry to my dear *Roſe*.

Another Reflection, which contributed much to calm my Mind, was a Thought that came on me all at once, of making this Incident help to fix the Irreſolutions of *Patrick*. I knew his Love and Tenderneſs for his Siſter. The Picture of her Miſery and of her Dangers, his preſent Inability to comfort her by any other Way than his Marriage, in fine, a thouſand Terrors which Abſence might ſwell, and which my Reaſonings might yet make appear more urgent, made me believe my Victory almoſt aſſured. I was blind alſo, ſays I, in not acknowledging a Favour of Heaven in that which at firſt View I conſidered as a new Misfortune.

I paſſed

I passed the Night in Tranquillity under these Hopes, and the Appearance of Day not having diminished them, I went to the Castle about nine o' Clock, with more Joy than Inquietude. The Keeper gave me notice that *Patrick* was not alone, and that he did not doubt (from the Rumours spread abroad) that the Visit was to declare him at liberty. In Reality I saw come out of his Chamber a Magistrate, whom I knew to be a Member of the Committee, and who leaving the Keeper an Order in Writing, declared to him, that he might immediately set his Prisoner free. Having perceived me, he made a civil Compliment, testifying the Satisfaction he had received in being pitched upon by his Body to bring such good News to my Brother; and he repeated to me the Form of Words which he had been order'd to use upon the Occasion. They were Congratulations upon his Innocence, and a Concern for their unseasonable Suspicions of him. Yet nevertheless he left it to us to discharge the Keep-Fees, which are immense in *Ireland*. In taking an Account of them before I went in to *Patrick*, and adding to them what was yet to be paid to the Messenger, I was a little vexed that I had not Money about me to answer the Charges. However, being determined not to have Recourse to *Sarah* if I could avoid it, being overpower'd by so many Benefits, which her Generosity and the Disorder of our Circumstances had forced me to accept, I proposed to the Keeper to give us some Time upon my Note, and he was obliging enough to promise me this Favour.

Nothing remained now so urgent as the vanquishing *Patrick*'s Heart. You are at liberty, said I embracing him; your Judges have treated you with so many Marks of Distinction, that you ought to pardon their Rigour. I know no body's Lot more happy than your's, added I; and I doubt if a Passage so quick from a calamitous to the most shining Fortune has not something in it more poignant than an uninterrupted Prosperity. *Sarah Fincer* waits you, says I further; do you believe she is in *Dublin*, and that under an Impatience

tience to ſee you, as well as to bring us new Aids, ſhe arrived yeſterday, loaded with every thing moſt valuable ſhe could gather together? He interrupted me: Do not ſearch for, ſays he, unprofitable Shifts; I penetrate your Thoughts. It is manifeſt from all the Relations you have made me, that nothing can equal the Generoſity of *Sarah Finter*, and I find myſelf overwhelmed with her Kindneſſes. This then is another more ſignal Favour, to be willing to divide with me her Fortune and her Riches. I am under Confuſion to find myſelf unworthy of them; but do not refuſe to hear me out. A Man is not Maſter of his Affections, continued he coldly; the more I conſult mine, the more I find an Impoſſibility to command them. Give what Name you pleaſe to this Weakneſs; but I call Heaven to Witneſs, that having promiſed an eternal Love to *Julia*, nothing can ever make me renounce theſe Sentiments. I ſhall then marry *Sarah* without loving her; I ſhall make her unhappy by my Coldneſs; ſhe will ſooner or later perceive that I have a Heart taken up by another Love. I ſhall be capable of nothing but pitying without conſoling her. See now if you think it convenient to preſs a Marriage which neither Heaven nor Men can approve, which is yet, perhaps, proper to repair our Eſtate, but it muſt be at the Expence of *Sarah* herſelf, who will infallibly precipitate herſelf into a remedileſs Misfortune.

This Diſcourſe appeared to me to have been ſtudied; and not doubting but that his principal Deſign was to cool me by the Alarms of Conſcience, I extremely deceived his Expectations, in anſwering him with the ſame Coldneſs, that he was abſolutely miſtaken in his Principles. I proved to him by a Chain of Reaſoning that admitted of no Reply, that what he called unconquerable Love, inviolable Conſtancy, neceſſary Fidelity, were ſuch Chimeras, as Religion and the Order itſelf of Nature did not acknowledge in a Senſe ſo wanton. For it would follow then, ſays I, that a Man of the moſt vile Condition, who perhaps may be

be as ſenſible as another to the Merit of a diſtinguiſhed Woman, would be in the right to purſue his Inclinations; and that having done ſo, he might lay down to himſelf, as you do, a Law for his Love and Conſtancy. No, continued I, if theſe two Qualities are among the neceſſary Virtues, it muſt be after a juſt and lawful Engagement; but Reaſon and Eſteem are the Guides that ought to precede. Love will never fail to follow ſo fair a Cauſe; and the Bleſſing of Heaven, by giving Purity to Nature, will afford a Pleaſure and Sweetneſs to thoſe Engagements which it has ſanctified. This Moral not agreeing with his Notions he prepared to reply; but according to my Intentions of employing Heat and Spirit to affect him, I interrupted his Speculations, which might lead me too far, and of which the Succeſs was doubtful. I briſkly mentioned Honour and Gratitude, which, next to Religion, are the Things the World hold moſt ſacred, and in Compariſon of which I maintained, that all other human Views and Conſiderations ought to be ſacrificed. I traced over a-new all the Obligations of *Sarah Fincer*. I laid no Streſs on her Charms, but as a Sort of Recompence for having followed virtuous Inclinations; but not forgetting the Excellency of her Character, I demanded of him, if in the Competition itſelf of true Merit ſhe might fear to be diſtanced in any Compariſon, and if in this he could on the contrary propoſe any other Woman, who could join to the ſame Number of Virtues and amiable Qualities a Right to pleaſe, ſo well acquired by a Train of innumerable Services. Theſe are Titles, ſaid I, ſo holy and inviolable, that can never be weaken'd. Look on them nevertheleſs as ſo many Chimeras. Trample under your Feet all theſe Duties, and all theſe Rights. Go, be gone, if you are determined; but take care how you preſent yourſelf before *Sarah*. What do I ſay! Fly from the Sight of Mankind. They will treat you here as a Monſter, they will not conſider you but with Horror and Contempt; and do not imagine you will be looked upon with any other Eye in any Place

that

that has heard of the Unworthineſs of your Sentiments. Believe me, you may carefully conceal your Name; that will not ſuffice to hide from yourſelf a Procedure, of which you will never be able to ſpeak without Confuſion. You need not doubt but the Rumour of it will be ſoon ſpread abroad. Diſgrace and Shame will ſtick cloſe to your Steps, and you ought to think that they will purſue you through all *Europe*.

But where will you go, added I, fixing my Eyes upon his, what Reſource have you to fly to? Have you reflected, that you are without Money, without Aſſiſtance, and without Hopes of obtaining any? The Dependance you may think you have on me fails you by the new Engagement I have juſt now entered into for obtaining your Liberty; for you know that the Door of your Priſon is but half opened, and that for ſatisfying the Claims of the Keeper I muſt give up for near a Year my whole Revenue. You are Witneſs of the Promiſe I made him in Writing. What then remains for me to offer you? Alas! *Roſe* herſelf, added I in a tender Tone, and ſoftening into Tears, *Roſe* will alſo find herſelf bereaved of my Succour. What I have done for you is ſo much retrenched from what I had deſtined to relieve her Miſery. See however if there be any thing ſo moving as her Complaints, and ſo terrible as her Situation. I gave him *Roſe*'s Letter, which he opened with Eagerneſs, after having obſerved her Hand-Writing. He read it with the ſame Ardour. I ſaw immediately his Tears began to flow. From whatever Source they came, I took them for a good Omen of my Victory; and preſſing him a-new by thoſe Motives reunited to Honour, to Intereſt, to Gratitude, and to natural Tenderneſs, I in the End drew from his Mouth an abſolute Reſignation to all my Will. The Sighs and Lamentations, with which it was accompanied, were the Remains of Weakneſs which I forgave to the Violence he did his Inclinations. But being perſuaded, as I ought to be, that we both hearkened to the Voice of our Duty, I was leſs ſenſible to Pity than to Joy, and I thought of nothing but of laying hold of a Diſpoſition, which might

might yet change. I called for the Keeper, to make an End of ſettling the Expences. My Surpriſe was extreme to find by his Anſwer, that both he and the Meſſenger were ſatisfied; and that during the Time I had been diſcourſing with my Brother, ſome-body brought him in our Name a Sum of Money, which exceeded his Pretenſions. I was not long in diſcovering to whom we were obliged for this new Favour: It was *Sarah*, who being taken up with nothing but the Succeſs of her Pains, had been informed as ſoon as I of all that might yet retard them.

Patrick confeſſed to me in the midſt of his Troubles, that he was ſenſible of the Value of ſo many Generoſities. We went directly to *Sarah*, whoſe Eagerneſs it was juſt we ſhould ſatisfy by our firſt Viſit. It was in our Way to her, that calling to mind the Power I was inveſted with to regulate the Time and Ceremony of the Marriage, I thought it neceſſary not to allow *Patrick* one Moment for cooling. I gave private Orders to a Servant, who attended me, to give Notice to an Eccleſiaſtick, whom I had already prepoſſeſſed with the Matter; and, not doubting but my Project would be approved by *Sarah* and *Dilnick*, I reſolved to take Advantage of the Hurry of the firſt Compliments for ſealing our common good Fortune by the Ceremonies of the Church. *Patrick* marched on a long time without ſpeaking a Word. I am diſquieted, ſays he in the End, with the Part I am to act. How ſhall I appear, without being covered with Confuſion, in the Preſence of a Lady to whom I owe ſuch large Obligations, with ſo little Hope of ever having it in my Power to make a ſuitable Return? I was raviſhed to ſee his Reflections take this Turn. We came near *Sarah*'s Lodgings. Your Inquietude is juſt, ſays I, if you loſe Sight of your Promiſes, and of all the Reaſons you have for engaging you to them; but with a little Integrity in the Obſervance of your Honour, you will feel leſs Confuſion than Joy and Aſſurance at the Sight of a Lady who is in Expectation of her Happineſs from you. And ſhewing him the Door

the Moment he thought the leaſt of it, I introduced him in haſtily, without lending an Ear to his Anſwer.

Sarah herſelf appeared a little diſconcerted at ſeeing us arrive without being expected there. Her Bluſhes and thoſe of *Patrick* would have made an agreeable Scene for unconcerned Spectators. But willing to ſpare them all Explanations that might ſavour any thing of Conſtraint, I all at one Stroke came to the Point, which they would have ſpun out to a great Length. In preſenting my Brother, I ſaid thus to *Sarah*: I offer you a Gentleman who is your's by all kind of Rights; and his Happineſs is this Day to find his Duty in that Thing which is capable of flattering his moſt tender Inclinations. If he may judge of the Sentiments you have for him by the generous Proofs he has received of them, you ought to judge of his by your own Favours, and by the Opinion you have had of him, when you thought him worthy of them. Engagements of this Nature have already all the Force of Marriage Contracts, and the Ceremonies of the Church are only neceſſary to ſanctify them; nor ſhall they be long retarded, added I looking at *Sarah*; and if you give Credit to the Ardour of thoſe Sentiments, which I ought to ſhare with my Brother, I ſhall this Day have the Satisfaction of calling you my Siſter-in-Law. I waited a Moment for her Anſwer, which ſhe did not pronounce, but expreſſed her Conſent by a gracious and modeſt Bow. *Patrick*, to whom I did not give Time to open his Mouth, took this Opportunity to addreſs her with ſome Compliments, which were leſs tender than civil and witty; yet ſpeaking nevertheleſs of his being made by her a fortunate Man worthy of Envy, he added, that he durſt not ſo readily accept what I had propoſed, and that he deſired Time to merit her: I apprehended the Meaning of his Compliment, and trembling to ſee myſelf obliged to new Diſcuſſions in the Preſence of *Sarah*, I turned myſelf to *Dilnick*, and aſked him without Affectation, if he was not of my Opinion, not to defer a Matter which

which might be executed the ſame Moment. He anſwered me ſmiling, that ſuch a Proceeding would be to do ſervice to both of them, and that *Patrick* upon the whole had need of this Comfort at the Concluſion of a tedious Impriſonment. Happily the Eccleſiaſtick, to whom I had given notice, appeared with two Surplices under his Arm, and the Church Ritual in his Hand. See, ſaid I to them, if my Zeal be likely to leave any thing undone; and immediately putting on one of the Surplices, I took *Sarah*'s Hand and put it into that of *Patrick*. He looked on me with a forbidding Eye. How will *Roſe*, ſaid I to ſupport him, receive the Conſolation of ſo happy News! a ſhort Prayer, their Conſent, which I made them pronounce in a few Words, and my Benediction, which I gave them, taking thereof the Teſtimony of the Standers-by, made the Eſſence of this Ceremony. The indiſſoluble Knot being thus tied, I made them kneel down with me to put the finiſhing Hand to it with leſs Precipitation. My Heart warmed with Joy and Tenderneſs, in thanking Heaven for the happy Termination of my Deſires. God himſelf was my Witneſs, that I had nothing in View but his Glory, the Happineſs of my Brother, the Intereſt of our Family, and the Decorum even of the World, ſo far as it agreed with Religion. One will find in the Sequel of our Hiſtory, what Neceſſity there is to lay a Streſs on all theſe Circumſtances.

WhateverSentiments might ariſe in *Patrick*'s Heart, he had too much Honour and Judgment not to be ſenſible what he owed to his Engagements. He kiſſed his Spouſe after the Concluſion of our Prayers, and although he did not ſhew all the Ardour I could have wiſhed in his Embraces, he at leaſt let nothing eſcape him that might make his Diſpoſition ſuſpected. As to her, it appeared viſible that ſhe really thought this the happieſt Day of her Life. The Joy that ſparkled in her Eyes, her modeſt Careſſes, her Looks, her Attentions, made me think more than once that ſhe had made a Man of *Patrick*. The Queſtion now was to

confirm the Seal of the Church by a civil Act, according to the ordinary Method. I had Reaſon to foreſee, that I ſhould have no need of Precautions to diſpoſe her to treat my Brother favourably. She gave him all thoſe Prerogatives that were authorized by the Laws, and being willing, as ſhe ſaid, to hold all from him with her Heart, ſhe the ſame Moment gave up to him the Sums of Money ſhe had brought with her, with the Keys of all her Trunks, and even thoſe of her Cloſets at *Antrim*. In vain he refuſed to receive them. She exacted this of him as a Piece of Complaiſance, which ſhe ſaid ſhe would take as a good Omen of their eternal Love. I applauded theſe tender Tranſports, and did not at all doubt but that, delicate as I knew *Patrick* to be, he would ſoon in ſpight of himſelf take a Reliſh and Affection for a Woman ſo amiable.

Dilnick, who loved the Pleaſures of the Table, ſpake nothing but of celebrating the Solemnity with a ſumptuous Dinner, which he was at the Trouble of preparing. He had invited with the Conſent of my Siſter-in-Law three of his Friends, whom he had already acquainted with our Rejoicings, and who well enough knew mine and *Sarah*'s Father, to take a Share in the Happineſs of theſe two Families. They came at the Hour appointed; but nothing could equal our Aſtoniſhment, when we ſaw enter with them my Lord *Linch*, who threw himſelf with Tranſport about *Patrick*'s Neck. He had been in *Dublin* for ſome Days, and being acquainted with one of *Dilnick*'s Friends, from whom he had learned all the Circumſtances of our Affairs, which he only knew imperfectly before from publick Fame, he had not Power to reſiſt his Impatience to embrace us. The Remembrance of what had paſſed did not hinder *Patrick* from receiving him with a great deal of Friendſhip. His firſt Offences had been repaired by his own Diſaſters, and by the Zeal he had afterwards diſcovered for the Service of my Brothers. Moreover, his Love for *Roſe* continuing ſtill the ſame, we could not look upon him

him as an Enemy to our Family, to which he was impatient to knit himſelf in the ſtricteſt Bonds. He was not ignorant of the melancholy Situation of *Roſe*; and was not only one of thoſe of whoſe Pains and Importunities ſhe had complained, but even the Intereſt he took in her Troubles, and his Deſire to obtain from her and from us the Liberty to put an End to them, was the principal Cauſe of his Voyage. Nevertheleſs, his Diſcretion not permitting him to open himſelf in the firſt Moment upon all his Views, he limited himſelf at firſt to Compliments upon the Marriage of my Brother, and pray'd us to give him Leave to dine with us.

We ſat down to Table with all the Preparatives that might promiſe us Mirth. *Patrick* himſelf, whom I continually watched, ſeemed to behave with a good Grace at the Feaſt; and although I could perceive ſome Remains of Melancholy in his Eyes, I was perſuaded that the Charms and Love of his Spouſe would ſoon triumph over it. I quickened him myſelf to give himſelf up to Pleaſure, and my naturally ſerious Character did not prevent my entering into the Diſpoſitions of the Company, which *Dilnick* gave Life to by his Gaiety and merry Converſation. In fine, all the Company ſeemed given up to the ſame Sentiments when my Lord *Linch*, among many Compliments addreſſed to the Bride and Bridegroom, thought proper to mix with them Apologies for the ill Offices he had done him at *Paris*. He turned them indeed in a Manner ſo gallant, that they could not be offenſive to *Sarah*; but in congratulating himſelf for having contributed without Deſign to *Patrick*'s Unhappineſs in *Ireland*, he fortified thoſe gloomy Reflections which I had taken Pains to diſſipate, and which had already acted but too powerfully on his Heart; at leaſt, I did not obſerve any thing elſe to which I could more probably aſcribe the diſmal Effects they produced. I obſerved that they made an Impreſſion on *Patrick*, and I did what I could to give another Turn to the Converſation. He took notice of my Conſtraint, which contributed perhaps

ſome Moments to redouble his. But ſinking at laſt under the Weight that oppreſſed his Heart, he got up without ſaying one Word, and went to take Breath in an adjoining Chamber. Not being deceived in the Meaning of this his Motion, I roſe up alſo to follow him, with a View only of bringing him to himſelf by a ſhort Exhortation. They took my going out as a Token of ſome Alarm, which they ſuppoſed I had for his Health. All the Company, having the ſame Opinion of it, roſe from Table as it were with one Conſent, and followed me, every one inquiring with an Air of Diſſatisfaction whether he were ill. He had ſeated himſelf near a Table, on which he had leaned his Elbow, with his Head ſupported by his Hand. Whether it were that the Eagerneſs of ſo many People who followed him, or it may be the Fear that they had in ſome Meaſure penetrated into the Cauſe of his Agitations, was the Cauſe of ſuch a ſudden Revolution, or whether the Weight of his Sufferings began in Reality to ſurpaſs his Strength, but we had not been long about him before he fell down at our Feet without Underſtanding or Senſe.

Help being near at hand, it was not long before he recovered his Senſes; his Spouſe was the moſt zealous in making uſe of all Sorts of Applications. He took notice of her great Care, and, moved without Doubt by ſo much Affection, took one of her Hands and kiſſed it with great Reſpect. The Phyſicians, who were immediately called in, found him in a violent Fever. They obliged him to go to Bed, and imagining that Reſt was moſt neceſſary for him, they ordered that he ſhould be left alone ſome Hours without being diſturbed. Upon Conſideration of the Circumſtances of this Accident, they were of Opinion to aſcribe it to his Imprudence, in expoſing himſelf all at once to the Air upon his getting out of the Caſtle, and to a too ſudden Paſſage from the Sadneſs and Melancholy of a Priſon to the Joys of a Feaſt. Far from oppoſing their Error, I was over-joy'd to ſee the whole Company diſpoſed to think this Explanation juſt and natural.

They

They compoſed themſelves upon the Word of the Phyſicians, and even *Sarah*, notwithſtanding her Inquietude, was prevailed upon to return to Table with the Company.

I had Notions widely different of what had happen'd, and I burned with an Impatience to find a decent Pretence of ſtealing from the Company to the ſick Man's Bed, to whom I judged that a Moment of my Diſcourſe would be more neceſſary than Reſt. I took Occaſion to do ſo under ſome Pretext or other, and ſtopped *Sarah*, who was as forward as I to go to ſee him. He gave a deep Sigh upon ſeeing me approach. I ſat down near him, and continued ſome Moments without opening my Mouth, pretending in Appearance to be careful not to diſturb him, but at the Bottom to wait till he opened his Heart, and began firſt to explain himſelf. In fine, ſeeing him continue to keep Silence, I told him how uneaſy his fainting Fits had made us, and of our Hopes nevertheleſs, that this Accident would not be attended with bad Conſequences in ſuch a Conſtitution as his. Ah! ſays he in a low Voice, as if he feared to be over-heard, the Conſequences I fear are not ſuch as may threaten my Health or Life; the Sacrifice then is made, and I commit both to Heaven. What Notions are theſe? interrupted I him in Haſte; You alarm me with a Diſcourſe that gives me Pain to comprehend. I gueſs your Alarms, replied he immediately; but I cannot cure them, and you might have foreſeen them. I have ſacrificed myſelf to your Will, and to the Intereſt of my Family: Do you then demand of me more? But *Sarah*, interrupted I again, have you not for a Spouſe——He ſtopped me ſhort: I have for *Sarah*, ſays he, what I promiſed you for her, all the Reſpect in the World for her Virtues: I am ſenſible of her high Worth, and do not admire leſs than you her Goodneſs and Charms. I have Gratitude for her Favours, Complaiſance and Attention to all her Deſires: It is your Buſineſs, who have taken upon you to unite our Deſtinies, to declare to her what I am ca-

pable of doing in our Engagements, and under what Conditions I can be her's. I have borne no other Part in this Affair than a blind Submiſſion, which made me relinquiſh all Care of myſelf for the Intereſt and Honour of others. You cannot be ignorant of this, I have no Occaſion to repeat what I have ſworn to you a thouſand times in the Preſence of Heaven. Take then upon you, added he with a ſort of Indifference, the Succeſs of your Enterpriſe, as you have taken upon you the Project and Execution of it. If you think that *Sarah* expects more than you had a Right to promiſe her, or than I can offer her, make her lay aſide this Hope; prepare her this very Day for the Conduct which I am to hold towards her: Repreſent me as of a Nature cold, diſtracted, melancholly, inſociable; add to it, if you will, that I ſhall never be to her the leſs reſpectful or obliging. This is all ſhe has to expect, and I cannot promiſe more.

A Diſcourſe ſo ſtrange, and the Tone in which it was pronounced, raiſed in me a Diſtreſs that I could not ſuddenly get rid of. Under the Embarraſment I was in to anſwer it, I repeated, as I had done a thouſand times before, all the Motives that engaged me to wiſh for this fatal Marriage, and the Steps I had taken to bring it to an Iſſue. Neither my Views nor my Conduct repreſenting to me any thing criminal, I poſſibly ſhould have armed myſelf with all the Authority of my Profeſſion and my Age, againſt an obſtinate Caprice, which I thought wounded all ſorts of Rights, and every kind of Reaſon, if I had not obſerved *Sarah* coming to us. Her Preſence provided me with a better Remedy than I could adminiſter to the Diſguſts of my Brother, and not in the leaſt doubting but he would treat her with as much Civility as he propoſed Coldneſs, I choſe to leave them together.

I found my Lord *Linch*, who burned with a Deſire of entertaining me in private. I anſwered his Eagerneſs. The Chance, ſaid he, that has procured me the

the Honour of ſeeing you here, has ſpared me a Journey that I intended to make to *Coleraine*. My Intereſts have not had a leſs Share in my Voyage than your's, or rather, my ſtrongeſt Paſſion being to unite them, I have ſet them forth already in ſuch a Manner as to give me Hopes that they might not be any longer diſtinct. He continued to relate to me all that had followed his Quarrel with my Brothers, of which he ſuppoſed I had been informed by their Letters. The Impriſonment, ſays he, of *George*, the Danger of the ſame Fortune to which I was expoſed, and which I could not have eſcaped but by changing my Cloaths and Name at *Paris*, where nevertheleſs my Fear did not hinder me from ſtrenuouſly ſoliciting your Brother's Pardon; the Price which *Roſe* had put on the Succeſs of my Zeal; the Misfortune I had of failing in it by the inflexible Rigour of the Court; in fine, the Retreat of *Roſe* into a Convent, and the Departure of *Patrick*, were the Preludes that gave me Hopes to engage you in my Intereſts, and drew me back to *Ireland*. As the Deſire of hearing ſome new Circumſtances made me liſten to him with Patience, If you have heard, purſued he, one Part of this Detail from the Mouth of *Patrick*, you are both of you doubtleſs ignorant, that *Roſe* has left the Convent to which ſhe had retired. By my Inquiries I diſcovered her new Sanctuary, and for ever full of that Tenderneſs with which ſhe had inſpired me, I made her a new Offer of the Diſpoſal of my Fortune. She refuſed to ſee me; ſhe rejected alſo from my Hands thoſe Aſſiſtances which were too trifling for her Acceptance; but I do not know how much ſhe may ſtand in Need of them in her preſent Situation. In fine, puſhed on by Love, and perſuaded that a young Lady has not much to complain of, when one forces her to become rich and happy, I hired, under a borrowed Name, an Apartment joining to her's, in a neighbouring Houſe. Our Apartments being ſeparated by nothing but a common Wall, I had a Hole cut in it without Noiſe; and that Part of the Thickneſs which

I left might be thruſt in with the leaſt Force. My Deſign was, if I may confeſs it without Shame, under the Cover of the Night to ſteal away a Perſon whom I adored, and without whom I have no Happineſs to hope for. The Reſpect I owed to her Birth and Virtue did not ſuffer me to form this Enterpriſe without taking proper Meaſures to marry her on the ſpot. Nevertheleſs, on the Eve of the Execution a Scruple of Honour held me back. I thought, that if the Reputation of your Siſter had nothing to ſuffer, when a Reparation ſhould be made for my Force by a lawful Marriage, yet a Houſe to which I owed Reſpect, and which was allied to mine, would evermore take from ſuch an Action ſome Stain; without reckoning, that not daring to hope from you and your Brothers an Approbation of ſo hardy an Attempt, I ſhould expoſe myſelf to the Neceſſity of living with you in an eternal Diſcord. Theſe Conſiderations prevailed. Without abſolutely renouncing my Deſign, which I looked upon as the only Way to vanquiſh the Heart of *Roſe*, I determined to communicate it to your Brother. I obtained the Liberty to ſee him in the *Baſtile*. He received me without any Mark of Reſentment, confeſſing, that he ſhould with Pleaſure ſee me his Siſter's Huſband, if the Tenderneſs he had for her did not make him fear to force her Inclinations. He could not hear me mention the Troubles in which ſhe was involved, without accuſing her of having precipitated herſelf into them, and without lamenting her Wilfulneſs, which brought on all our common Diſgraces. I laid hold of this Opportunity to diſcover to him my Deſigns, and to preſs him to approve them. My Candour and Openneſs moved him. He added but one Condition to the Step I was intending to take; which was, to communicate it to his Brothers, and obtain their Approbation, as he granted his to me. I have brought it here under his Hand, added he; and though my Affairs are not yet ended at *St. Germain*, yet I have nothing ſo urgent, as to finiſh this one, upon which all the Happineſs of my Life depends.

depends. He immediately ſhewed me *George*'s Note, which contained no more than a bare Conſent to the Marriage of my Lord *Linch* with *Roſe*——, his Siſter; without any expreſs Mention of a Rape. And he added to his Story the moſt tender and preſſing Inſtances, in offering to me even an abſolute Command of his Fortune, which, ſaid he, I will put into your Hands.

Although a Propoſal of this Nature had began to work in me a Change, and that it appeared to call for all my Reflections, yet the neceſſary Anſwer to it cauſed me but little Embarraſment. I thanked my Lord *Linch* for the Inclination he preſerved for my Siſter. Having Thoughts every Moment, ſays I, of going myſelf to *Paris*, I flatter myſelf to have conſerved Power enough over *Roſe*'s Mind to make her reliſh every thing which is agreeable to Prudence and the Honour of her Family. I hope that we ſhall have no Occaſion for violent Expedients: But when it becomes neceſſary to employ them, you will think it proper not to do ſo, till you have exhauſted all other Remedies. This Manner of declaring myſelf, which was neither oppoſite to his Views, nor too favourable to his Hopes, left me Power of thoroughly ſearching into the Advantages of an Alliance, of which I had heard nothing of the firſt Project but from *Patrick*'s Relation. Moreover, I was poſitively reſolved not to defer longer my Departure for *France*; and to the Zeal with which I had forwarded *Patrick*'s Marriage, I joined almoſt an equal Longing to find myſelf at liberty of applying all my Pains to the Conſolation of my Siſter. In the mean time, I could not forbear ſhewing to my Lord *Linch* how much I was alarmed at the Wall half pierced through, which left her, as it were, open to a Diſcovery; but he removed my Fears by informing me, that he had left in the Apartment a Woman, whom he had intended, during his firſt Views, to wait upon *Roſe*; and that all his Domeſticks were lodged by his Orders, in ſeveral Houſes of the Neighbourhood, to be ready not only to aſſiſt

my Siſter upon all Occaſions, but alſo to watch her; and, upon the whole, to follow her, if by any Reaſon ſhe ſhould find it neceſſary to change her Lodgings. I thought ſhe was in Safety under theſe Precautions; but what Idea ought I to form of her Lot, when joining ſuch ſtrange Circumſtances to thoſe of her Letter, I repreſented her to myſelf all at one View wreſtling againſt Miſery, and, as it were, environed by an Herd of ravenous Wolves, who had Deſigns on her Repoſe and Liberty? The Project, from which the Favour of Heaven had diverted my Lord *Linch*, might it not ſtart the like Deſire in the Duke of ——— and thoſe other Lovers whom ſhe did not name? To what was ſhe perpetually expoſed! I ſhould have gone off immediately, if I had conſulted nothing but my Zeal; and my Lord *Linch*, who thought me already fixed in his Intereſts, made uſe of the Confeſſion I had made of my Intentions, to preſs me not at all to defer them. I was ſtopped only by two Reaſons; the Deſire to ſee *Patrick* eſtabliſhed in a State of Tranquillity in the County of *Antrim* before my Departure, and the Neceſſity of making up a Sum of Money ſufficient to keep me from a Dependance on any Perſon in *Paris*.

My Lord *Linch* would have broke the Matter to *Patrick*, but I intreated him to leave that Taſk to me; and returning to my Brother's Bed, where I yet found his Spouſe, their Hands being tenderly twiſted within each other, I drew an Omen ſo favourable from the Situation in which I ſurpriſed them, that I thought I might uſe more Freedom with my Siſter-in-law, and treat of our Affairs in her Preſence, as of an Intereſt common to us all. I appriſed them of the Subject of my Lord *Linch*'s Journey, his Propoſals, and the Inſtances with which he preſs'd me to be gone. Although I avoided to touch on the melancholy Situation of *Roſe*, *Sarah* comprehended, that a young Lady, expoſed to a Rape, againſt which ſhe had no Defence, was not in a very deſirable Situation; and the Tenderneſs of her Heart taking the Alarm all at once for *Patrick*'s Siſter, ſhe was the firſt to interrupt me, in requiring

two

two Things, on which ſhe inſiſted with the ſame Zeal: You will be cruel, ſays ſhe to me, in lending your Hand to the running away with *Roſe*, and in deſiring to marry her againſt her Will to my Lord *Linch*. I know he is rich; but does Happineſs conſiſt in Riches? If the Fortune of my Siſter does not correſpond with your Deſires, added ſhe, already owning ſo tender a Name, bring her over into *Ireland*. Shall I not be exceeding happy in having a Companion ſo dear, and the Power of contributing to her Eſtabliſhment? Then ſqueezing her Huſband's Hands, ſhe requeſted of him the Liberty and the Return of *Roſe*, as two Favours which ſhe would have granted.

I diſcovered in my Brother's Eyes, that his Mind was not yet free from Trouble. Nevertheleſs, without Scruple ſiding with the Sentiments of *Sarah*, he joined in her Requeſt, and intreated me not to retard the Execution of what ſhe deſired. We agreed, that without explaining ourſelves openly to my Lord *Linch*, we ſhould make him our Acknowledgments in the Terms I had already done; and that if he was diſpoſed to go off as ſoon as I, I ſhould not refuſe to take the Journey with him. *Sarah* would not at all liſten to what I had repreſented, of the Neceſſity I was in to go firſt to the County of *Antrim*. She told me, that it was but juſt that *Patrick* and ſhe ſhould bear all the Charges of my Enterpriſe, ſince they had laid on me the Burden of the Trouble and Succeſs. My Departure was ſettled for the next Day. I communicated this Reſolution immediately to my Lord *Linch*, who without Heſitation anſwered, that he would be ready to accompany me.

After ſo many Cares and Inquietudes, I ſhould have began to have found ſome Sweetneſs in Hopes, if I could have gone away more calm in relation to the Situation of *Patrick*. I employ'd myſelf in theſe Ideas ſome Part of the Afternoon, waiting an Opportunity to ſpeak to him without Witneſs. His Fever was not yet abated; and in whatever Manner I might explain that Air of Complaiſance I thought I ſaw in

in him for his Spouſe, yet I could not attribute the Diſorders of his Health to any thing but the Agitation of his Mind. My wiſh'd-for Moment came, having found him alone. I am leaving you, ſays I, and if I forſake you while you are under an uncertain State of Health, yet I carry away at leaſt the Pleaſure of believing, that you are a little more ſenſible of the Merit of your Spouſe. I have obſerved the Progreſs ſhe has made in your Heart, and I have given Thanks to Heaven from the Bottom of mine. He interrupted me——Ah! ſaid he with a languiſhing Voice, continue to hold this Opinion; I wiſh that ſhe alſo may embrace it: You will both then be ſatisfied, and I ſhall be the only miſerable Wretch. How! replied I with Aſtoniſhment, have you no Thoughts of living happily with her, and will you deny thoſe Sentiments which a Man of Honour ought to have for an amiable and virtuous Woman? What ſignify then the Careſſes which you ſometimes ſhew to her? He conjured me not to irritate his Trouble, and to remember what he had told me four Hours before, as a Rule from which he would never ſwerve. I have a gentle and complying Temper, continued he; I am not capable of reſiſting the Advances of a Woman; and when *Sarah* comes to over-burthen me, as now and then ſhe does, with the obliging Marks of her Tenderneſs and Diſquiet, I cannot have the Brutality to puſh her from me: But all I can do to help her Tranquillity will be for ever uſeleſs to mine. Why do you put me upon this melancholy Subject, added he, interrupting himſelf, do not you remember all I have promiſed you?

I thought that being yet filled with his Prepoſſeſſions, it would be of no Avail to oppoſe them on the Eve of my Departure. I would have broke off this Diſcourſe at that Time, and recommending him to Heaven, I ſhould have had nothing elſe to employ me but the Preparations for my Voyage, if he had not told me himſelf, that he had ſomething of Importance to communicate to me. Drawing near him I obſerved, that his Face was overſpread with Bluſhes. He pray'd me

to

to liſten to him, and began this Diſcourſe:— Alas! what Compaſs of Words am I obliged to uſe to diſcover to you a Secret, which the preſent Circumſtances will not permit me to conceal from you longer? You are going to *Paris*, where you may hope, perhaps, to find *de Peſſes* again. But he is gone a far Journey. If you remember the Relation I made you at *Coleraine*, you muſt have obſerved that I praiſed his Zeal, and confeſſed the Inclination I had to ſerve him with *Roſe*; but that which you might have believed to proceed from Gratitude and Friendſhip has its Riſe from another Cauſe. After the Ruin of our Affairs, and at the Time that he offered me all his Subſtance to reeſtabliſh them, I made him my Confidant in my moſt grievous Misfortunes. My Paſſion for Madam *de L*——— and her unforeſeen Eſcape, which left me in Ignorance even of the Road ſhe took, touched a Heart that Love had ſubjected to the ſame Torments. His Intereſt perhaps made him offer me a Service, of which the Reward ought to be of the ſame Nature. In one Word, he undertook a Journey into *Germany*, (where I am perſuaded Mr. *de L*——— is retired with his Daughter) and to viſit many large Cities, where that Gentleman has been employed in the King's Affairs. The Return he propoſed to me was to take care of the Heart of *Roſe*, while he was running half over *Europe* to ſecure me one which I thought ready to be loſt. In the Zeal of an unhappy Paſſion I promiſed him much more than perhaps he durſt hope for. Not having then perceived that *Roſe* had any other Reaſons to repulſe him, than what *George* had inſpired her with, I flattered myſelf that I could ſurmount them. *George*, ſays I, has been a long Time in the *Baſtile*; the Dean loves you; *Roſe* herſelf has never yet diſcovered any Averſion to you, and I have always imagined that ſhe would give you the Preference, if ſhe could liſten to her Heart rather than to her Ambition. In fine, I promiſed to have the ſame Zeal for his Intereſts that he had for mine; and, to give more Force to this Engagement, I gave him a

Writing

Writing ſign'd by my Name, with all the Formalities that might bind a Man of Honour.

It is true, that being willing to begin immediately to prepoſſeſs *Roſe* in his Favour, I obſerved, that without diſcovering any Tokens of Hatred, ſhe did not receive my Impreſſions ſo readily as I flattered myſelf ſhe would. I ſhould have ſuſpected that her Heart was filled with ſome other Paſſion, if I had not known a long Time before by demonſtrable Proofs, that the Duke of —— and my Lord *Linch*, whoſe Applications had made a Noiſe, were far from pleaſing her; and during my Aſſiduities to ſee her in the Convent, I did not at all perceive that ſhe there received any other Viſits than mine. However, going one Day to viſit her at a different Hour than I ordinarily did without any Deſign, I was alone waiting for her at the Grate, when I ſaw a Servant without a Livery thruſting his Head many times to the Door as if he expected an Anſwer which he was tired with waiting for. This at leaſt was the Opinion with which his Curioſity furniſhed me, and not being able to reſiſt mine, I plainly aſked him what he waited for. He confeſſed that he waited for the Orders of a Penſioner of the Convent to whom he had delivered a Letter. Madam *de* ——! ſays I, naming my Siſter. He owned it was ſhe. I took a Reſolution on the ſpot which will ſurpriſe you. Very well, ſays I, I ſhall be diſcreet. and will not at all interrupt you,— Going afterwards from the Parlour, I gave him Time to receive the Anſwer he waited for; but being four Steps from the Gate with my Footman, and having ſeen him go out, I ſtopped him, and threatened him with the greateſt Extremities, if he did not give me up the Letter which he had received. In a deſert Place, wherein no-body could ſee us, he could not refuſe to obey me. I immediately withdrew to return Home, and delayed reading a Piece of ſuch Concern until I got there. My Footman gave me Notice that the other followed us; but having no Meaſures to obſerve

ſerve in an Affair of that Nature, I affected to continue my Road without giving him any Attention.

Judge with what Eagerneſs I opened my Siſter's Letter. It contained but ſix Lines, of which I remember every Word. I ſhall never hearken, ſays ſhe, to a Propoſal that wounds my Duty; do not renew it any more, if you would have me preſerve the Opinion I have hitherto had of you. Is it not enough to have wreſted from me a Conſent, with which I reproach myſelf? and what Reaſon can I have to build upon your Eſteem, without which I could not be ſenſible of your Love, if the Ways you would preſcribe me are only proper to make me loſe it? Wait until my Affairs are cleared up, it ſhall be my Duty then to hearken to your Love; but it is yours To-day not to abuſe my Inclination for you, and the Embarraſment in which I am.

The Reading of this Letter, continued *Patrick*, raiſed in me no other Emotion than that of Surpriſe. It was no extraordinary Matter that a young Lady as amiable as *Roſe* ſhould pleaſe every one who knew her, and I ſhould not impute it to her as a Crime to be herſelf ſenſible of the Love of a Man of Merit. Beſides, judging of her Engagements by her Expreſſions, I could not accuſe her of having ſtepp'd out of certain Bounds, within which it ſeemed to me that Love might eaſily be made to ſquare with Honour. But I could not recover from my Surpriſe, when I conſider'd what Addreſs ſhe had need of to diſguiſe from us a Paſſion, that could not be new born, and which could not engage her in a Commerce of Letters without having made great Progreſs in her Heart. I enquired who might be this happy Lover, who was preferred to the Duke of ———, to Mr. *de Peſſes*, and my Lord *Linch*. Nothing preſented itſelf to my Memory that could get me out of this Doubt, when my Footman came to give me Notice, that a Man well dreſſed, and of a good Appearance, required to ſpeak with me. He added, that there was no Sign that he knew me, ſince in demanding to ſee me he did not

not mention me by my Name, nor by any other Term than that of *my Maſter*. I did not at all doubt but that this Viſit had ſome Relation to my Siſter's Letter, and all the Fears that might remain on the former Affair did not prevent my receiving him. The Unknown was in Reality a Man of a good Mien. He advanced boldly, and in a fierce Tone demanded by what Right and with what Views I had uſed Violence in making myſelf Maſter of a Letter in which I had no Concern. I ſmiled at this Queſtion, which he meant as a Menace; and without giving a very ſerious Air to my Anſwer, It is true, ſays I, I ſhould have Rights abundantly clear over Madam *de* ——, if I had been her Father; but in Reality ſhe is only my Siſter. Theſe two Words having cleared up his Doubts, he made me an Apology with a diſturbed Air, and falling upon the Merit of *Roſe*, he complimented me upon being the Brother of ſuch a charming Lady. Yes, interrupted I, in a Tone more reſolute, young and charming, but worthy alſo to be reſpected for her Birth, and the Honour of her Sentiments: And whoever ſhould think of her without making Honour his Guide, would expoſe himſelf to the Hazard of finding an Obſtacle in the Way. I commend this generous Warmth, ſays the Stranger, and ſhall do all Juſtice to it in my Report, for it is not my own Intereſt added he, that has brought me here. He roſe up, and having civilly renewed his Excuſes retired, without ſuffering me to wait on him even to the Door.

This Converſation left me more diſquieted than vexed. The Opinion I had of *Roſe*, and the very Expreſſions of her Letter were ſufficient Vouchers for her Virtue; but I could have wiſhed to have diſcovered who it was that ſtood ſo well in her Heart, and what Way he took to arrive at it. Not hoping for theſe Diſcoveries but from herſelf, I reſolved not to wait till ſhe might be forewarned by her Lover. I returned to her Grate, and not finding her informed of any thing that had paſſed, I took Occaſion from ſome new

new Inſtances in Favour of *De Peſſes*, to ſignify to her, that I believed ſhe had other Reaſons for her Coldneſs than her natural Indifference. I would not at all expoſe her to have Recourſe to any Diſguiſe in defending herſelf, but confeſſing that Chance had thrown a Diſcovery of ſomething in my Way that I was not in ſearch of, I lamented that ſhe ſhould fail in Confidence for a Brother who loved her ſo tenderly. She was not at all capable of thoſe Artifices which I deſired to prevent. Candour was in her Eyes, and on her Lips. She ſeized my Hands bluſhing, and aſking Pardon for her Baſhfulneſs more than for her Diffidence, ſhe promiſed to acquaint me with what ſhe had a long time reproached herſelf for having concealed from my Knowledge. But interrupting herſelf immediately, Do you then know him, ſays ſhe, caſting down her Eyes, can you inform me of his Name?

This Queſtion pronounced with Vivacity, though with a penſive Air, gave me throughly to underſtand, that *Roſe*'s Wound was not only deep, but that there were ſome extraordinary Circumſtances in her Adventure. I was impatient to learn this ſtrange Secret. You remember, ſaid ſhe at laſt, the firſt Ball that you and *George* carried me to. The Aſſiduity which the Duke of——ſhewed about me did not hinder my remarking, that I was obſerved with much Application by a Man whoſe Figure and Attention greatly intereſted me in his Behalf. He changed Places twenty times, to get into thoſe that were near mine, where he might more commodiouſly ſee me. I was too much on my Guard to let him perceive that I was ſmitten with the Perſeverance of his Looks; but it is true that I then felt the Effects which were yet unknown to me. I ſhould have had the Curioſity to inquire into his Quality and Name, if Decency had not put a Stop to any ſuch Thought; ſo that I ſlipped the only Opportunity that ever I had of knowing them. Nevertheleſs, other Cares having almoſt effaced the Remembrance of him, there remained with me only a feeble Impreſſion of him, when *George* took it in his Thoughts to leave you with the Dean, and to ſettle himſelf

himſelf with me in another Houſe. I had no other Motive for following him but an Aſcendant he had gained over my Mind. The firſt Time I went abroad to Church I was like one ſcared to find at my Side this ſame Man, whom I took a Pleaſure in looking at before at the Ball. He confeſſed to me that he did not owe this Meeting to Chance. All his Employment had been to find me out. He at length got the Opportunity of diſcovering to me a Share of his Sentiments. What can I ſay in Juſtification of my having heard them? He unfolded them to me indeed with ſo much Reſpect, and Softneſs, that I felt all my Inclination awaken'd. My Fear gave Place to Confidence. Without wounding Modeſty by my Anſwer, I defended myſelf only by general Reaſons of Decorum and Honour, which would not ſuffer me to receive his Applications without the Approbation of my Brothers. Far from complaining of my Thoughts, he aſſured me, he eſteemed himſelf happy in finding them ſuch as he expected; and not being capable, he ſaid, of loving without Eſteem, he ſwore to me Sincerity and Conſtancy, and did not fear to witneſs his Oaths by him whom we were going to adore at Church. But when I repeated to him, that I depended on my Brothers, and that there was nothing I could put in Ballance with my Duty, he confeſſed to me with a diſturbed Air, that invincible Reaſons laid him under a Neceſſity of putting a Conſtraint upon himſelf; that bearing a Name known in the World, and enjoying a ſecure and eſtabliſhed Fortune, he had good Reaſons to promiſe himſelf that my Brothers would not reject him, when he could publickly offer me his Services, but that he was compelled by a Motive, which would one Day appear honourable in their Eyes, to keep himſelf for ſome Time concealed even from me; and propoſing to himſelf my Happineſs as much as his own, he conjured me to receive his Addreſſes privately, and to regulate the Manner he ſhould make them with all the Rigour of my Virtue.

This

This Propoſal, continued *Roſe*, appeared to me ſo injurious, that my Reſentment made me immediately break up a Converſation that had endured too long. No, ſays I, Strains of this Nature are utterly unknown to me, and my Duty teaches me to fly when any one dare propoſe them. We were at the Church Door, where the Throng did not ſuffer us to enter eaſily, which made me fear leſt he ſhould continue his Converſation whether I would or not. But if this Reaſon favoured the Reliſh I had of hearing him at firſt, it now ſerved me for a Pretence to ſtep haſtily into the Coach that waited for me, and drive off to a Church more remote.

I was ſo moved to hear *Roſe*, that I had no Thoughts of interrupting her. All the Satisfaction, purſued ſhe, that I felt in preferring my Duty to the Inclinations of my Heart, did not defend me from a ſecret Grief, until with a deep Sigh I aſked myſelf, how it happen'd that Duty and Love were ſo unhappily Oppoſites, and by what Diſpoſition of Heaven it fell out that the Sweets adhering to our Weakneſſes were more poignant than thoſe annexed to Virtue? The Features which I came from ſeeing were preſent to my Eyes; the Sound of his Voice, the Turn of his Expreſſions, yet beat upon my Ears. I found a Relation ſo ſweet between the Impreſſion on my Senſes, and the Movements of my Heart, that after a World of Reflections I could not doubt, that the Sacrifice I came from making was not the Sacrifice of all my Happineſs. Nevertheleſs, I was ſupported with the Contemplation of my Duty. The Ball of the *Hotel de Carnavallet*, where I again ſaw the Cauſe of all my Inquietudes, made no Change in my Principles. I even avoided ſpeaking to him, and the Regret of removing myſelf from him made no Part in the Difficulty I had in following you.

Here I could not hinder myſelf from aſking my Siſter, why ſhe did not at leaſt conſult *George* upon an Adventure ſo ſingular, and what Reaſon ſhe had to keep it a Secret from him. He, ſaid ſhe, entertained me with nothing but the Hopes he had conceived

ceived of ſeeing me make a brilliant Fortune. The Example of the Duke of ——— who was not diſcouraged at all my Indifferences, made him believe that it would be ſufficient for me to appear at Court, or in the Belle Aſſemblies of the Town, to draw to me the Affections of a Crowd of Lovers. I never had the Courage to confeſs to him the Inclination I felt for an unknown Man. You all three have accuſtomed me, added he tenderly, to regard you as ſo many Maſters. Then returning to her Story —— I could then flatter myſelf to have my Heart free, yet not ſo as to be more diſpoſed to enter into other Engagements, for which this Adventure made me even loſe the Reliſh; ſo that Mr. *de Peſſes* and my Lord *Linch* were little capable of moving me. It was only a Submiſſion to the Advice of my Brothers that determined me ſucceſſively to bear them. Call to your Mind the Inclination I had for Solitude; in thoſe Retirements I ſorrowfully had the Pleaſure of recalling to my Memory the Happineſs I had renounced, and I fortified myſelf in my Indifference for Men to that Degree, that I thought to harden myſelf againſt him who alone knew how to pleaſe me. In the mean time we had ſcarce arrived at *Paris*, when the Sight of Madam *de L*——, whoſe Acquaintance you procured me, your reciprocal Tenderneſs, your Proteſtations of Love and Conſtancy, in fine, your Happineſs, of which I was a Witneſs, made me perceive more than ever, that ſomething was wanting to mine. I could not diſguiſe from you my Sentiments; you drew from me the Confeſſion of it by your Inſtances and your Careſſes. It is to this fatal Confidence that we ought to aſcribe all our Misfortunes. When Neceſſity made me take the Reſolution of entering into this Convent, I then gave Thanks to Heaven, and conſidered, that for a Woman, who has nothing to hope from Love or Fortune, a Retreat is a Lot that cannot be choſen too ſpeedily. I do not know how far this Reflection might have carried me, if on the ſecond Day of my Entrance into this Houſe I had not relapſed

lapſed into new Difficulties by an unforeſeen Adventure. I was informed that ſome Body wanted me at the Grate. I fancied immediately that it was you or Mr. *de Peſſes*. But imagine my Surpriſe, when upon opening the Door of the Parlour I ſaw my Unknown. Perhaps I ought to have retired. There is ſomething due alſo to Decorum and good Manners. It is certain I remained at firſt irreſolute; and he having obſerved my Confuſion, addreſſed me in ſuch reſpectful and tender Importunities, that they had the Power of ſtopping me. Without informing me how he had diſcovered my Abode, after having taken a thouſand unſucceſsful Pains to find me, during our Retirement at *Saiſſons*, he conjur'd me to determine the Duration of his Life, which he ſaid depended on the Pity he implored. I was melted at his Air, in which indeed I thought I had obſerved an abject Heavineſs and Languiſhment. Nevertheleſs, tho' I was poſſeſs'd of this Opinion, I made no Difficulty to anſwer him, that I was offended at a Viſit which wounded all my Duties, and that I would not receive any Perſon, who was not recommended to me by my Brother. I turned about to leave him. He caſt himſelf on his Knees; Do not throw into Deſpair, ſays he, a Man who adores you; I dare not vaunt to you the Value of my Heart, but you ſhall know———How! interrupted I, without having taken the Pains to explain yourſelf to my Brothers! This Anſwer, which eſcaped me in my Emotion, finiſhed his Conſternation. Ah! cried he, I have cruel Reaſons to impoſe on me Silence, which you yourſelf will one Day approve. But they are at an End. I aſk you no more than a Permiſſion to love you, and Hopes to be one Day yours. I ſhall renounce even the Pleaſure of ſeeing you; I ſhall do myſelf this dreadful Violence, if you flatter me with the leaſt Hope for the Day to come, which cannot be far off. Not ſeeing any thing in theſe entreaties that could engage me in an honourable Compoſition, I left him without making a Reply, having ſaluted him civilly. He appeared no more

afterwards

afterwards at the Grate. But this very Morning a Letter came to me, which I opened in Haſte, thinking only that it might contain ſome Account of our Affairs. Tho' it had not a Name to it, and that I had no Reaſon to know whoſe Hand-Writing it was, yet I diſcovered by the firſt Lines that it came from him. He appear'd to be inform'd not only of *George*'s and your Misfortunes, but of the need I had of a thouſand things neceſſary for the Conveniences of Life. He lamented my Afflictions like a paſſionate Lover, and that what he only propoſed being my Tranquillity and Happineſs, he conjured me to accept of a Houſe thoroughly furniſhed, where I ſhould be ſerved to the full of my Deſires, and where he promiſed never to ſee me, till his Affairs gave him the Liberty of offering me his Fortune and Hand. You ſee, if my Candour and Frankneſs be without Reſerve, I cannot conceal that this Appearance of Diſintereſtedneſs touched my Heart to the Bottom. I ſhed Tears in contemplating on my Lot, which condemned me to reject the Adorations of a Man ſo amiable and ſo generous. I could not defend myſelf from giving him at leaſt a civil Anſwer. In refuſing his Offer, I gave him Hopes by ſome indefinite Terms, that if his Affairs and mine ſhould clear up —— in fine, that if the juſt Difficulties that ſtood in the Way ſhould ceaſe.————

I hear you, interrupted I, in order to relieve her Embarraſment, which I ſaw increaſe; theſe are Appearances that promiſe an extraordinary Lover; and I reproach you for not having ſooner given me theſe Hints, which might have helped juſt now to have made a Diſcovery at leaſt of his Name. But what can one think, added I, of his obſcure Reaſons, which hinder him from following his Inclinations, and make him even dread being known? Is he ſo young, that one may imagine him to be conſtrained by the Authority of his Family? She told me that he could not be much under thirty Years of Age. Has he any Lawſuits, replied I, any Affair of Honour, that might oblige

ſige him to conceal himſelf, or, it may be, ſome Stain or Blemiſh with which he durſt not make a publick Appearance in the World? I laid alſo before *Roſe*'s Eyes all that Prudence might make her fear, with an Intention not ſo much to combat an Inclination which appeared to me to be ſtrongly manifeſted, as for keeping my Word given to *de Peſſes*, in avoiding at leaſt to ſide againſt his Intereſts. This Addreſs had ſome Succeſs. *Roſe*, being entirely filled with theſe Ideas, thought of nothing but to bring me to an Explanation of my firſt Diſcourſe, which had given Riſe to her Story. She embarraſſed me at firſt by her Importunity; but becoming leſs urgent, when I aſſured her that I did not know the Name of her Lover, I had Time to range my Thoughts in Order, after a Manner that was not capable of giving her any Vexation. I left her in Ignorance that I was poſſeſſed of her Letter; and in all that followed I obſerved a Medium with which ſhe was ſatisfied.

Nevertheleſs, I ardently wiſhed for an End of this Converſation, to purſue the Hope I had of diſcovering this unknown Lover. I had ſcarce left *Roſe*, when I placed two Men to watch at the Gate of the Convent with Orders to obſerve if any one came to inquire for my Siſter, and that one of them ſhould immediately run and give me Notice. For my Part I went Home, where I was not entirely without Hopes of receiving a ſecond Viſit from the Stranger whom I had already ſeen. If he refuſed giving me further Light into the Matter, my Reſolution was to challenge him out at all Sorts of Riſques. Three Days waiting and continual watching not having gained me any Light, my Diſquiet increaſed, and other Perplexities being added thereto, ſuch as Want and Neceſſity, (which began to make me fear not only for myſelf, but for *Roſe*, whom *de Peſſes* had in vain laboured to make accept of ſome new Succours) I formed the Deſign of my Journey to *Ireland*, to awaken your Tenderneſs and Zeal. I communicated this Reſolution to *George* and my Siſter, who both approved of it. *De Peſſes*, who by his Father's Death was obliged to defer his Departure for *Germany*,

reſolved to begin his Journey near the ſame Time with me, under the Hope of returning to *Paris* as ſoon as I, and to rejoin one another with happy News. An ample Inheritance, of which he became Maſter, augmented his Confidence and Zeal. He lent me an hundred Piſtoles, which I made no Difficulty of receiving from a Friend. *Roſe* yet remained obſtinate in refuſing all his Offers, as much from the Fear of giving him any Advantage over her, as the Thoughts that ſhe ſhould be able to ſupport herſelf till my Return. In fine, I left *Paris* while *de Peſſes* took the Route of *Germany*.

You obſerve, added *Patrick*, that I concealed thoſe Circumſtances from you upon my Arrival at *Coleraine*; my Reaſon was to ſpare your Vexation, which would not have been leſſened upon hearing my Siſter's Lot; and, in relation to myſelf, it would have been then uſeleſs to communicate to you the Enterpriſe of *de Peſſes*, as it would be to-day, if I did not think myſelf obliged to make you enter into this Conſideration of my Conduct. Alas! added he with a deep Sigh, which this Reflection wrung from him, what will he think of the Inconſtancy of my Reſolutions, and of the bottomleſs Gulph into which I am precipitated! But if I have ſacrificed to my Family all the Tenderneſs and Bonds of my Heart, I am not the more diſengaged from the Promiſe I have made my Friend. I cannot grant to my Lord *Linch* the Conſent he deſires of marrying *Roſe*; I ſhall not do it under the Hazard of my Life, even though ſhe ſhould approve of it; but leſs, without Doubt, when the Queſtion is to do Violence to a Siſter ſo dear. I admire that *George*, whoſe Character I well know, could lend an Ear to this Propoſal; and do not flatter yourſelves, ſays he further, to make her loſe the Sentiments ſhe has for her Unknown. After diſcovering to me the Secrets of her Heart, ſhe will remain conſtant. At length, he pray'd me to begin by putting her in Safety againſt any Attemps of my Lord *Linch*, who would hold her like one beſieged; and if ſhe could not prevail on herſelf, as he feared ſhe would

would not, to return to *Ireland* with me, that I would perſuade her with all Mildneſs to enter for a Time into the beſt Convent in *Paris*, until ſhe had got a certain Knowlegde of her private Affairs.

He told me alſo what he thought of *George*'s Situation; his Affair was too freſh, he ſaid, to hope that the Court would ſo ſoon grant any Sort of Favour more than he had already received: But a Time would come when all his Offences would be effaced by Oblivion; and many Perſons of Conſequence were perſuaded, that, after the Example of the Count *de R*———, he would one Day ſtep out of his Chains, under the Condition of leaving *France*, or remaining there under another Name. You will not, ſaid *Patrick*, be refuſed an Entrance into his Priſon, and you will learn from himſelf at what Time your Solicitations will be neceſſary in Support of thoſe of his Friends.

It was Time to finiſh a Converſation that might be prejudicial to his Health; but when I ſpoke of my laſt Adieu, in promiſing to ſpare the Importunities of my Lord *Linch*, Stop, ſays he, with an Air of Softneſs, and as if he had ſet apart to this Moment the Care of his own Intereſt, which other Reflections had ſuſpended, you muſt not go without hearing what I have to ſay to you on my Part to the Affair of *de Peſſes:* You will ſee him ſooner or later at *Paris*. What will you tell him, when he aſks what detains me in *Ireland*, and why I am not in *France* as ſoon as he? What will you anſwer, if upon giving an Account of his Journey he informs you, that he has diſcovered the Retreat of Madam *de L*———; and that he has brought me, perhaps, ſome new Proof of her Love and Fidelity? How will you juſtify the fatal Step in which you have engaged me? For the Eſteem which the World conceives of a Man of Honour ought every thing to be accounted for; and will he that knows in what Bands I was bound, ever perſuade himſelf that I could have broke them by any Neceſſities more powerful than the Engagements of Honour and Love? Seeing him enter

into theſe Ideas, even to the ſhedding of Tears, I forbore to enter into any new Diſcuſſions. Forbear, ſaid I, theſe falſe Notions of your firſt Engagements, and be perſuaded that Love and Honour have impoſed on you Laws the moſt holy and inviolable. I ſhall eaſily convince *de Peſſes* that you have taken ſide with your Duty, and if he has made any Diſcovery of your Intereſts in *Germany*, he will rejoice to ſee you aſſured by Ways the moſt honourable and ſhort. I required from him in the End, that without giving himſelf further up to Complaints as diſhonourable as uſeleſs, he would ſuffer me to ſpend the Remainder of the Day in making Preparations for my Journey. My Satisfaction, added I, would have been to have accompanied you to your Eſtate; but I leave you in the Hands of a Spouſe, whoſe Tenderneſs will leave no room for mine; and preſſed intirely down as I ſee you are by your Fever, I think it a little dangerous, and ſhall part with you in Quiet. If there remains in *Roſe* any little Docility for my Advice, you ſhall not have Cauſe to complain of our being too ſlow in rejoining you.

I ſent for *Sarah* and *Dilnick*, who had taken care to order that we ſhould not have any Interruption. Having declared to them my Reſolution of beginning my Journey on the Morrow, we ſettled it by Agreement, that *Patrick* ſhould take the Title of my Lord *N*——, which had for many Ages belonged to the Chief of our Houſe. There was no Danger to fear that *George*, who did not think of eſtabliſhing himſelf in *Ireland*, ſhould ever appear to diſpute the Title with him; and I reckon'd upon obtaining his Approbation when I ſhould arrive at *Paris*. I ſaluted *Sarah* by the Name of his Spouſe; and the Pains I took to diſpoſe favourably the Mind of my Lord *Linch*, having delivered *Patrick* from thoſe Importunities which he dreaded, I found myſelf at liberty after ſo many Agitations to have nothing elſe to do than to think of my Journey.

THE

THE DEAN of *COLERAINE.*

BOOK IV.

ALL the Reflections I could make on the Conduct and Situation of *Roſe* not being able to regulate my Reſolutions at ſuch a Diſtance from her, I thought of nothing but taking the neareſt Road, and of geting the ſtart of all Obſtacles with which the Approaches of a furious War ſeemed to threaten us on the Road. My Lord *Linch*, being firmly reſolved to bear me Company, repreſented, that in croſſing *England* we ſhould be ſtopped by a thouſand impertinent Queſtions, to which it would not be on every Occaſion eaſy to give an Anſwer: Although the Pretence of his Voyages to *France* had hitherto been his Education, yet he was now of ſuch an Age as would make that Reaſon appear not very probable. It could not but give ſome Miſtruſt to ſee a Gentleman, on the Eve of a War, quit his Country to go over to the Enemies of his Maſter. It was this Conſideration that made him keep his Arrival a Secret, and he wiſhed his Departure might be no leſs ſo. As to myſelf, I could not make a Noiſe of my Journey without being laid under a Neceſſity of imparting it to the Government. If, nevertheleſs, we would avoid taking the common Route, we muſt wait for Opportunities that did not always preſent, and expoſe ourſelves to Delays not at all agreeable to our Impatience. My Lord *Linch*, following the Advice of a few faithful Friends, to whom he had diſcovered himſelf, propoſed to me to travel to *Waterford*, a City in the South of *Ireland*, where we might hope to find ſome *French* Veſſel ready to ſail,

and more probably as the Rumour of a War had already made the Merchants think of getting into their own Ports. I ſubmitted to theſe Reaſons, and (each of us attended by one Servant) we left *Dublin* upon ſuch uncertain Informations. In reality we found at *Waterford* a Veſſel bound to *Havre*, but which not intending to ſail in leſs than ten Days, left us under greater Perplexities than we had Reaſons to apprehend from paſſing through *England*. I was of Opinion to return to *Dublin*, where our Deſigns would be at leaſt better concealed than in a Country Town. Yet my Lord *Linch*'s Advice prevailed. His Eſtate not lying very far from the Place where we were, he preſſed me to employ the Time, that muſt neceſſarily be loſt, to viſit that hereditary Treaſure of which he did not doubt but *Patrick* had given me an Account. It will be of Service, added he, to our common Intereſt, that you ſhould have ſome Knowledge of the Situation and Place where this Wealth is depoſited, as well to confirm the Teſtimony I have given King *James*, as to facilitate the Means of putting him in Poſſeſſion of it. I conſented to the Propoſal, becauſe the Circumſtances of my travelling with him laid me under a Neceſſity of doing ſo; and I was alſo ſenſible of the Confidence from whence this Offer ſeemed to proceed. *Linch* looked upon himſelf as already united to my Family, and did no longer diſtinguiſh our Intereſts from his own. Nevertheleſs, I was watchful over my Words, that nothing might ſlip from me which he might improve into an Engagement. Without repenting of the prudent Conduct which *Patrick* and I had agreed upon, I could not keep myſelf from a Kind of Terror, when I reflected on the Agitations wherein I left him; and being yet more fearful in regard to *Roſe*, I took a firm Reſolution not to charge myſelf with the Conſequences of her Marriage, by contributing to it in any Manner that might give her Cauſe to reproach me.

We came to the principal Manſion Houſe of my Lord *Linch*, and had Precaution enough to arrive there at Night, in order to keep our Intentions concealed from

from the Neighbourhood. He placed an intire Confidence in the Fidelity of his Domeſticks, who were all of the *Roman* Religion, and by long Services linked in Affection and Zeal to his Family. The ſame Night we got into his Chaiſe, and without other Witneſs than a very aged Footman, whom we made our Guide, we reached a Foreſt joining to his Park, where the Cloſeneſs of the Trees obliged us to alight and go in on Foot. A Lanthorn ſerved to ſhew us the Path into this intricate Labyrinth, of which *Linch* himſelf did not know the ſeveral Turnings and Windings, but by the Help of a Memorandum that he was obliged to conſult every Moment. At length we arrived at a very hollow and deep Place, which the Memorandum deſcribed with too much Exactneſs to leave us under a Poſſibility of miſtaking it. I know whereabouts I am, ſaid *Linch*, I came once before to this Place with my Father in my early Youth; and indeed without further Information we removed a Covering of about two Foot of Earth, which concealed the Paſſage into a Vault. We lifted up a large Stone laid over a Hole, which by a gentle Declivity led us to the Bottom of this ſubterraneous Cavern.

It had no other Ornament about it than ſome thick Planks, joined cloſe to each other, to preſerve from Damps or Moiſture many great Cheſts, wherein the Treaſure was ſhut up. *Linch* had the Keys of them, and every one was diſtinguiſhed by different Marks. We opened the Cheſts one after another, and I ſaw with Admiration the Spoils of more than an hundred once flouriſhing Churches, the Names of which were written upon every Piece that belonged to them reſpectively. Care had been taken to join to every one of them a ſhort Account in Writing, containing an Evidence of the Particulars and a Number of Circumſtances, diſcovering the Times and Motives of depoſiting them there. The moſt Part of the Pieces were Diſhes, Sconces, Candleſticks, and Croſſes, all of Silver, and divers kinds of Veſſels uſed in the Celebration of the Church-Ceremonies. An Impulſe of

Reverence ſeizing me at the Sight of theſe venerable Monuments of the Piety of our Anceſtors, made me give Thanks to Heaven upon my Knees for their Preſervation. My Lord *Linch*, who during this Time had proceeded to viſit ſome Caſkets on which he had been ſurpriſed to find the Name of his Family, all of a ſudden ſet up a Shout of Joy upon opening a Paper, the Character of which he knew to be the Hand-writing of his Father. It was addreſs'd to himſelf. "In this Box, my Son, (ſaid this worthy Father), you "will find all the Jewels of your Mother. Do not "give them with your Hand and Heart to any but a "Woman worthy of wearing them after her. — Re-"member the Relation I made you on my Death bed."

I am intereſted, ſaid *Linch* after reading thoſe few Words, to clear up to you theſe Obſcurities. I loſt my Father when I was of tender Years. He loved me not alone as I was his only Son, but as I was the ſole Fruits of an exceſſive Love, which he could not overcome, even after the Death of my Mother, notwithſtanding ſome extraordinary Reaſons which he had to be comforted on this Occaſion. She was born without a Fortune, but her Merit, in his Opinion, made amends for the Want of Riches. All the Province applauded his Choice, as he was the Heir of a wealthy Houſe, for having preferred her to a hundred Ladies of Fortune equal to his own. The Splendour of an Alliance ſo ſuperior to their Situation did not permit my Mother's Parents to conſult on Terms, nor her to liſten to another Inclination. So Ambition and Love linked them together with very different Views, which nevertheleſs contributed to maintain both in the one and the other a Conformity of Sentiments in Appearance, which ſhould have been in Reality better united. My Father, who was always fond, could not but perceive that my Mother's Love was deficient in a certain Ardour, which without Intermiſſion he endeavoured to re-inflame, out of an eager Deſire to have a more perfect Poſſeſſion of her Affection; and my Mother, intirely given up to Ambition, for a long time

time made it her Triumph to reign with an abſolute Sway over a Heart, that in vain laboured to affect her's. Their greateſt Misfortune was, that not being inſenſible to Love, ſhe did not defend herſelf ſo well againſt the Merit of a Gentleman of the Neighbourhood, who employ'd a Share of his Wealth in manifeſting his Paſſion by all the Entertainments and Gallantries that Love could invent. Theſe in truth were the Things ſhe loved; for Virtue and Honour being her firſt Maxims, ſhe knew how to guard herſelf againſt all the Weakneſſes of Love. My Father, whoſe Paſſion left him no Repoſe, did not nevertheleſs join to it the wretched Torment of Jealouſy. He was for ſome Months as much taken up in fortifying the Heart of his Spouſe againſt the Diligence and Application of another, as in ſubduing it by his own. This was the natural Method of diſappointing the Attempts of his Rival in a Conflict ſo uneaſy; but a mortal Fit of Sickneſs, which reduced my Mother in a few Days to the extremeſt Weakneſs, gave him to underſtand that he was deſtined to ſurvive her. She deſired to talk with him alone a few Moments before her Departure. I have remarked, ſaid ſhe, for ſome Months paſt, that you have been cruelly tortured: Can you deceive yourſelf ſo much as to believe that I was more undiſturbed and happy? Compare this Day our Sufferings, and you will confeſs that mine are the ſtrongeſt, which are now about ſending me to my Grave. In theſe laſt Moments, when Juſtice and Truth are the only Duties that poſſeſs me, I am ſenſible that you are deceived if you would perſuade yourſelf that I ever loved you. But if you have ſuſpected me to have offended againſt the Engagements of Fidelity and Honour; in a Word, againſt any of the Laws that a Woman impoſes on herſelf in the matrimonial Ceremony, you will cruelly injure my Memory. See what it coſts me for having faithfully obſerved them.—I die.——She expired a few Moments after. My Father, continued *Linch*, did not behold in this Confeſſion any thing but an admirable Example of Conſtancy

and Virtue. He upbraided himſelf for being ignorant of the Means of touching a Woman's Heart, and of being deficient in the Addreſs of captivating them; ſeeing that his Wife, having ſtruggled ſo generouſly for her Duty, was a plain Proof that ſhe had a Reliſh for it, and that ſhe would not have needed any other Motive to make her find a Pleaſure therein, than to be aided by the Study and Diligence of a Huſband. Theſe Thoughts never forſook him during his whole Life. They even helped to leſſen the Regrets and Torments that poiſon'd the Remainder of it; and in the End, approaching to his laſt Hour, he gave me this Account; with an Exhortation, never to be diſhearten'd by the Indifferences of a virtuous Wife.

It was at this time, added *Linch*, that he put into my Hands the Memorandum, of which we have juſt made uſe. As I was yet of tender Years, he adviſed me to go and learn my Exerciſes at *Paris*, and to wait there for more quiet Times before I returned to my own Country. *Plunket*, who was my neareſt Relation, was intruſted with the Secret, and had a Duplicate of the Memorandum put into his Hands, as a Precaution againſt all Sorts of Accidents. Being young, and without any Eſtate, he freely ſubmitted to theſe laſt Diſpoſitions of my Father, who directed him to follow the Courſe of my Fortune, and me upon all Occaſions to take care of his. It was by mutual Conſent we took the Reſolution of raiſing to ourſelves a Merit with King *James*, in diſcovering to him the Wealth we could here procure him. But beſides the Difficulties of having it tranſported into *France* from the Middle of *Ireland*, the unfortunate End of *Plunket*, and the continual Trouble in which I have lived ſince his Death, have put a Stop to our Deſign.

I have only, ſays my Lord *Linch* further, a general Notion of what is contained within theſe three Caſkets which belong to myſelf; my Father only told me, that I ſhould find in them the moſt precious of his Wealth. We will leave here every thing that is troubleſome in Carriage; but this Box, that will not incommode us much

much in our Journey, you may conceive for whom I intend; and you muſt alſo obſerve, that in obſtinately perſevering to vanquiſh the Rigours of the beautiful *Roſe*, I do not act without Authority or without Example.

The Beginning of his Diſcourſe made me foreſee this Concluſion. It appeared nevertheleſs demonſtrable to me, that the laſt Declaration of his Father was on the contrary an Inſtruction full of Wiſdom, by which his Deſires were to precaution him againſt an Engagement ſo unfortunate as his own; and I thought I perceived, that he was under a Neceſſity of doing a little Violence to the Expreſſions which he pretended to relate to me after his Father, in order to wreſt them to a Senſe advantageous for himſelf. But I knew that the Blindneſs of his Love was exactly compoſed of this unhappy Obſtinacy, which gave him room to explain every thing in his own Favour; and this was not the Time to combat *Linch* with ſuch Arguments as I could not make him reliſh. In reflecting upon what had paſſed, I did not diſcover any thing in the Example of his Father, which could inſpire me with the leaſt Remorſe for what I had done for *Patrick*; for I made a wide Difference between marrying a Woman againſt her Conſent, and conſequently without Hopes of being ever beloved, and a Man's ſuffering himſelf to be perſuaded to marry a Woman, for whom in Truth he has no Love, but by whom he is ſure to be tenderly beloved, and for whom he may conſequently hope, that Reaſon and Gratitude may make him ſooner or later conceive the moſt tender Affection. The laſt of theſe two Sorts of Marriages may agree equally with Religion and Honour; and I cannot but perſuade myſelf more and more that the other is an extravagant Attempt, which ſearches for one's own Satisfaction in the Loſs of that of another, and which even makes a Man blind to the very thing that he thought a proper Expedient to give him Content; ſeeing that, granting him capable of loving, it is impoſſible for him to be a long time happy, in cauſing the Unhappineſs of what he loves.

In the mean time, the Safety of *Roſe* laying me always under a Conſtraint, I made no Anſwers but what contained only Matters of Compliment and Civility, which engaged me to nothing; and I did not at all oppoſe his Deſign of preſenting to her his Mother's Jewels. We did not leave the Vault, till we had continued in it ſo long as to examine all the Riches in it. With the Church Treaſure, and the Gold and Silver Veſſels of *Linch*'s Houſe, we ſaw there about five hundred thouſand Franks, of divers Sorts of Coin, which had been ſecretly levied, for the Aid of the King and Church, at the Time of the Revolution. In going out of this obſcure Cave, *Linch* deſired me to obſerve the Places about it, as much as the Darkneſs of the Night would give me Leave, that I might form an Image of it, which he recommended to me to conſerve faithfully in my Memory. We went back to his Caſtle, where our Entertainment for many Days rolled principally upon the Means to convey the Treaſure to *St. Germain*. I avoided ſpeaking of *Roſe*; and if I was forced to hearken to the tedious Repetitions of a Lover, I limited myſelf in flattering his Inquietudes, by a Promiſe of aſſiſting him with my Solicitations, which was the only Engagement I could make him with Sincerity.

The Captain of the Ship being in our Secret, we by his Directions and Cunning avoided every thing that might diſcover us at *Waterford*. Our getting on ſhipboard was not leſs happy; and after eight Days Sail we landed at *Havre*, from whence we immediately took Poſt for *Paris*. *Linch*'s Impatience made him wiſh to alight directly at my Siſter's Lodgings. He thought himſelf ſure of vanquiſhing her by my Aid, and looking upon himſelf already as my Brother, he made no further Difficulty of giving me the Name. The Fervency of his Love diſpoſed me in reality to ſerve him. I could not but own at the Bottom, that his Alliance was what I might look upon as a thing the moſt honourable and moſt advantageous for my Siſter. But with how many other Cares was I turmoiled, and what

what Precautions had I need of in all the Obſcurities which I was forthwith to unravel! The moſt urgent Deſire I had was to begin by diſcourſing *Roſe*, and to ſurpriſe her alone employ'd in her Work, of which ſhe had drawn me ſo moving a Picture.

The Benefit I drew from the Haſte of my Lord *Linch* was to be informed as ſpeedily as he of the Obſervations of three of his Domeſticks, whom he had left planted about *Roſe*'s Lodgings, and of the Remarks of the Woman, who lived during his Abſence in the Chamber, of which he had pierced the Wall. We alighted at the ſame Place. He ſent to his Servants, to attend and receive his Commands. The Chambermaid imparted but few Diſcoveries; ſhe only told us, that hearing my Siſter's Voice, without having ever been able to diſtinguiſh her Words, ſhe remarked that ſhe ſpoke ſeldom; but as far as ſhe could judge by her Tone, compared to another Voice, ſhe employ'd herſelf in reading ſeveral times a-Day. The Commiſſion of the three Domeſticks having been to watch abroad, their Report was of more Conſequence. They aſſured us, that for about three Weeks after their Maſter went away they punctually ſaw a Man without a Livery, who went into her Houſe twice a-Day, and who ſpent there each Time near a Quarter of an Hour. How, cried my Lord *Linch*, in a Tranſport of Jealouſy, did not you follow him the firſt Time upon the Track, and have you not forced him to declare to whom he belonged? He confeſſed to us voluntarily, ſaid one of the Footmen, as ſoon as we queſtioned him. He ſaid he was in the Service of an *Iriſh* Eccleſiaſtick called the Dean of *Coleraine*. A new Spur this, which mortally exaſperated the Jealouſy of my Lord *Linch*; for it was evident that this was an Artifice of ſome concealed Lover, to whom my Name ſerved as a Maſk. I had ſome Fear on me myſelf, although I labour'd to appeaſe the Reſentment of my Lord *Linch*; and I preſſed his Servants to make an end of their Account. They added, that they had ſeen ſome Coaches ſtop many times oppoſite to the Door, but that thoſe who

who were in them never alighted; and ſtaying but a Moment they were not able to gueſs their Names, nor get any Account of their Deſigns. That about the ſame Number of Perſons went ſeveral times into the Houſe, and that they durſt not follow or queſtion them upon ſuch ſlight Pretences. So that, after all, the principal Subjects of Diſquiet fell upon the aforeſaid punctual Man, who never failed of ſhewing himſelf there twice a Day.

My Lord *Linch*, not at all recovering from his Paſſion, propoſed off-hand to put himſelf upon the watch in the Street where my Siſter lived, and with a Poniard in his Hand to force him to confeſs his Employer. I made him take up with more moderate Thoughts, by repreſenting, that the Caſe of the Perſon whom he judged worthy of his Affections required more Caution and Addreſs; that Deſpair could give him no other Counſel, if the Queſtion had been to torment a Lover more happy than himſelf; but that not being able to deliver his Mind from ſuch Suſpicions without unjuſtly wounding my Siſter, he ought to leave to me the Trouble of ſearching into the Bottom of this Myſtery, in which I had as good a Right to intereſt myſelf as he. Though I ſpoke to him after ſuch a cool Manner, yet poſſibly I was not myſelf entirely exempt from thoſe Suſpicions, which I was endeavouring to baniſh out of his Mind; but I wiſhed to be the only Perſon who ſhould clear them up, and to bury the Cauſe of them, if I ſhould be ſo unfortunate as to find them true.

My Reaſons prevailed on *Linch*, and he gave me one of his Servants to wait on me to my Siſter. As we walked ſome Steps towards her Lodging, this Servant made me take Notice of the Meſſenger that cauſed his Maſter's Alarms, and who walked on the other Side of the Street without looking towards us. I reſolved to queſtion him, and reproach him for his Artifice. But how great was my Aſtoniſhment in diſcovering him to be the old Valet de Chambre of Mr. *de Peſſes*? He no ſooner perceiv'd me, than throwing himſelf

ſelf haſtily in my Way, he diſcover'd great Tranſport of Joy at having once more ſeen me; and without waiting for my queſtioning he informed me, that his Maſter had left him in *Paris* when he went to *Germany*, with the Commiſſion only to watch without Intermiſſion over the Safety of my Siſter; that not having loſt Sight of her, either while ſhe was in the Convent, or after ſhe had left it, he regularly came to enquire after her Health, and to offer her all he was capable of undertaking for her Service; that having withdrawn herſelf, for Reaſons to which he was a Stranger, into a Chamber very ill furniſh'd, where ſhe wilfully determin'd not to be ſeen by any Perſon whatſoever, he had with great Difficulty obtain'd Permiſſion to ſee her; and he confeſſed to me, that in order to deceive her, after many fruitleſs Trials, he got Admiſſion to her under the Name of one of my Domeſticks; that ſhe had pardon'd him this Stratagem, and having only requeſted the Liberty of ſeeing her under the ſame Name, ſhe permitted him to come twice a Day to receive her Orders; that having ſeen her that Day before Noon, ſhe inform'd him, that ſhe was quite out of Expectation to ſee me; that ſhe had herſelf order'd him to go to the Poſt-Office to inquire for Letters from me; that if I was ignorant of the Situation to which ſhe was reduced, I ſhould be under a great Surpriſe to find her ſuch as I was going to ſee; and as to himſelf, who knew what a high Veneration his Maſter had for her, if he came to be inform'd of her Condition, he would for ever grieve at an Adventure of which he could not comprehend the Meaning. This honeſt Man diſcovered real Marks of a tender Compaſſion, by ſhedding ſome Tears. I embraced him with Thanks, and without thinking of my Lord *Linch*'s Lacquey, I enter'd into the Houſe where *Roſe* lodg'd, of which he had before ſhewn me the Door.

If my Heart was toſſed with ſome Paſſions, they proceeded leſs from Grief and Fear than from the Dawnings of a ſecret Joy, which nevertheleſs was mode-

moderated by ſome Remains of Doubt, that could not be explain'd. I would already have wagered all my Blood, that my dear *Roſe* was not guilty of any thing; but my Wiſhes for her Innocence were too ardent not to be accompanied with ſome little Diſtruſt. I went in with theſe Reflections, which gave me perhaps a troubled Air, and my Figure of itſelf was capable of raiſing ſome Surpriſe. The Hoſt, of whom I demanded if I might ſee Madam *De*———, anſwer'd me roughly, that ſhe ſaw no Body; and hearing me reply that I muſt abſolutely ſee her, he raiſed his Voice, and adviſed me to be gone out of the Door inſtantly, if I had not a mind to be turned out by the Shoulders. His Brutality did not at all diſpleaſe me. He was a rude clowniſh Fellow, who having all his Life follow'd ſome mechanick Trade, had now retir'd to a little Houſe of his own, to enjoy in it a very middling Fortune. The Noiſe he made was heard by *de Peſſes*'s Valet, who out of Reſpect remain'd on the Outſide of the Door. Being known, he readily advanced, and calling me by the Name of his Maſter, to ſupport the Title he had hitherto borne, delivered me from a Perplexity, which I preſently ſaw I ſhould not have ſoon got out of without him. This Explanation of the Servant made the Hoſt ſo tractable, that aſking me whether I was the Dean of *Coleraine*, and afterwards overwhelming me with Civilities, he gave me Occaſion to dive into the Bottom of the Motives that made him at firſt ſo crabbed. I aſked him ſeveral Queſtions, which he had no Occaſion to be preſs'd to anſwer. My Siſter's Chamber-maid (ſaid he) was her Friend; ſhe came to inquire for a Lodging for her Miſtreſs, under Pretence that ſhe had a mind to paſs ſome Time in Retirement, and they had not many Words about the Terms. This miſerable Wretch did not tell me, that, independent of other Advantages which he found in having them for Lodgers, the ſole Profit he drew from their Labour amounted to ten times more than their Expences. During the firſt Days of their Retirement, continued he heavily,

many

many Perſons came here, who imagin'd they had need of no more than to tell their Names to gain an Entrance to Madam ——— ; but when I obſerved, that ſhe would not be ſeen, and that ſhe diſdain'd to receive either their Money or their Letters, I abſolutely guarded her Door againſt all unknown Comers. This Man, added he, pointing to Mr. *de Peſſes*'s Valet, who came here from you, and whom ſhe herſelf admitted, can bear me witneſs, if he ever has ſeen any one about her Chamber. Even Mr. What-do you-call-him, your Friend, whoſe Name I do not yet know, has not hitherto found the Way to her Chamber, nor has he yet aſked me for Admittance, although he has a better Right to it than others. What Friend? interrupted I; of whom do you ſpeak? I firſt thought he meant *George*, to whom that Liberty might have been given. But his Anſwer out of hand raiſed in me other Suſpicions. It is the Man, ſaid he, who came here about three Weeks ago, and who forced me to take a Man-Cook by your Orders. He charged me not to let Madam ——— know any thing of the Matter till your Arrival; and, to hinder her from ſuſpecting it, he order'd her to be entertain'd rather with Neatneſs and Nicety than with Magnificence. She had forbidden me, added he, from receiving other Diſhes of Meat that were ſent here every Day from ſome Perſon unknown; but I thought that ſome Time or other ſhe would not be diſpleaſed to have receiv'd Preſents from her Friends, and that Reaſon made me accept of a very decent Set of Linnen, and other Conveniencies for the Uſe of her Table and Bed. But, added he, you ought to know the Name of the Man of whom I am ſpeaking, ſince it was not done in Purſuance of your Orders.

I did not think proper to open myſelf to a Man of his Temper, and deſiring only to have his Cook called, I aſked him the Name of the Maſter who employ'd him. I do not indeed know, ſays he; he found me at a Cook's who keeps an Ordinary, where I was in Service, and having brought me here, he has not failed

failed theſe three Days paſt to furniſh me with Money ſufficient for the Charges. Very well, anſwer'd I in an ambiguous Tone, the Secret is well kept. He took theſe Words for a Mark of a good Underſtanding with him, and of my Approbation. I left him; and being ſhewed the Way to the Chamber by Mr. *de Peſſes*'s Valet, I went directly to *Roſe*'s Door.

The Noiſe of a Bolt that opened the Door, made me obſerve that ſhe was ſufficiently upon her Guard. It was about the Hour when the Chambermaid uſed to admit Mr. *de Peſſes*'s Valet. She was ſurpriſed to ſee an Eccleſiaſtick extremely miſhapen and deform'd, of whom ſhe had no Knowledge; but having heard her Miſtreſs perpetually ſpeaking of me, ſhe did not doubt but I was her Brother; and returning to her, without thinking to aſk me to come in, or to make me an Anſwer, I heard her ſay to her Miſtreſs in a Tranſport of Joy: Ah! Madam, this can be no Body elſe but Mr. Dean. I follow'd a-croſs an Anti-chamber, ſo narrow that it did not deſerve that Name. The Chamber, which I ſurvey'd alſo with one Caſt of my Eye, rather reſembled a Priſon than the Apartment of a Lady of *Roſe*'s Rank, and did appear not otherwiſe neat than by the Care of thoſe who lived in it. But all my Looks immediately center'd on my dear Siſter, whom the News of ſo unexpected an Arrival had made her drop the Work out of her Hands. Motionleſs with Joy and Surpriſe, ſhe had not the Power to riſe from her Chair. She look'd on me with a languiſhing Eye, from whence I immediately ſaw burſt a Torrent of Tears. For my Part, I thought leſs of ſpeaking to her, than of conſidering the humble State to which I ſaw her reduced. She was cloathed in Woollen Stuff; her Hair, the moſt beautiful in the World, was neither powdered nor curled; a white Cloth Apron covered all the fore Part of her Body, aud put her in the ſame Appearance as the Servant who was about her, and dreſs'd in the like Manner. If the Hatred of the World, and the Contempt of vain Ornaments, had induced her to this Abaſement; I

ſhould

ſhould have caſt myſelf at her Feet, to do her all the Honours due to an Evangelical Perfection. About her I ſaw the Materials of her Labour, Linnen Cloth, Thread, Needles, ſome Pieces of Work begun, and others finiſhed; in fine, all the Implements of a Woman that gets her Living by her Labour. I could no longer reſiſt this Sight.

Oh! my dear *Roſe!* Oh my well-beloved Siſter! cried I, without huſbanding my Expreſſions before her Chamber-maid, what do I not owe to Heaven for granting me ſo much Favour as to find you in the Exerciſe of Honour and Virtue! I am not ignorant of your Troubles; I have received your Letter, and you ſee with what Eagerneſs I have brought you all the Aids of my Love. Do not bluſh at all at your Situation, added I, (ſeeing her continue in Tears) Adverſity does not make Merit loſe its Name; it ſerves only as a Foil to Virtue: If you are ſuch as theſe Outſides pronounce you! theſe are more honourable than exterior Pride, which may deck out Vice but cannot embelliſh it.

She at length opened her Mouth, to thank me for the Generoſity and Diligence of my Cares. In wiping away her Tears, I obſerved ſhe kept her Eyes down; whether it were that ſhe had not yet obtained a ſufficient Degree of Confidence from the Teſtimony of her Heart, or whether the Impreſſion of the Condition in which I found her was yet too powerful, I thought I diſcover'd in her Countenance ſomething of Melancholy and Perplexity. This was not the Time to penetrate further into it by indiſcreet Queſtions. I propoſed to her to quit her Lodgings immediately, and to ſuffer me to re-conduct her to the Convent. She rejected this Offer, and I was ſatisfied with her Reaſons. After the Harſhneſs with which the Abbeſs had treated her, I could not deſire her to return to ſuch an odious Place, which ſhe had been obliged to leave in ſo much Haſte, that ſhe was under a Neceſſity of ſelling her Cloaths to ſatisfy the Avarice of the Houſe, which was the ruling Paſſion in it. Nevertheleſs,

vertheleſs, her Refuſal threw me into ſome Perplexity. Not having Time to take other Meaſures, I was obliged to ſend Mr. *de Peſſes*'s Valet to the Convent of ——, with an Order to gain Admiſſion into it the ſame Day at any Rate.

She was ſo amazed at my Haſte, that lifting up her Eyes with Aſtoniſhment, ſhe aſked me why I did not put off till To-morrow a Matter that could be more eaſily executed with a little Delay. After the Manner ſhe forced me to diſcover to her one Part of the Thing which I had reſerved for a more ſettled Converſation: You know, ſaid I, only half the Danger you are in. The Relation you made me in your Letter does not come up to half what I have diſcovered by other Means. Fancy to yourſelf, that your Ruin is conſpired on every Side, and that for many Weeks paſt not a ſingle Motion has been made about you that did not threaten it. The neighbouring Houſes are filled with People who watch you; your Lodging is not more ſecure. Do you think that you have in it a Man Cook placed by a Stranger; that all that is provided for your Table comes from the Generoſity of ſome unknown Lover; that the Linnen and all the Conveniencies of which you have the Uſe, are furniſhed you beſides by myſterious Ways that I have not been yet able to penetrate? I looked on her in ſpeaking this, to obſerve in her Eyes the Impreſſion which theſe laſt Circumſtances might make in them. Not obſerving in them any kind of Trouble that might help to confirm my Diſtruſt, Ariſe, ſaid I, (with the ſole Deſign of haſtening her Departure) come and be convinced by your own Experience, that your very Chamber, which you think ſo well fortified with Bolts, is far from being an impenetrable Sanctuary, and that you are inviron'd by Enemies who are not ſeparated from you but by the ordinary Thickneſs of a Wall. I then led her by the Hand to the Wall, which was the Partition betwixt her Chamber and the next Houſe; and thruſting with the End of my Cane in ſeveral Places, to diſcover

ver that which my Lord *Linch* ſpoke of, I diſtinguiſh'd plainly the Gap, and that there ſcarce remain'd the Thickneſs of two Fingers to pierce. An Impulſe of Indignation, that I could not contain, made me give it a Kick with my Foot ſtrong enough to beat it down. The Hangings, that were nothing but a ſlight painted Linnen, having made no Reſiſtance, any more than a Table placed on the other Side to conceal the Havock made by *Linch*, we were not leſs ſurpriſed to find ourſelves on a Level with the Floor of his Apartment, than to ſee *Linch* himſelf in an Elbow Chair, from whence he eaſily perceiv'd us.

He inſtantly ran towards us with a Shout of Admiration and Joy. His Motion and Cry threw my Siſter into ſuch a Fright, that I ſaw her ready to fall down in a Swoon. *Linch*, thinking himſelf authoriſed to paſs thro' the Breach to offer his Aſſiſtance to my Siſter, and ſeeing her come to herſelf, threw himſelf at her Knees with the ſenſeleſs Tranſports of a Lover. He thank'd Fortune, and complain'd of it in the ſame Breath. He accuſed *Roſe*, he accuſed himſelf; he juſtified himſelf and her alſo. He overwhelm'd her with Flatteries, Complaints, Reproaches, Proteſtations, and Oaths of an inviolable Love for ever: In fine, for a quarter of an Hour, in which he did not ſtop one Moment, he ſaid a thouſand Things which I had no ſmall Difficulty to underſtand, which perhaps he did not underſtand himſelf, and which aſſuredly *Roſe* gave no Ear to. I took the Opportunity of interrupting him, to repreſent more forcibly than I had done in *Dublin*, the Temerity and Indecency of his Enterpriſe; but not having yet any Reaſon to take from him all Hopes, I immediately turn'd towards my Siſter, to whom at the ſame Time I repreſented this Madneſs itſelf as the Teſtimony of a lively Paſſion. My Lord loves you tenderly, ſays I; he has united to his Birth a great Share of Merit and Riches; what ſhould hinder you from accepting of his Offers? This Diſcourſe was ſincere; but *Roſe*, being deliver'd up to her Sorrow, which had another Source,

Source, releaſed herſelf from our Importunities by a ſhort Anſwer. What Circumſtances of Time are theſe, ſays ſhe, for Propoſals that require a Tranquillity of Heart and Mind? Mr. *de Peſſes*'s Valet, that came in that Moment to give me an Account of his Commiſſion, compleated her Relief. He whiſper'd in my Ear, that the Convent would be open as ſoon as ſhe appear'd there. I could not conceal this Reſolution from my Lord *Linch*. He was leſs daſhed with my Cenſures, than rejoiced and conſoled by the open Approbation I had given to his Love, and even by the Anſwer of *Roſe*, which he did not fail to interpret in his own Favour. In this Diſpoſition I expected nothing from him but his Help and Zeal to procure my Siſter a more honourable Retreat. I requeſted his Coach, and propoſed to him to join with me in conducting *Roſe* to the Convent. We left *de Peſſes*'s Valet to take Care of ſuch Things as ſhe did not remove with her, and making her put on a more decent Dreſs, we conducted her ſtrait to the Convent.

I was reliev'd only from one Part of my Inquietude; but that indeed was the moſt urgent. Far from ſhewing either Diſcontent or Diffidence, *Linch* appear'd to be charm'd with what Fortune and my Pains had done for him that happy Day. He did not ceaſe admiring the Fortitude my Siſter had need of, to maintain ſo glorious a Proof of her Virtue; and in repreſenting without Intermiſſion the Condition from whence we had taken her, he proteſted to me that he had found more Charms in her amiable and careleſs Undreſs, than in all the Finery and Ornaments that go along with Fortune. He aſk'd my Leave to carry her the next Day all his Mother's Jewels, and to ſee her ſometimes at the Grate. I did not refuſe him this Requeſt, but conjuring him even by the Longings I had to be of Service to him, to leave to me the Conduct of his Hopes and mine, I obtain'd from him in my Turn, that he ſhould regulate his impatient Deſires by my Counſels. Our Abode being in the ſame Houſe we ſhall now be at Eaſe, ſaid I to him, to communicate to each other our Notions and Reſolutions.

In

In truth, my only View in lodging with him was to penetrate more eaſily into his Deſigns. I apprehended the worſt from a Mind ſo enterpriſing; and if *Roſe* ſhould one Day become his, I was reſolved it ſhould at leaſt be by ſuch Means as ſhould make her find as much Honour as Advantage in the Alliance. He delay'd me from going to ſee *George*, and to know of himſelf how he could conſent to the Project of running away with his Siſter. I could not impeach *Linch* of having impoſed on me in his Relation; neither could I ſuſpect *George* for having lightly conſented to ſacrifice the Honour and Repoſe of his Siſter. Theſe Doubts could not be clear'd up but at the *Baſtile*. I haſten'd to go there before the Cloſe of the Day, and promiſing *Linch* to be with him at Supper, I left him under ſome other Pretence.

George did not expect my Viſit. I knew him too well not to perceive that it gave him a piercing Emotion; nevertheleſs, by a falſe Affectation of Reſolution and Firmneſs, which I did not pretend to take Notice of, he received me with an Air the moſt free and diſengaged in the World; and when I began to ſpeak, by lamenting him, and declaring the Share I took in his Misfortunes, he anſwer'd with a Smile, that he could not give that Name to the Conſequences of an Affair of Honour, which had turn'd out ſo gloriouſly for his Brother and him. My Buſineſs was not to combat theſe miſerable Prepoſſeſſions. I agree, ſaid I, that an Accident from which you could not defend yourſelves, ought to appear excuſable in the Eyes of the Publick; but it is no leſs true, that it has been the Occaſion of ſhutting you up in the *Baſtile*, and that it will be a long Time an invincible Obſtacle to your Fortune. I do not ſpeak a Word of *Patrick*, who has juſt eſpouſed the only Daughter of *Fincer*.——He interrupted me with Surpriſe, to demand an Explanation of this Piece of News. I gave it to him in a few Words. Yes, replied I, the Favour of Heaven has procured him in the Space of ſome Months an Eſtabliſhment that leaves him nothing to deſire. But what

ſhall we do with your Siſter, whoſe Lot you may well imagine is not very happy? I proceeded no farther; and, being well ſatisfied that he had given me Time to draw him a Picture in Miniature of the Situation of our Family, I thought, that, in giving him Liberty to ſpeak, he would of himſelf come to the Point of declaring his true Sentiments. I waited then his Anſwer in Silence, whilſt he appear'd to diſcharge himſelf from a thouſand melancholy Reflections, of which all his Efforts to diſguiſe them from me did not hinder me in the leaſt from reading a part of them in his Countenance.

At length, caſting his Eyes upon me, I congratulate *Patrick*, (ſaid he, in a conſtrained Voice) for having pleaſed the Daughter of *Fincer*, and I believe his Fortune better eſtabliſh'd with her than if he had been ſucceſsful in his firſt Purſuits. As to *Roſe*, continued he, I do not know whether you have ſeen my Lord *Linch*, and if he has ſpoke to you of the Inclination he has for her. In putting me to this Queſtion, I obſerved that he endeavour'd to diſcover my Thoughts in my Eyes. I have ſeen him, ſaid I careleſsly, and added nothing that could give him any Light. He perceived plainly from himſelf, that half of my Knowledge was concealed at the Bottom of my Heart. If you have ſeen him, replied I, in a more ſettled Tone, he has communicated to you his Deſign; and ſince you make a Difficulty of telling me of it, I conclude that you do not approve of it. He has diſcover'd it to me, continued he, and I ſhould have rejected it with Indignation, if two Motives of equal Weight had not obliged me to give my Conſent. *Linch* did not come to propoſe it to me, until after I had been advertiſed by an unknown Perſon of the deplorable Extremity to which my Siſter was reduced, and of her rejecting all Aſſiſtances that were offer'd her. I confeſs, that being myſelf out of Condition to aid her, ignorant even of the Place of her Retirement, knowing *Patrick* to be in *Ireland*, and doubting that from an Income ſo moderate as yours, ſufficient could never be drawn to repair our Loſſes, I thought all Sorts of Means lawful for

for ſaving the unfortunate *Roſe* and the Honour of our Family. Yet *Linch* ought to have told you under what Conditions I came into his Meaſures. I inſiſted that he ſhould obtain your's and *Patrick*'s Conſent. I exacted from him, that he ſhould undertake a Voyage to *Ireland* to requeſt it. I refuſed to unfold myſelf clearly in a Billet which he got from me. In one Word, I play'd the Tyrant; and the Conſent itſelf, that I gave him out of Neceſſity, has coſt me ſome Tears. But this Motive, that alone is ſufficient to clear me in the Eyes of Men of Honour, was extremely fortified by the Reflections I made on a Billet that Chance here threw into my Hands. I found it in a Book that *Patrick* ſent me to diſſipate the Griefs of a tedious Impriſonment. It was a Note from *de Peſſes*, who gave him fervent Thanks for the Price with which he promiſed to reward his Services, who engaged that with this Spur, added to that of Friendſhip, he was capable to undertake any thing. The Nature of the Service and of the Recompence was ſo clearly expreſſed in the Letter, that I could not be deceived in it. Your Departure and my Captivity ſeemed to give *Patrick* an abſolute Empire over *Roſe*. I had no Doubt but his Deſign was to make it ſubſervient to his own Happineſs, and in the Diſorder of our Affairs I poſſibly might not have condemned an Agreement which ſeemed to promiſe the Eſtabliſhment of thoſe two. I mentioned it to *Patrick*, without confeſſing to him how I came to be informed of his Project; and I made no other Objection to it than the Repugnance of *Roſe*, which appeared to me to be difficult to overcome; but if her ill Fortune ſhould condemn her to do any Violence to her Inclinations, I had then no Scruple in wiſhing that it might be in Favour of my Lord *Linch*. Suppoſing an Equality in other Reſpects, his Birth and Riches would give him ſo great an Advantage over his Rival, that my Siſter could not fail of ſeeing the Difference, and in ſpite of all her Coldneſs, which *Linch* himſelf has confeſſed to me, this at leaſt would be one Reaſon for conſoling her under the Neceſſity of

being his. And do you reckon for nothing, added *George*, the Obligation I laboured under of making a prudent Uſe of *Linch?* Could not he in ſpite of my Reſiſtance execute what he was willing ſhould depend on my Conſent? I confeſs his Generoſity was another Motive that touched me. A Man capable of ſurmounting his Deſires on the Eve of an Enterprize, that gave him Aſſurance of the Poſſeſſion of what he loved, appeared to me worthy of my Siſter, and to be a Perſon who would one Day or other make her happy. The Diſguſts that ariſe from Caprice or Conſtitution will ſooner or later give way to Reaſon; and the Heart of *Roſe* not being prepoſſeſſed by any other Inclination, I did not doubt but after ſhe had married *Linch* ſhe would ſoon find a Pleaſure in her Duty.

The Pains *George* took in juſtifying himſelf gave me at leaſt to underſtand that he yet made ſome Account of my Eſteem. I found a Probability in his Excuſes, and not willing to mix any thing with them that might imbroil ſuch favourable Beginnings, I continued to diſcourſe of the Services I was reſolved to render to *Linch*, and of the Situation of his own Affairs. He could not at all ſee any other Method for procuring his Liberty than by thoſe Ways which *Patrick* had given me an Account of in *Dublin*. This was to flatter a Hope very uncertain and far removed; but his Friends not ceaſing to employ their Intereſts for him, at leaſt did not look upon him as a Man intirely abandoned. The Duke of ——, whether from an Affection to his Perſon and Name, or from an Impulſe of Paſſion, which he always preſerved for *Roſe*, had never ſlackened his Zeal. King *James* himſelf had made very warm Solicitations in his Favour to the Court, who had ſo fully explained themſelves as to make one underſtand that it would not be for ever inflexible,

I retired more ſatisfied with my Viſit than I durſt hope for, and upon the whole exceedingly pleaſed to have avoided in our firſt Interview all Diſcuſſions that might revive our late Conteſts. I had other Projects

jects upon *George*: but all my preſent Zeal having Relation to my Siſter, I was in haſte to ſee her, in order to obtain from her Mouth thoſe Lights which I had a Mind to turn to her own Benefit. It was too late to return to the Convent; ſo turning over that Conſideration to the Morning, I thought of nothing but to rejoin *Linch*, whom I judged to be under an Impatience to ſee me again.

His Impatience was indeed extreme, but I could not as yet imagine the Cauſe; he met me with all the Tranſports of Fury, and perhaps I was indebted only to my Profeſſion for the little Reſpect he as yet obſerved upon my Arrival. His Eyes ſparkled, and amidſt the Confuſion of a thouſand Reproaches, with which he loaded me all in a Breath, he could not find Terms to expreſs himſelf in. I pitied his Trouble, and not having yet any Miſtruſt of the Share I had in it, I approached, and inquired what it was that diſquieted him. He puſhed me from him roughly. Traitor! ſaid he, your Habit protects you from my Reſentment; but I ſhall have the Satisfaction of publiſhing to the World your Baſeneſs and Perfidy. The Surpriſe into which this Outrage threw me would at once have made him open his Eyes upon his Injuſtice, if he had been capable of one Moment's Reflection; but continuing to treat me with the utmoſt Paſſion, it was a long Time, and after a great many interrupted and broken Words, e're I came to underſtand him. In returning from *Roſe*'s Convent he had been informed by the Lacquey whom he had charged to wait on me, and before whom I had talked without any Precaution with *de Peſſes*'s Valet, that I had ſhewed greater Complaiſance and Condeſcenſions for *de Peſſes* than for him. The tender and familiar Manner in which I had inquired after News of this old Friend, and the Gratitude I ſhewed for his Zeal, paſſed in *Linch*'s Mind for a Preference given to his Rival. He knew nothing of *de Peſſes* but his Name; but, during the former Acquaintance he had with *George*, he was not ignorant of our firſt Project for the Eſtabliſhment of

my Siſter. He knew alſo that *de Peſſes* had had the Authority of my Conſent; and, joining all thoſe Ideas to the Relation of his Lacquey and the Teſtimony of his own Eyes, he was perſuaded that my Intention was to deceive him. He explained all the reſt of my Conduct according to this Prepoſſeſſion. The Civilities I paid him in *Dublin*, the Hopes I had given him on our Journey, even the Heat with which I had eſpouſed his Intereſt at *Paris*, paſſed with him for ſo many Artifices by which I endeavoured to traverſe his Deſigns, and to watch a ſafe Opportunity of putting *Roſe* out of his Reach. In a Temper as impetuous as his, Jealouſy and Shame were converted into Rage. He ſpoke of nothing but Revenge, and *de Peſſes* was to be his firſt Victim.

Nevertheleſs, the good Humour with which I laboured to appeaſe him, and the Oaths that accompanied my Proteſtations of Integrity, began to make ſome Impreſſion on him; but having propoſed to me to engage my Word that *de Peſſes* ſhould be abſolutely ſacrificed to him, my Anſwer rekindled all his Fury. It would be Injuſtice, ſaid I, to diſpoſe of *Roſe*'s Heart without giving her ſome Knowledge of this Treaty. What I promiſe you without Reſtriction, added I, is to approve her Choice in caſe ſhe declares for you, and to continue, as I have to this preſent Time, to ſerve you with Fidelity. He thought he ſaw, in the Turn of theſe Words, a new Diſſimulation, which revived all his Tranſports. It was in this violent Paſſion that being no longer Maſter of his own Secret, he declared to me with a contemptuous Air, that he would one Day or other make me repent my having betray'd him, and that the Meaſures he had taken were leſs likely to deceive him than me. This Menace made leſs Impreſſion on me than his Obſtinacy in ſhutting himſelf up in an adjoining Chamber, of which all my Intreaties could not prevail upon him to open the Door. I continued ſome Time employing my Civilities and Prayers. At length piqued in my Turn with a Proceeding ſo brutal, I choſe to retire.

His Threats, that did not at firſt more aſtoniſh me, than the other Circumſtances of a Scene ſo vexatious, reſtored me immediately to my Wits, and ſhewed me Things in other Colours. What ſhould I underſtand of thoſe Meaſures, upon which he built more than upon me? Had I not every thing to fear from a Man ſo violent? And he who had been capable of laying a Scheme for running away with my Siſter, is he not after all equally capable of renewing his Project, which he has never yet renounced; unleſs he reckons to ſucceed by ſome other Way? Without Doubt he did not deceive himſelf, when he accuſed me of having managed his Paſſions, with an Intent to give myſelf Time for conveying *Roſe* out of the Way of his Enterprizes; but could he think, that by making with him the Voyage to *France*, I ought to put her into his Hands againſt her Will; or, perhaps, join myſelf to him in any other Manner to countenance his Violences? When his Jealouſy had Power to alarm him only from the Conſideration that I imprudently ſhewed for *de Peſſes*, ought he not to be ſatisfied with my Explanations, and think me ſincere, at leaſt when I made every thing depend on the Choice of my Siſter? Is this the Man of Honour, ſaid I, who would be indebted for his Intereſt in the Heart of a Woman to Force and Violence? Beſides, what a Humour! what Brutality! what Fantaſticalneſs! Shall I force a young Lady of ſuch a ſweet Diſpoſition as *Roſe* to accept of ſuch a haſty and paſſionate Huſband? He will run away with her: But what have I to fear? Cannot I defeat all his Schemes yet better, by ſending her immediately to *Ireland*, where her Brother is in a Condition to protect her? He ſhall ſee her no more, added I, I will to-morrow begin my Journey with her to *Coleraine*.

This Reſolution, to which I imagined myſelf fixed in a Manner not to be ſhaken, made me think, at my awaking, on the Preparations for our Departure. But I was informed for the firſt News, that *Linch*, more early than I, had left the Lodgings at the Dawn of Day, and that he had removed all his Equipage with

him. Although my Sister's Retreat did not appear to me to be in the least exposed to his Insults, yet I abandoned all other Thoughts to go immediately to it. He might propose to himself to see her before me, and to inspire her with some Ideas that might make her resist the Execution of mine. Besides, this precipitate Step confirming all my Suspicions, I did not think I could remove too soon from *Paris*, and I would willingly prepare *Rose* to take Post with me the same Day.

It was about nine o'Clock in the Morning I got to the Convent, with my Mind full of the new Journey I was going to undertake; for being fixed in this Design, it imported me so little to penetrate further into the Affairs of *Rose*, that I resolved not to take up my Time with them. She came to the Grate. I found in her an Air of Satisfaction, which she did not discover the Evening before. Without losing Time with unprofitable Questions, I said to her, that having perceived she had no Relish for my Lord *Linch*, and a thousand Reasons making me apprehend that she was not in a State of Security at *Paris*, so much as to refuse marrying him, I was determined to conduct her into *Ireland*, where she might spend the most agreeable Life with *Patrick*. A Change in her Countenance made me all at once judge that this Proposal perplexed her. Nevertheless, not daring to oppose me to my Face, she took Occasion from the Name of *Patrick* to reproach me with not having yet informed her of any of his Affairs. It was true, that for the little Time I passed with her the Day before, and from the unexpected Appearance of *Linch*, I did not mention any thing of her Brother. I told her now in haste, that I had left him under an extreme Desire to see her again, and that she would find him happily married to the Daughter of *Fincer*. Upon this Occasion *Rose* could not dissemble her Thoughts. She looked on me with a lively Emotion, married! said she, do not you deceive me? I recounted to her some Circumstances, which left her no further Room to doubt of it; but what I thought would have inspired her with Joy raised

raiſed in her a piercing Grief, of which ſhe had not Power to conceal the Tokens. Alas! ſaid ſhe, ſee then upon what Foundation we are to build the Oaths of Men! No, added ſhe, I could not have believed *Patrick* capable of ſuch a Perfidy.

So ſharp an Indignation, excited by the Concern of another, gave me to underſtand what *Roſe*'s Delicacy was for her own. I recall'd to my Mind the Engagements that *Patrick* had entered into with Madam *de L*——; but an Acquaintance with that Lady for a few Moments not being able to beget a Friendſhip ſo ſtrong as to raiſe the Trouble in which I ſaw her, made me conclude, that what appeared a Teſtimony of Compaſſion for the Sake of another, was an Inquietude that eſcaped her for her own. My Curioſity made me forget, that I ought not to hold Diſcourſe on any thing but our Journey. Ah! ſaid I, why do you condemn *Patrick* for having ſurrender'd himſelf to the Offers of an amiable Woman, at the Inſtances of his Friends, and even out of Conſideration of the Neceſſity of our Affairs, which made for him a Law in a Matter that ought to have been ſued for with the utmoſt Application? You, who reproach him for it, do you know that you have contributed more than all Mankind to the virtuous Efforts he has made upon himſelf; and that I ſhould not be here now with the Aids I have brought you, if his Tenderneſs for you had not made him take this only Step for your Relief? What ſay you? interrupted ſhe with a new Agitation. Ah! I ſee he is made unhappy. I know it. It is impoſſible that with a Paſſion, ſuch as he felt at his Departure, he could have Power to renounce voluntarily the Inclinations of his Heart. What Cauſe have I to grieve! He will reproach me one Day or other with his Misfortunes; and is it not me alone he ought to accuſe for them?

The Heat with which ſhe expreſs'd herſelf raiſed in me an Aſtoniſhment that I had ſome Difficulty to remove. I did not think her capable of ſuch a Tranſport. All her Notions intirely diſagreed with mine.

I ſtopped her with a ſteady and ſevere Look. How then, ſays I, with a Tone as ſevere, has the Spirit of Error and Corruption laid hold of all my Family? What can theſe ſenſeleſs Maxims mean, that repreſent a trifling Paſſion as an invicible Obſtacle, and Misfortune and Woe as inſeparable from Virtue? Is this you, *Roſe*, who have ſuffered yourſelf to be ſeduced by ſuch horrible Principles? Is this the Progreſs you have made in the Paths of Religion ſince you have been removed from under my Eyes? She appeared to be more afflicted than humbled with this Reproach. Ah! my Brother, ſaid ſhe gently, can you never come to conceive what it coſts a tender Heart to be reduced to the Neceſſity of combating its moſt darling Inclinations? No, replied I haſtily; but you who appear to know it, in what School have you learned it? This Queſtion ſtopped her Mouth. I pitied her Embarraſment, and not hoping that ſhe would behave herſelf to me as the Confident of the Secrets of her Heart, I had taken up the Reſolution I came in, not to preſs her to a Diſcovery before our Departure, if Chance had not thrown an Opportunity in my Way that I was not in queſt of. They put a Letter into her Hands in my Preſence, and told her the Meſſenger waited for an Anſwer. Her Bluſhes betray'd her. She ſeem'd to heſitate what Order to give the Porter. Her Silence did not end here. At length I freed her from ſo cruel a Perplexity, by going to the Boy and telling him, that he ſhould wait at the Parlour Door.

This was only ſtepping out of one Trouble to fall into another, or, as they ſay, out of the Frying-pan into the Fire. Her Confuſion appearing to increaſe when ſhe found herſelf alone with me, I had not the Cruelty to ſpin out this Scene to any Length. I aſſumed a more mild Air, to encouage her. I obſerve, ſaid I, with Joy, my dear *Roſe*, that your Heart is not yet become acquainted with Artifice. But would you be ſo diſconcerted, if you had nothing to reproach yourſelf with? Ah! no, interrupted ſhe; Heaven, who

who is the Witneſs of all my Thoughts, knows that I have committed no Offence. Let us take off the Maſk, replied I: *Patrick*, who knew the Tenderneſs of my Affection, did not judge, that when I was about making this Voyage to *France*, I ſhould remain in Ignorance of what you confided to him. I learned from his Mouth all that paſs'd before he left you. Has nothing happened ſince that Time which you are aſhamed to communicate to me? This Doubt, which I raiſed on purpoſe to quicken her, had all the Effect I expected from it. If *Patrick*, replied ſhe in haſte, has given you a faithful Account, you have heard nothing that might give me any Cauſe of Shame, and I have taken good Care ſince not to deſerve this Reproach. But I confeſs, added ſhe bluſhing again, that I could not defend myſelf from having ſome Eſteem for a Man, who appears to me worthy of ſuch Sentiments. Read the Letter, continued ſhe (taking it out of her Pocket) that I received yeſterday from him, I will make no more Difficulty of putting that into your Hands which I juſt received, and I deſire that you yourſelf may open it; but you will not ſuſpect me of the leaſt Diſſimulation, when I commiſſion you to begin with the firſt. To receive Letters, muttered I in taking them, to read them, to keep them ſo carefully; this is already making large Strides. I immediately began with this curious Piece. He pray'd her to judge of the Pain of ſo long a Silence by the Power of a Paſſion that never yet had an Example: That he had exactly obſerved all he had undertaken, not to trouble her with his Letters, at a Time when the Reſolution ſhe had taken of ſeeing no Perſon, had made him fear to injure any Decorum, or to alarm her Prudence; but being incapable alſo of dropping his Views for a Moment, he confeſs'd that he had not paſs'd one Day without informing himſelf of every thing that related to her Health and Repoſe; and that to make her Retreat more ſecure and quiet, he had taken with her Hoſt ſuch Meaſures as appeared to have happily ſucceeded. See here,

without doubt, interrupted I, the Friend, the Cook, and all thoſe Things which I eaſily perſuade myſelf you were utterly ignorant of. But let us read on, added I, perceiving ſhe was diſcompoſed by this Remark.— Underſtanding (he ſaid) that her Brother was come to *Paris*, and engaged her to return to a Convent, he eaſily imagined that the Confuſion and Diſorder of our Fortune might have had a Share in this Reſolution; and that from henceforward her Brother being with her, his Preſence would give a Check to all evil Interpretations, and therefore he pray'd her to engage him to take that Houſe, which he had out of Seaſon propoſed to her at another Time when he confeſs'd her Prudence had made her refuſe the Offer. He promiſed we ſhould live in great Abundance of every thing becoming People of Diſtinction, and that the Hand from whence this Liberality came ſhould never be diſcovered to the Publick. In fine, he requeſted two Words of an Anſwer, which ſhould be followed the ſame Moment by an Execution of his Offers.

I cannot deny, ſaid I to *Roſe*, but that this is the Procedure of a gallant Man, and of a liberal and reſpectful Lover. Did you not cultivate, (continued I,) a further Acquaintance with him ſince the Departure of *Patrick?* No, ſaid ſhe; without making any Anſwer to his Letters, I ordered him to be told many a time by thoſe who brought them, that I could not with Honour ſuffer ſuch Applications from a Perſon unknown; and my only Hope to diſcover thereby his Name, was what made me open them. He preſs'd me to conſent to his Viſits: I might have had Power thereby to have drawn the Secret from himſelf, or dexterouſly from his Servants; but the Laws I had impoſed on myſelf have always made me forbear.

I confeſs, an Adventure ſo ſtrange cauſed me no leſs Aſtoniſhment than Inquietude; I was perplexed myſelf to give her thoſe Advices which ſhe appeared to ſtand in Need of. I thought one Moment to break off our Converſation, and roughly to make uſe of my Authority

Authority to oblige her immediately to take the Road to *Ireland*. But I began to be afraid, with good Reaſon, that I ſhould meet with Reſiſtance from her. Beſides, I did not diſſemble it, that whether it were from an Impulſe of natural Tenderneſs, that made me wiſh her Heart ſatisfied, or from the Idea which his Inclination and Eſteem made me form of this unknown Lover, I found myſelf ſo very well diſpoſed for him, that I had a Deſire at leaſt to ſee him, and dive into the Truth of his Sentiments. In fine, not daring to amuſe myſelf without receiving new Lights, I demanded it as a Favour from my Siſter, to relate to me all the Progreſs of this Intrigue, from the very Beginning. I acknowledge, ſays I, that when Decency and a reaſonable Regard to Intereſt agree with the Inclination of the Heart, a Bias of this Nature may merit ſome Indulgence; but it is not you that ought to believe in this Manner. We are too eaſily blinded with our own Appetites. If you know me to have a Love and Tenderneſs for my Family, and Diſcretion and Zeal for your true Intereſts, do not in the leaſt fear to repeat to me that which you have diſcovered to *Patrick*, and leave me to judge without Prepoſſeſſion of thoſe Things which your's may make you diſſemble.

She began her Hiſtory from our firſt Differences. I found even in the leſſer Details that Air of Sincerity, which Artifice does not know how to counterfeit. The Birth of her Inclination, the Duration and Progreſs of it, her Averſion for the Duke of ———, her Indifference for Mr. *de Peſſes*, her Diſguſt for my Lord *Linch*; ſhe explained all theſe with the ſame Candour. I ſtopped her ſometimes to queſtion her upon ſome obſcure and important Circumſtances, which ſhe appeared not to have fully repreſented. She ſatisfied me off-hand by an ingenuous and plain Anſwer. Happy Temper! ſaid I to myſelf; what would be the Crime of him who ſhould raviſh a Heart ſo innocent from Virtue! In fine, when ſhe came to *Patrick*'s Journey, and the Subject of her Letter to me, which

ſhe was willing to paſs over, I aſked her, if ſhe knew nothing of the Conteſt of her Brother with an Emiſſary of her unknown Lover, and what ſhe thought of that Adventure. You call to my Memory, replied ſhe, one of the moſt melancholly Circumſtances of my Life. I was not informed of this Accident till many Days after the Departure of my Brother. The Unknown (ſeeing you have given him this Name) let all this Interval paſs over without renewing his ordinary Diligence. I cannot indeed tell you, that I was inſenſible of this Appearance of Coldneſs or Forgetfulneſs; but I was diſtracted with an Inquietude yet more cruel. After the Confidence I had repoſed in *Patrick*, I fancied he had concealed his Reſentment from me with ſome Precaution, and had learned enough to carry him to ſome violent Reſolutions, of which the Silence of the Unknown might be the Effect. I was a long time in a State of Uncertainty and Trembling under theſe Notions, until I received from him a Letter, in which he gave me a plain Account of what had become of mine. The ſame Reaſon, ſaid he. that had not yet permitted him to open himſelf upon that Occaſion to me, had hindered him from courting *Patrick*'s Acquaintance, in ſpite of the Inclination he felt to love him. The ſame Inclination had forced him alſo to retain his Sentiments cloſed up in his Breaſt for ſo long a Time, that he might fear in the End to betray them by ſome Indiſcretion; that I need not but be perfectly ſecure in their Innocence, added he, when he made me a free Confeſſion of this Nature. This, nevertheleſs, was the Cauſe that made me abſolutely refuſe not to give him an Anſwer. I had a Difficulty to conceive, how he could neglect ſo favourable an Opportunity of making my Brother approve his Love; and I drew but an ill Omen from all theſe myſterious Reaſons, that did not dare to let him place his Confidence in a Man of Honour. In the mean time, added *Roſe*, but with a Voice leſs reſolute, and her Eyes caſt down, his Conſtancy, his Diſintereſtedneſs, the continual Renewal

of

of his Oaths and Complaints, my Weakneſs, if you will have it ſo, made other Ideas inſenſibly ſpring up in me.

The extreme Attention with which I hearken'd unto her, made me take Notice of a Change in her Countenance; and ſeeing ſhe continued to heſitate, I did not doubt but ſhe was on the Verge of opening ſome Circumſtance which her Confeſſion had made irkſome to her. Your Confidence charms me, ſaid I to her immediately, to give her Courage; continue, my dear *Roſe*, do not diſguiſe any thing. Alas! replied ſhe, ought I to confeſs it to you? And what will you think of my Conduct, if you do me Juſtice enough at leaſt to confide in my Sentiments?—When the Cruelty of the Abbeſs, (which, that I may diſcover all my Suſpicions to you, I do not attribute to her) as well as the ſecret Practices and as miſchievous Views of the Duke of——, had forced me to think of the miſerable Sanctuary in which you have found me; in the midſt of my Troubles, and in the Bitterneſs of my Heart, I could not refuſe myſelf the Conſolation of letting this Unknown into ſome Part of my Deſign, of which I do not yet know what Judgment you will make. I had received one of his Letters, in which he renewed the Declarations of his Love in the moſt paſſionate Terms. I took up the Pen trembling, and following the Dictates of my Heart, I wrote to him what urgent Reaſons had obliged me to a Change of Situation, until the Return of my Brother; and that I thought his Attachments to me intitled him to this Intimation, to ſpare him the Pains of unprofitable Inquiries; that being reſolved, during this Interval, not to bear either the Sight or Letters of any Perſon whatſoever, he ought to expect that I ſhould yet be more inflexible to him; that nevertheleſs I gave him Leave to explain this Diſtinction to his Advantage; that I did not forbid him to inform himſelf privately of the Conduct I was going to obſerve, becauſe I ſhould be well pleaſed to preſerve his Eſteem; that if (being ſuch as he labour'd to perſuade me) he would

would ſooner or later diſcover himſelf to my Brothers, he ſhould then find my Heart to declare for him; but that after this Confeſſion (to which I would freely add the Promiſe he demanded of me ſo earneſtly, not to engage myſelf to any other Perſon) he ought to build as much upon my Fidelity as I had done upon his, and contain himſelf within thoſe Limits that ſhould ſerve as a Rule for the Duration of my Sentiments. — I know not, continued ſhe with a fearful Look, if you will not condemn this Letter. I quitted the Convent a Quarter of an Hour after I wrote it. He obſerved ſo punctually my Commands, that I ſometimes doubted, if he continued to love me, or if he had diſcover'd my Retreat. But his Letter which I received yeſterday the Moment we parted will convince you that he is always the ſame; and I have no Difficulty in believing that it was he who deceived my Hoſt under the Name of a Friend of our Family. I am convinced it was he, added ſhe; for all my other Perſecutors were not capable of ſhewing ſo much Diſintereſtedneſs and Diſcretion.

She would have continued to give me an Account of what ſhe had ſuffered from the Duke of——, and her other Lovers! but finding ſuch a Detail uſeleſs to all the Ideas that poſſeſſed me, I interrupted her. The Force of her Inclination broke out ſo ſtrongly in all the Circumſtances of her Story, that I did not remember to repreſent to her, that a young Lady ought to be upon her Guard againſt all the Foibles of her Heart. There was no Doubt remaining but that ſhe paſſionately loved her Unknown. Nevertheleſs her Letter left me in Trouble and Diſcontent, which I would fain make her ſenſible of. I cut her ſhort, when ſhe began to hug herſelf for having eſcap'd my Reproaches. Hold, hold, ſaid I penſively; if I commend your Sincerity, do not imagine I approve your Faults. This Letter is a Raſhneſs which I cannot pardon you. Have you conſidered to whom you have engaged yourſelf? ſhall a Lady of your Age promiſe her Faith and her Hand at a Venture? ſhall ſhe give it alſo to the Exclu-

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ſion of every thing that Prudence and Honour might propoſe to her by the Mouths of her Friends? Ah! what will this be if you come to diſcover, in your Unknown, a Man unworthy of you? in one Word, what can be the Meaning of your Promiſe? Is not this to revolt apparently againſt all the Propoſals of Eſtabliſhment laid down by your Brothers, and one Day to deliver yourſelf up in ſpite of them to the Forwardneſs of a Man whoſe Honeſty you are a Stranger to but from his own Teſtimony? But let us read this ſecond Letter, added I with more Heat, and unveil by all Sorts of Means a Myſtery that begins ſeriouſly to alarm me. I have received this Letter (ſays I) which the moſt preſſing Curioſity has not yet ſuffer'd me to open. It contains, like the firſt, lively Proteſtations of Love, with ſome Marks of Impatience for an expected Anſwer: But, he adds, if I ſhould make any Difficulty of confiding in the Tenders of a Man unknown, he offers me that I ſhould rely upon at my Choice either twelve thouſand Franks every Year to commence from the ſame Day, or a thouſand Franks payable the firſt Day of each Month, without any other Conditions than to engage me not to diſpoſe of my Siſter till the Time in which he promiſes to make her moſt rich and moſt happy.

This is too much indeed, cried I with a Sort of Indignation; I muſt ſuſpect Secrets that one muſt bluſh to acknowledge, and Liberalities that aim at a Mark ſo uncertain cannot flow from their Source without Reproach. I got off my Chair in the ſame Diſpoſition, and order'd the Meſſenger, who yet attended at the Door, to come in, I ſaid to him thus, without conſulting *Roſe*; Return to your Maſter, and let him know that you found with Madam *de*——— the Dean of *Coleraine*, her elder Brother and Guardian: Since he has committed to you the Secret of his Affairs, tell him that I am a Man of Quality, a Prieſt, and a Gentleman: If he thinks me worthy of his Confidence under one or other of theſe Titles, I am ready to hear him in any Place he thinks proper

to

to appoint me: If he refuſes, let him know I go To-morrow to *Ireland* with my Siſter. I ſhall wait his Anſwer here.

Roſe, towards whom I immediately turned myſelf, ſeemed to regret, that I had not given the Meſſenger Leave to reply, and that not having herſelf open'd her Mouth, he might report to his Maſter that ſhe appear'd to have given her Conſent to a Commiſſion ſo ſevere. She nevertheleſs confeſſed to me, that ſhe was rejoiced at the Bottom of her Heart, to ſee herſelf ſo near that Eclairciſſement ſhe had always coveted. She flattered herſelf that her Lover would conſent to every thing rather than loſe her; and not having hitherto aſcribed the Myſtery of his Conduct to any thing but ſome Perplexity in his Fortune, or to ſome Family Conſideration, ſhe little feared to dive into the Bottom of theſe Obſtacles, which were not capable of diſheartening her. I employ'd an Hour in fortifying her Virtue againſt all Kind of Trials. At length the Meſſenger appeared at the Parlour Door with an hired Coach, which he pray'd me to ſtep into. He had a new Billet for *Roſe*. The Circumſtances obliged me to read it. It contained the Complaints of a Man in Perplexity, who placed all his Confidence, he ſaid, in the Integrity of his Heart and the Goodneſs of his Miſtreſs. *Roſe* grew pale for Fear, and ſeeing me ready to leave her, ſhe conjured me with Tears in her Eyes to remember the Tenderneſs I always had for her.

I gave myſelf up to the Direction of a Meſſenger, whoſe Appearance ſhewed him to be above the Condition of a Servant. He declared to me freely, that he had Orders to conduct me to the *Carthuſian* Monaſtery, and that his Maſter would wait for me there in the Cloiſter. Every Place was indifferent to me. I carried with me the Remainder of my Emotion, which did not abate on the Road. On our Arrival at the Monaſtery, my Guide ſhewed me the Cloiſter, where I ſhould be attended.

In Reality, I found there a Man alone, who advanced towards me when he ſaw me appear. Having Time to obſerve him as he approached near, I was ſtruck with his Port and Shape. By his Countenance I could gueſs him to be about twenty-ſeven or twenty-eight Years old. His Stature was free and majeſtick, his Gait noble, his Countenance engaging, his Complection ſanguine, and his Eyes delicate and open, although a little dejected by ſome Traces of Grief. He was plainly dreſſed, but with a Taſte and Delicacy that proclaim'd him a Perſon of Diſtinction. I wiſhed notwithſtanding my Vexation, that this was *Roſe*'s Lover, and that his Character was anſwerable to ſuch fine Appearances.

It was he himſelf: The reſpectful Air, with which he accoſted me, made me know him as much as his firſt Overtures. If I ſpeak to the Dean of *Coleraine*, ſays he, I am before my Judge; and I ought to endeavour to make him favourable. I anſwer'd him in a modeſt Voice, that Probity and Honour being my Rules, we could not be far oppoſite in Sentiments, if he had thoſe two Virtues in his Heart as I ſaw them painted in all his Form. Alas! replied he, have you not already found me feeble on that Side? but I ſhall aſſure myſelf to find in you as much Goodneſs as I promiſe you Integrity. Nevertheleſs, continued he, ſtepping forward to lead the Way, you ought not to expect an Entrance into long Proteſtations of Fidelity, when you receive ſo clear a Teſtimony of it in the Submiſſion which I here ſhew to your Pleaſure. You have triumph'd over a Reſolution in which I have been confirm'd for near a Year paſt. What have you not obtained by the all powerful Menaces that you have employ'd? Hear me without Interruption, and I require but as much Indulgence from you as you ſhall find in me Sincerity.

My Name is the Count of *S*——. I have twenty thouſand Crowns a Year in Eſtate, am of ſome Reputation in the World, and my Youth ſuch as you ſee. I was not born to ſo much Wealth, being the third

third Son of a Houſe more noble than opulent. Fortune left me no other Choice to take than Arms, which I have followed from my early Youth. A lucky Winter placed me in the Eſteem of an old Widow, to whom her Huſband (who had enriched himſelf by Buſineſs) had left all his Wealth. She demanded my Heart at the ſame Price. The Inſtances of my Family made me get the better of my Repugnance. I married her; and the ſame Contract by which I ſacrificed to her my faireſt Years made me Maſter of all the Wealth ſhe poſſeſſed. But I have drawn little Satisfaction from my Riches. I ſtand in need of that Sort of Happineſs which the mutual Affection of Hearts only yields. I imagine, that to arrive at that I muſt ſooner or later have a young amiable Woman, with whom I may have Felicity in my Turn at the Price, if it muſt be ſo, of all the Fortune which I am indebted for to Love. I have ſeen your charming Siſter; She has inſpired me with all the tender Sentiments that are neceſſary to the Delight of my Life. I have endeavoured to let her know them and to merit hers. I have endeavoured to move her by all the Methods of Sincerity and Honour. I have labour'd to affect her by my Complaints, to perſuade her by my Oaths. I have offered all my Wealth to her, to her Family. I have actually preſs'd her to accept at leaſt of a ſmall Share of it for her Uſe and yours; I am all hers, yours, and all thoſe that belong to you. I beg you may think me ſincere, that you may place a Confidence in my Honour and Love, that the beautiful *Roſe* may accept of my Heart and pledge to me her's. Is this a Violation of Rights, or a paſſing of Bounds? Nevertheleſs ſhe has rejected all my Offers, ſhe will hearken to nothing, ſhe will promiſe nothing, ſhe places all on the Authority of her Brothers, and ſhe has always inſiſted that my Sentiments and Views be declared to them. I confeſs that this Condition has cauſed me ſome Perplexities; but you know them now. Judge between us, my dear Dean, added he, preſſing my Hands tenderly,

derly, and decide with Goodneſs all the Happineſs of my Life.

I look'd on him with Aſtoniſhment; and not ſeeing any thing in his Relation but what the natural Senſe of the Words ſeemed to import, I was agreeably ſurpriſed to find the Hiſtory of this Lover ſo ſhort, and the Bottom of his Sufferings ſo light. See, ſaid I to myſelf, a Lover perfectly modeſt, and perfectly fearful; for with his Birth, his Age, his Form, and an Eſtate ſo conſiderable, how could he fear to diſcover his Mind to *Patrick*, to me, to all thoſe who wiſh the Happineſs and Eſtabliſhment of *Roſe?* He is not even ignorant that he is beloved; and ought not this Conſideration alone to arm him with more Aſſurance? In fine, not finding any thing in this whole Adventure but a Subject for Joy, and Reaſons for eſteeming two Lovers ſo reſerved, I did not at all ſcruple to make him an Anſwer conformable to my Notions. I admire your Reſervedneſs, ſaid I, and felicitate my Siſter for having inſpired you with a Love ſo tender. She has no Fortune; but you will not be deceived in believing her to be of Birth and Merit. I conceive that a Lover rich and generous may find a Pleaſure in making the Fortune of what he loves. We ſhall know one another better, added I, when from henceforth we ſhall ſee one another with more Freedom: Apprehend no further Obſtacle, and count upon it, that an Inclination ſo honourable for my Siſter will be approved by all the Family.

He kiſs'd my Hand in a Tranſport of Joy; and mine was very near equal to his. What hinders me, added I, from going this Moment and preſenting myſelf to my Siſter? Yes, ſays he, eagerly, but I muſt caution you, that no Body be informed of my Name; the Secret may remain between us, and I am reſponſible for the Guide who conducted you here: You have taken him for a Domeſtick, but he is my beſt Friend, is intruſted with the Myſtery, and has put himſelf into this Diſguiſe to ſerve me. This Secret, which he yet ſeemed deſirous ſhould be kept ſo,

appeared

appear'd to me to be a very uſeleſs Piece of Caution. As I explained to him my Thoughts, O Heavens! interrupted he me in Confuſion, you have not at all underſtood me! How ſo? ſaid I, with the ſame Marks of Aſtoniſhment. Alas! replied he, have I not already told you, that I am married, and that my Wife is not yet dead.

We were both put to a ſtand. So unexpected a Diſcovery made me hang down my Head to conceal my Surpriſe and Shame. Aſſuredly, anſwer'd I, you did not give me to underſtand that your Wife was ſtill living. This is indeed an Openneſs of Sincerity that I did not at all look for; and which I would not have urged you to have had for me, if I had miſtruſted the Matter in the leaſt: Nevertheleſs, I commend it, and ſhall be faithful in obſerving that Diſcretion I promiſed you. I now conceive, continued I, lifting up my Eyes to obſerve his Countenance, from whence proceeded the Difficulty you had in diſcovering yourſelf to my Brother; but I can by no Means unravel what your Views are in the Truſt you have repoſed in me. Can you think me capable of favouring—? Do not conclude any ſuch thing, interrupted he me in Tranſport; do not add to my Grief for ſo ſoon loſing all my Hopes, the Suſpicion of my intending any Infamy. Heaven, whom I do not fear to call as a Witneſs to the Truth, ſees the Bottom of my Heart, and knows that in this whole Affair I have nothing to reproach myſelf with. But why have you interrupted me? added he in an obliging Tone: You promiſed to give me your Attention; but I find you are tired: I will only enter upon thoſe Explanations, for the Sake of which you are come to this Place: Do not condemn me, at leaſt without having heard me.

I compoſed myſelf enough to give him all the Attention he demanded. It is then true, ſays he, as I have confeſs'd to you, that I am bound in very diſaſtrous Chains; but I ſhall not bear them to my Grave. In lamenting the Rigour of my Fate, I cannot repine

at

at Heaven for it, who makes it ſerve to inſure me of one more happy. Madam *de S*——is in a languiſhing Condition; her Age and her Diſtempers do not promiſe her a Life of ſix Months. I have thought her gone twenty times by Accidents that are renewed every Day. Her Death will leave me free; and what Uſe do you think I ſhall make of my Liberty? I will go and ſacrifice it a-new at the Feet of your lovely Siſter, but with a Certainty of finding my Happineſs in living for her alone; I will make her abſolute Miſtreſs of my Fortune, and of all my Affections; ſhe ſhall be my Idol. You, your Family, and all that belongs to you ſhall with me poſſeſs the Place of thoſe Things that I hold moſt dear. Ah! what a happy Recompenſe ſhall I receive for the Conſtraint I have lived in to this Hour! In expecting the Day mark'd out by Heaven, added he more calmly, as if he had juſt recover'd from a kind of Raving) what Laws, what Maxims of Honour or Religion, can condemn the Cares I would fain take for you and for your Siſter? What can hinder me from treating you as a Brother, and her as a Perſon the moſt beloved and honour'd, to whom I for ever deſtine an abſolute Empire over all that belongs to me? Shall I not have the Permiſſion of employing a ſuperfluous Share of my Riches in inſuring a Life of Quietneſs and Tranquillity to one from whom I wait for all my Repoſe? I will not in the leaſt publiſh my Services, I will build nothing on my good Offices or Cares; I expect neither Thanks nor Condeſcenſions: It is myſelf only I ſeek to pleaſe, in offering what I ſhould be too happy to find accepted. I will renounce, if you pleaſe, even the Pleaſure of ſeeing her. She knows well herſelf, that this is a Condition I have always ſubmitted to: I ſhall wait the Change of my Fate to preſent to her all at once my Heart, my Eſtate, my Perſon, and the Name of my Wife. He caſt his Eyes on me almoſt at every Word, to diſcover what Impreſſion his Diſcourſe made on me; and thinking himſelf encouraged by a Smile, (which his Earneſtneſs, joined to the Inclination

Inclination I really had for him, drew from me without any Deſign) I muſt, continued he with a more gay and enlivened Air, inform you to what Pitch I am capable of carrying my Diſcretion.

A Letter of Importance, in which the Secret of my Paſſion was contained, was one Day torn with Violence out of the Hands of a Lacquey I employ'd in my Buſineſs. I miſtruſted my Misfortune, ſeeing the Boy return'd very penſive. He told me that a young Gentleman of a good Mien had ſurpriſed him in a lonely Place, and with the Point of his Sword to his Heart had forced him to give up the Letter. But he had the Preſence of Mind to follow him, and he told me where he lived. Tho' my Name was not written in the Billet, yet I could not think without Paſſion, that ſo precious a Piece ſhould be in the Hands of a Stranger. My Reſentment would have broke out immediately in ſome violent Enterpriſe, if juſt Conſiderations had not withſtood my Tranſports. An intimate Friend, my Companion in the Wars, and the ſole Confident of my Love, came in luckily in the midſt of my Perturbation. I gave him in Charge to clear up this cruel Adventure. He return'd in a few Moments with ſuch Lights as cooled my Anger, but encreaſed my Embarraſment. It was your Brother who had undertaken to interpoſe between your Siſter and me, and to cut off from me all Acceſs to her. With what Alarms did I not examine whether I had given room for his Suſpicions by any Imprudence, and in what Conſtraint did I not hold my Thoughts during the whole Continuance of this Tempeſt? But from the Picture that my Friend drew of your Brother, I could not reſiſt a ſtrong Deſire I had to ſee him. I forthwith ſought the Opportunity; the firſt that fell in my Way laid me as it were under a Neceſſity to look for others. I took an Inclination for him againſt which I could not defend myſelf. It ſeems, every thing that belongs to your Blood has the ſame Right to touch my Heart. I had him dogged to diſcover his Haunts and Acquaintance. I frequented the ſame Walks,

Walks, and introduced myſelf into the ſame Companies. Next to the Sight of your Siſter, I know nothing could pleaſe me ſo much as his. However, being always with-held by my Fears, I did Violence to my Inclination, which made me wiſh to converſe with him alone, and to tie myſelf to him in the ſtrict Bands of Friendſhip. I even ſhunn'd approaching him too near, or engaging with him in any Converſation which I could not ſuſtain without ſome Embarraſment. So I kept myſelf on my Guard until his Departure, in Oppoſition to the moſt tender Sentiments of Friendſhip and Love; making it at once my deareſt Delight to ſurrender myſelf up to them, and at the ſame time all my Employment to oppoſe them.

He left *Paris*. I did not for my Part remain leſs ſteady to my Principles, and if I ventur'd to renew to your Siſter ſome Marks of my Conſtancy, ſhe can bear me Witneſs with what Reſpect they were always accompanied. From this Time forward what Difficulties might ſhe have ſpared herſelf, had ſhe lent an Ear to my Offers? I ſuffer'd more than ſhe did from the ſtrange Situation to which ſhe was reduced; but I accounted my Silence among the Proofs of my Love; and by a new Kind of Obedience and Reſpect I humbled myſelf to the Torment of ſeeing her under Indigence, to convince her that there was no Exception in the Oath I had made of being all my Life devoted to her. If I watched about her, as a covetous Man watches about his Treaſure, ſhe was always ignorant of it. If I ſucceeded happily in procuring her ſome Aſſiſtance, I had the Joy of ſeeing her receive it without her knowing it. In fine, I fulfilled all Duties, I ſubmitted myſelf to all Laws, and when I would have preſs'd you to receive for her and yourſelf that which my Fortune put me in a Condition to offer you, I had leſs Thoughts of doing you a Favour than of diſcharging an Obligation, which draws its Force from Engagements that I deſire to accompliſh one Day, and which are already covenanted for in the Bottom of my Heart.

He

He ſtopp'd, expecting my Anſwer. I began by remarking that he drew ſome Hopes from a plauſible Turn he had given to his Reaſons; but that their Length had afforded me Time to embrace the Side which I thought it my Duty to ſtop at. That the Objections, which cannot be a few, would expoſe me to a Neceſſity of not ſeeing his Replies brought to an End. I reduced my Arguments to a very ſhort Way of Reaſoning. Without following you, ſaid I, thro' the whole Detail you have given, it is manifeſt you can have no Pretence to my Siſter as long as Heaven thinks proper to continue to you your Spouſe. It is no leſs an Objection, that ſhe would bring herſelf into Diſcredit by ſeeing and hearing you. The only Difficulty that remains between us is to know, if in the Caſe you ſuppoſe yourſelf, that is to ſay, of every Moment loſing an old and infirm Wife, you may caſt your Eyes on her whom you deſtine to fill her Place, and if the Promiſes you have made her with this View may authoriſe her to receive your Favours. This Queſtion, added I, is altogether new to me, and I confeſs I have need of more than one Day to reſolve it. I leave you with that Gratitude which I owe to your generous Intentions, and I crave Time ſufficient for me to give you an Anſwer. He would fain have detained me longer, and diſcover'd ſome Marks of Impatiece and Sadneſs. I continued firm in my Reſolution of leaving him, and only took Care to inform myſelf of the Place of his Abode, where I promiſed to carry him myſelf an Ecclairciſſement, which I deſired as much as he.

Though I was ſatisfied with my Anſwer after I had left him, yet I remain'd over-burden'd with two Embarraſments, of which the leaſt was capable of raiſing in me new Inquietudes. I did not at all look upon as my moſt difficult Taſk the Conſideration of the Propoſals of the Count *de S*———, ſeeing I was Maſter of my Time, and that in a City ſo full of Learning and learned Men as *Paris*, I could not want Advice; but I repreſented to myſelf the Impatience of *Roſe*, who had

had ſo tenderly recommended me to her Intereſts; and under the Irreſolution that I brought back as the only Fruits of my Journey, nothing preſented itſelf to my Mind proper to give her Satisfaction. The Coach having carried me back with Expedition, I was ſet down at the Gate of the Convent, before I had ſettled within myſelf what I ſhould ſay to her. Nevertheleſs, I ſpent a Moment alone, before I had her called, which gave me Time to recollect myſelf. I ſaw the Danger equal either in telling the naked Truth of what I had learned, or of concealing it from her entirely. Fond as ſhe was of her Lover, I fear'd to alarm her too much by an affected Silence, or by declaring to her that ſhe was in Love with a Man who was not at his own Liberty, I had yet worſe Apprehenſions, that I ſhould expoſe her to ſome difficult Conflicts, which might leave her room to be in Dread for her Virtue. Who knows, ſaid I, if all thoſe Sentiments of Religion and Honour, which her Hopes have hitherto maintain'd, can without great Difficulty make Reſiſtance againſt Deſpair? For Expectations from the Death of another are very precarious Foundations for Hope; and if Love cauſes all thoſe Tranſports, which I have ſeen depicted, I cannot eaſily believe that it is capable of being contented with ſo ſlight a Conſolation. I have vanquiſh'd the Heart of *Patrick*, but it was by Motives that always make a juſt Impreſſion on the Heart of a Man of Senſe. I judge of it with Confidence from my own. Can I judge in the ſame Manner of the Hearts of Women? And what have I further to oppoſe to *Roſe* but the common Topicks, over which they ſay Love has ſo often triumph'd? Theſe Reflections made me determine to take a Medium between the two Extremes, which at firſt Sight ſtar'd me in the Face.

She was not long before ſhe attended my Summons. I would not leave her one Moment in Suſpence. I have ſeen your Unknown, ſaid I, I have learn'd from his own Mouth his Name, the Circumſtances of his Affair, and all the Reaſons that have obliged him to this myſterious Conduct. I have found them juſt; but Honour has cloſed up my Mouth. It obliges you alſo

to moderate your Sentiments, at leaſt for ſo long a Time as he ſhall be under a Neceſſity of concealing his. I pity you both, and you in particular, if you ſhould, perhaps, entertain other Hopes; you will then have the Shame of ſhewing leſs Virtue and Fortitude than he.

I ſhould have hugg'd myſelf on this Preamble, from the Effect I ſaw it produce inſtantly in the Satisfaction of *Roſe*, if the Joy itſelf ſhe had ſhewn in having no other Obſtacle to ſurmount than that of Time, had not ſprung in me another Scruple. My addreſs has render'd her eaſy, ſaid I to myſelf; but ſhe will not love him the leſs ardently. Even the Teſtimony I have given her of the Integrity and Conſtancy of her Lover, will not go a great Way in creating to herſelf the Law of ſubmitting to the Conqueſt of his double Merit? But if the Reaſon I have to conceal from her the Situation of the Count is a Fear leſt ſhe ſhould wound her Duty by continuing to love him, will it leſs wound it to love him without knowing his Situation? On the other hand, will not the Crime, in which perhaps ſhe will be juſtified by her Error, fall directly on my Head, ſince it will be attributed to the Ambiguity of my Expreſſions? The Tenderneſs of my Conſcience was ſo much alarmed by this Manner of Reaſoning, that I thought myſelf oblig'd forthwith to anticipate the Evil I had cauſed. If you have fully underſtood me, ſaid I to her plainly, you ſhould look on your Marriage as a thing ſo dark and difficult, that you ought long ſince to have prepar'd yourſelf to ſee it fail; and I foreſee myſelf, added I, that in a few Days Honour will lay us under a Neceſſity of returning ſpeedily to *Ireland*. This Reflection upon our Departure was the more ſincere, for that with all the Reaſons I had to deſire it, I did not believe it could be deferr'd a Moment, if the Conſultations I had a mind to have held on the Caſe of the Count *de S*—— ſhould not be favourable for us; and to ſatisfy all my Duties without Rigour, I informed *Roſe*, that for ſome Days at leaſt, which was the Time I was to employ in clearing up Matters to my Satisfaction, Decency would not permit her to receive Letters from her Lover. Whatever

Diſcretion

Diſcretion ſhe had hitherto obſerved in all theſe Shifts and Subterfuges, ſhe penetrated further than was neceſſary for removing of my Scruples. Her Eyes were filled with Tears. Not having the Courage to demand other Explanations from me, ſhe fell into a deep Meditation, which gave me Liberty for ſome Moments to read in her Countenance all the Agitations of her Heart. Ah! ſaid ſhe to me in the End, I ſee too plainly my Fate! I ſhall be no more happy than my Brother! Her Grief touched me ſo ſenſibly, that I continued with her above an Hour, uſing all my Efforts to alleviate and ſoften it. But judging what ſhe had to fear from the Pains I took in conſoling her, ſhe did not give me the Satisfaction of believing, when I left her, that ſhe was in a Situation the moſt calm and ſedate.

In the mean time Duty and Honour not ſuffering a Competition with the Weakneſs of Nature, I immediately thought of unravelling the Point of Controverſy to which I ought to apply all my Cares. Tho' the Integrity of my Intentions was capable of giving me ſome Confidence in my own Knowledge, yet I did not think that in an Affair ſo delicate any Trouble could be too exceſſive, nor the greateſt Precautions uſeleſs. I knew ſome Doctors, who were wiſe and learned, and whoſe grave Deciſions unanimouſly given ought to be a Law for all good Men. I took the Reſolution of going to them ſucceſſively, and of propoſing to them my Doubts. They all agreed in aſking ſome Days to inform themſelves clearly of the controverted Points by freſh Study, and we agreed to meet at a certain Day to conſult together upon all the Opinions. For my Part, I paſſed the Time as they did in reading over every thing that I thought neceſſary for my Information, and above all to conſult Heaven, whoſe Inſpirations are ſometimes the only Reſource of an upright Heart in the doubtful Queſtions of moral Conduct. If I ſtole ſome Hours every Day from my Labour, it was to comfort and ſupport *Roſe*, whoſe Grief I perceived daily to increaſe. She ſpoke little to me. Under the Suſpence and Perplexity in which my Sincerity oblig'd me to leave her, ſhe ſeem'd, every

Time ſhe ſaw me appear, immediately to expect thoſe Eclairciſſements that I had made her hope for; and when ſhe perceived, at my firſt opening my Mouth, that I brought her nothing but my ordinary Conſolations, I had a Difficulty to make her break a melancholy Silence, which gave me more Inquietude than her Tears and her Complaints. Although ſhe promiſed me to ſend back her Lover's Letters without opening them, and that ſhe was not capable of breaking this Promiſe, I remarked that it was a very ſenſible Vexation to her not to have had one ſingle Opportunity of performing it. The Diſcretion of the Count retaining him within Bounds, even more ſtrict than I had impoſed on him, he reduced himſelf to the requeſting of me every Day to ſend him what News related to him and us. I had the Steadineſs not even to appriſe the melancholy *Roſe* with this Mark of his Conſideration and Conſtancy, in order to accuſtom her inſenſibly to Privations more grievous with which I thought her threatened.

At length, the Day appointed for our Conſultation being come, we aſſembled in the Cloſet of the moſt grave of my Doctors, in the midſt of his Books and Papers, which were, as one may ſay, ſo many dumb Witneſſes of the Uſe he had made of the Learning he had there imbibed. We were in Number ſeven, of whom the youngeſt was more advanced in Yeats than I. Having begun with a ſhort Prayer, every one took his Place according to the Order of his Age. Mine intitled me to the loweſt Place, as much as the Reſpect and Deference I owed to an Aſſembly whoſe Opinions I implored. They kept Silence for ſome Time. At length, the Senior, taking up the Word, pray'd me to open the Occaſion that had drawn us together, and upon what Points I demanded the Opinions of the Company. I aroſe from my Seat, and making a profound Bow on my right Hand and left, I began to lay down the Queſtion in the moſt plain and ſimple Terms; when the Senior interrupting me with a peeviſh Air, gave me to underſtand, that in every Aſſembly, in which any Perſon was acknowledged as Chief or Head, the firſt Salutation ought

to

to be addreſſed to him. Another of the Doctors, turning himſelf immediately towards him, agreed that in general this Propoſition was juſt; but not to mention, added he, that Mr. *Dean* is diſpenſed by the Title of being a Stranger from conforming to our Cuſtoms, we have not yet ſuppoſed that the Civility of conſenting to meet at your Houſe was an Act obliging us to acknowledge you to be our Chief or Head. That is true, interrupted the next. By what Title? ſaid a third. The Pretenſion to it is ridiculous and comical, replied another. In an Inſtant, every one in their Turns expreſſed ſome Marks of Diſcontent, that the Senior ſhould lay Claim to a Right, which no-body was willing to yield him. Although he was a little diſconcerted by ſuch an unanimous Oppoſition, yet he inſiſted ſo ſtrenuouſly on his Claim, and the others were ſo ſerious and warm in conteſting it, that they roſe up all together, and left me under ſuch an Aſtoniſhment and Apprehenſion, that I had that Moment a Mind to make the beſt of my Way from among them.

Nevertheleſs, pleaſing myſelf with the Thoughts that the firſt Heat would preſently cool among ſuch reaſonable Doctors, I ventured to repreſent to them, that my Affair might be ended with fewer Formalities, and that in the Poſition they now were, without Diſtinction of Degrees or Ranks, every Man might in two Words declare his Opinion. I know not whether it were from a Conſciouſneſs of having diſcovered ſome Tokens of Weakneſs before the Eyes of a Stranger, but coming all-at once to themſelves, they put a Stop to their Quarrel in order to hearken to me. I calmly renewed my Prayer, that they would give me their Opinions in a few Words. Ah! very well replied the Senior, (making haſte to get the ſtart of the others) without ſearching into the Myſtery, the Man mention'd in your Caſe is an Adulterer in the Bottom of his Heart, and every Woman who gives ear to his Love participates in his Crime. He turned his Back-ſide upon us with an Air of Diſdain after he had given this Deciſion.

Another took up the Diſcourſe with more good Humour: The Opinion of Maſter Doctor, ſays he, caſting a Smile towards me, ſavours a little of Peeviſhneſs that

our Refuſal has raiſed in him. My Opinion is, that a Man who is on the Brink of loſing his Wife may with Innocence enough caſt his Eyes on the Lady whom he intends ſhould ſucceed her, and may take the ſame honeſt Meaſures before-hand to aſſure himſelf of her Eſteem and Conſent. I am of the ſame Opinion, continued the third, but with a Condition annexed, that nothing paſſes between them to injure the Fidelity of the firſt Marriage. I require ſomething further, interrupted the fourth, before I can embrace an Opinion ſo dangerous: I think that ſuch a Man and ſuch a Woman ſhould not have any Commerce together, either of Friendſhip or plain Civility, that may raiſe in the Publick the leaſt Suſpicion of a ſcandalous Familiarity. The Senior, who had turned his Face to the Window, and did not ſeem to take any Notice of what was ſaid behind him, at once raiſed his Voice — Pleaſant Deciſions, ſaid he, ſplitting himſelf with Laughter! thoſe Creatures have not ſo much as the Shadow of Divinity. Oh! Pleaſant in your Teeth, replied he, who had ſpoke laſt: I am ready to prove my Opinion by all the Fathers and the Councils of the Church. I challenge you to do ſo, replied the Senior, turning himſelf roughly towards the Aſſembly. I have here all the Councils and all the Fathers. Thoſe who had been a little before of near the ſame Opinion bruſhed up to him to let him know that he was in the wrong, and that a ſingle Doctor, whether he were Senior or pretended to be their Head, ought not to get the better of an united Body of the Doctors. Moreover, citing divers Paſſages, they all together laboured to prove to him that they had given the natural Senſe of them; and that he could have but a ſlender Knowledge in the *Greek* and *Latin* Languages who could imagine the contrary. *Greek* and *Latin* Languages, cried the old Doctor in a Rage, is it you then that pretend to teach them to me? And treating them as Ignoramus's who had Occaſion every Day to hear his Lectures, he named to them an hundred Treatiſes in *Greek* and *Latin*, upon which he offered to prove on the ſpot that they had not yet ſo much as caſt their Eyes. The Noiſe of this ſtrange Diſpute, which was greatly heightened by the Mediation

tion of thoſe who had not yet ſpoke, and who would willingly be Arbitrators of the Quarrel, had already drawn all the Servants to the Door of the Cloſet. I had luckily my Hat and Cane in my Hands; I laid hold of the Opportunity to gain the Stairs, and marching down without turning my Head behind me, I got away in all haſte from the Houſe.

My Reflections were ſhort upon this Adventure. Having for a Moment lamented the Misfortune of a great Number of learned Men, who employ'd their Underſtanding and Knowledge in nouriſhing Preſumption and Pride, I reproach'd myſelf for not having better known the Characters of thoſe whom I conſulted, and whoſe Air of Gravity and Reputation had ſo much impoſed upon me. But maugre the Ridicule of a Scene ſo little expected, I concluded, from the Difference of their Opinions, that in an Affair, wherein I would as little expoſe my own Conſcience as the Honour of *Roſe*, I ought to conclude leſs than ev r from my own Deciſion; which perhaps might have been to indulge ſomething to the Inclination and even Advantage of *Roſe*, by promiſing the Count not to be in too much Haſte to diſpoſe of her, without conſenting nevertheleſs to receive Favours from a Man, whom I did not believe to be ſo much Maſter of his Subſtance, as to diſpoſe arbitrarily of it. At the worſt, I thought I might continue ſome Time at *Paris*, and apply my conſtant Cares in cheriſhing and amuſing my Siſter under the perplexed State in which I had been obliged to put her. This was at leaſt a Situation of an innocent Heart; and in the mean time I conceived, that I could not well remove her from *Paris* without expoſing her to other Dangers. The Count appearing to me ſo prudent, that I might with Safety depend upon him as to the Innocence of his Views, I perceived nothing in all theſe Suppoſitions that might abſolutely alarm my Honour or Conſcience. Nevertheleſs, the Repoſe of a Chriſtiam Soul not being able to ſubſiſt under the leaſt Doubt, I was not a whit diſcouraged at the ill Succeſs of my firſt Enterprize, and I reſolved to lay the Caſe rather before the Aſſembly of *Sorbonne*, than to build my Safety on my own Underſtanding.

This was a new Care, in which I employ'd myſelf the following Days. With great Labour I drew up a Writing, wherein I laid down the Queſtion from all the Arguments I could draw from Authorities, from Examples, and from the whole Spirit of the Legiſlature in the Eſtabliſhment of Marriage. I had finiſhed it, and I thought of nothing but of getting an Opportunity of preſenting it to the Aſſembly, when a moſt unexpected Blow made my Work of no Uſe. I received by the common Meſſenger of the Count of *S*———, a Letter under his own Hand, that gave an Account of the Death of his Wife, with all the Circumſtances of it. He expreſſed himſelf on this Loſs in the Words of a Man of Honour, who did not forget the Gratitude he owed her at the Time he was embarked in another Intereſt. I ſhall always preſerve, ſaid he, that Love for her Memory, which I had all her Life for her Perſon; but not having ever had with her a Reliſh for any other Pleaſures than thoſe of Duty, he confeſſed that his Grief was not ſuch as could be of a long Duration after her Death. That Decency nevertheleſs, of which he was reſolved to relax nothing to the End, hindered him from giving me an Account of this News in Perſon. He finiſhed by recommending his Affairs to my Care, without naming my Siſter, or ſpeaking one Word of his Paſſion; and I admired with what Diſcretion he knew how to conciliate the Duties of his Mourning with the Intereſts of his Love.

Although it was difficult for me under ſuch an Event to diſtinguiſh how far Charity obliged me to grieve, and within what Bounds ſhe permitted me to rejoice, I confeſs that my firſt Impulſe was to bleſs Heaven, whoſe Goodneſs had kept this Favour for us as it were in Reſerve. My Reflections next fell upon *Roſe*. What was her Joy going to be, ſaid I to myſelf, and ſhall I not make all the Haſte in the World to tell her this News? Nevertheleſs it appeared to me after a little Deliberation that I ought to moderate my Impatience. I had a thouſand Things to clear up. The Eſtate, the Condition, the Character of the Count were no otherwiſe known to me than from

from his own Information, and if Appearances had carried me to a Belief of his Sincerity, Prudence would not give me Leave to depend on Outſides only. I gave him an Anſwer, with which he ought to have been as well ſatisfied as I was with his Letter. In a Viſit to my Siſter the ſame Day, I limited myſelf to the Point of raiſing her Hopes by Exhortations and Careſſes, from whence I remarked with Joy that ſhe herſelf drew a good Omen. In leaving her Chance threw in my Way my Lord *Linch*, who was examining carefully the Situation of the Monaſtery. I had not ſeen him till now ſince his precipitate Retreat, and having but a ſlender Loſs in his Friendſhip, I had only inquired caſually what Part of the Town he had choſe for his Abode. His Lodgings were in the moſt remote Part of the City from mine, and I never once thought of diſturbing him. The Sequel of his Adventures gave me to underſtand, that he had not the ſame Indifference for all my Proceedings, and my accidental meeting him now gave me ſome Cauſe of ſuſpecting it. But beſides, as his Menaces had not given me any ſerious Cauſes of Alarm, I now thought my Siſter more ſecure than ever from his Perſecutions, by our new Reſources in the Zeal and Reputation of the Count; and I thought no more than of ſtriking haſtily enough down another Street, to avoid the Neceſſity of ſpeaking to him. He found no Doubt that my Deſign was to avoid him; but the Manner in which he had treated me excuſed me from uſing him with more Manners. Far nevertheleſs from having any Miſtruſt of the Bottom of his Views, I employed myſelf during the Remainder of the Day in procuring Informations and Aſſurances of the Integrity and Uprightneſs of the Count of *S*———. The Death of his Wife, which cauſed ſome Motions in the Neighbourhood of his Houſe, made me eaſily find Pretences for my Inquiries; what I learned from many Perſons of Honour and from his Pariſh Prieſt himſelf, to whom I, without any Scruple addreſſed myſelf, convinced me, that in ſpeaking of his Birth and Riches, he had made me a very modeſt Draught.

Who would not have counted upon Hopes ſo near and well eſtabliſhed? In retiring to my Lodgings I

propoſed to ſee my Brother next Day at the *Baſtile*, and to open to him the honourable Match that offered for *Roſe*. I had never any Fear of finding in him an Oppoſition to this Project. He loved his Siſter; and his Ambition not failing to flatter him as much with ſuch an Eſtabliſhment as his Tenderneſs, I was ſure that in conſidering the Proceedings of my Lord *Linch*, the Conſent he had given to his Solicitations would coſt him nothing to retract. His own Intereſt ought to make him wiſh for an Alliance ſo powerful as that of the Count; and I promiſed myſelf already, that his Liberty would quickly be the Conſequence of it. So that Heaven began on every Side to favour the Integrity and Innocence of my Deſires.

I went into my Lodgings filled with theſe Ideas. But are not the Diſpoſitions of Providence impenetrable? A ſtrange Lacquey, whom I preſently remember'd to have ſeen a long Time before in the Service of *de Peſſes*, appeared before me, having his Eyes filled with Tears. He incontinently lamented his Misfortune in the moſt moving Terms, and many times pronounced the Name of his dear Maſter in reiterated Sobs; he informed me, that this unhappy young Man with whom he returned from *Germany* the Day before, had loſt his Life by the Hands of an unknown Perſon. His Groans and Tears ſtopped his Voice. I took him by the Hand, and led him into my Cloſet. I made him ſit down near me; and not underſtanding any thing of a thouſand unlucky Accidents that he told me confuſedly, I demanded of him the Explanation of a Misfortune, of which I had ſome Difficulty to perſuade myſelf.

He told me at length, coherently enough, that he had the Charge of many Papers, from whence I might draw important Lights; but that his Maſter having ordered him by his laſt Words to give me an Account of the Circumſtances of his Diſaſter, and of his lateſt Thoughts, he would begin with that Recital. They arrived the Evening before: The firſt Care of *de Peſſes* had been to receive the Informations of his Valet de Chambre, whom he had left at *Paris*. Surpriſed at my Return, and delighted that the Protection of Heaven

Heaven had preſerved *Roſe* from a thouſand Dangers during his Abſence, he ſhewed no greater Eagerneſs than to ſee me; when the Moment he was going out, an unknown Perſon aſked to ſpeak with him, and had taken him aſide. After a very long and exaſperated Diſcourſe, the unknown Gentleman retired, and Mr. *de Peſſes*, who ſpoke of nothing the Moment before but his Deſire to ſee me, on the contrary had now forbidden his Servants to give me any Notice of his Return till the next Evening. He ſupped in their Preſence very compoſedly, and renewing his Prohibitions went to Bed, and nothing appeared to diſturb his Reſt all Night. The next Morning he mounted his Horſe, attended by one Lacquey only, who told me this Story; and without communicating to him his Deſign he rid to the Foreſt of *Boulogne*, where he gave him Orders to wait at the Gate. No-body ſaw what paſſed at that Time; but in leſs than a Quarter of an Hour the ſame unknown Gentleman, who had talked the Evening before in private with him, appeared on Horſeback, and making out of the Foreſt by the ſame Gate, he bid the Lacquey, having firſt aſked him if he belonged to *de Peſſes*, to carry Help immediately to his Maſter. This faithful Servant clapping Spurs to his Horſe galloped at full Speed along the ſame Road; and though his Concern had not given him Preſence of Mind enough to inform himſelf of the Place where he might find him, yet his Horſe, which he ſaw faſtened to the Trunk of a Tree, ſerved luckily to diſcover him.

I found him, continued he redoubling his Tears, ſtretched on the Ground, and drenched in his Blood. How! dead? ſays I, in a piercing Fright for his Chance in another Life. No, replied he, but already ſo exhauſted of all his Strength that he had ſcarce any Motion. He knew me;—I thank you for your Zeal, ſaid he to me, but if you will do me a ſenſible Piece of Service before my Death, convey me with all Speed to the Dean of *Coleraine*. I gave him to underſtand that it was firſt neceſſary to begin by ſtopping his Blood, which continued to run in great Floods. He conſented to this Propoſal: My Cravat and his, a Part of my Shirt, and ſome of my Cloaths, were con-

veniently employed in this melancholy Office. When this was done, I immediately put myſelf in the great Road, to find ſomebody to help to carry him. Four Travellers, whom I ſtopped by the Force of my Intreaties, bore him between their Arms to the Houſe at the Gate of the Foreſt. In vain did I preſs to detain him there. He was put into an Elbow Chair, and he himſelf encouraging the Bearers by the Promiſe of a great Reward, they carried him to the Suburbs of *St. Honore*, with Orders to go directly to your Lodgings. But the Motion not being very gentle it weakened his Strength, and a Faintneſs ſeizing him at the Entrance of the Suburbs obliged us to go to the firſt Surgeon we could find. When he recovered his Spirits a little, he was of Opinion he could not go much further without ſhortening the few Moments he had to live. He ſuffered the Surgeon to ſearch his Wounds, which were ſo mortal that he could not promiſe him an Hour. Without being terrified with Death, he ordered me to pray you to come immediately to him; but many Meſſengers whom I diſpatched one after another could not find you at Home. During this Time my unfortunate Maſter had given Orders for a Confeſſor, and two of the neareſt Notaries, to be ſent for to him. He remained ſome time ſhut up with them; after which calling for me, he pay'd his Porters liberally, and with me choſe to ſpend his laſt Moments. You have always ſerved me faithfully, ſaid he, with a Voice that grew feebler at each Word; you ſhall be rewarded, but do not let your Zeal ſlacken after my Death, which I am ſenſible approaches. Haſten immediately to ſee the Dean of *Coleraine*, and put into his Hands theſe Papers. He will take care of my Funeral. Tell him that under my Misfortunes I ſhould have carried away ſome Conſolation, if I could have embraced him in my laſt Moments. My Life was devoted to him, to his Siſter, and to his Brother *Patrick*. You will not eaſily ſee his Siſter; but if you ſhould ſee her, tell her that I die for her. Theſe were the laſt Words of my dear Maſter, added the ſorrowful Meſſenger, with a new Acceſſion of an Abundance of Tears. He in vain laboured to add more;

for

for his Grief ſtop'd his Voice, and hinder'd him from pronouncing any thing diſtinctly. I perceived all at once that his Soul had abandoned him with the Remainder of his Strength.

In finiſhing this Relation, he preſented me with a Bundle of Papers, which were carefully ſealed up. The deep Conſternation that ſeized me did not prevent my opening them immediately, with a Deſire of executing at leaſt with as much Diligence as Zeal the laſt Will of a Friend ſo faithful and generous. The firſt Writing I laid my Hands on was a Letter addreſs'd to me. It had his Signature to it, although the two Pages, of which it was made up, were written in a Character unknown to me. He was obliged, ſaid he in it, to make uſe of the Hand of his Confeſſor to write me a Letter, which I ſhould not receive till after his Death. Referring himſelf to his Lacquey for the Explanation of Circumſtances, he avowed, that without having ever known my Lord *Linch*, he believed he died by his Hand. It was the Hand of a Rival, and he did not know that he had any other but he. Beſides, the Language of his Enemy confirmed him that he was a Foreigner. Nevertheleſs, the Deſire of Revenge had the leaſt Share in this Diſcovery. That he thought he had juſt Reaſons to inſpire me with ſome Fear for my Siſter and myſelf, from a Diſcourſe which Reſentment had drawn from the Mouth of his Murderer. As much as he had been alarmed for our Intereſt, ſo much did he think himſelf happy in hearing even from the Mouth of a Rival, that *Roſe* made ſome Account of the Fervency and Conſtancy of his Love, and that ſhe had happily declared herſelf in his Favour. That without doubt it was to my Friendſhip he was indebted for this Change. What Exceſs of Happineſs did Death oblige him to renounce! But having nothing before his Eyes but a Grave open, and ready to receive him, he pray'd me to make acceptable to my Siſter the only Marks of Gratitude that he had to offer her, and which I ſhould find annexed to his Letter. If the Inclination of his Heart, added he, had not incited him to what he had done in her Favour, yet he ſhould think himſelf

ſelf obliged to it, to make an Atonement for the only Fault he had to reproach himſelf with, and of which he would now make to me a Confeſſion with his laſt Words. Some Hints from *Patrick* having made him deſpair to move the Heart of *Roſe*, he confeſs'd to me, that on his Return to *Paris*, the Violence of a Paſſion which he was no longer able to ſubdue, had made him form a Reſolution to ſteal her away; and that he ought to look upon his Death as a Judgment for a Project ſo much the more deteſtable on this Account, as he now had Reaſon to flatter himſelf (from the Confeſſion of his Rival) to have held in her Heart a Preference, of which he was not in the leaſt worthy with ſuch criminal Thoughts. That the Notaries, who had a Duplicate of the Act he ſent me, would wait on me by his Orders with an Explanation upon other Circumſtances.

After a tender Prayer he made me to cheriſh and love his Memory, he informed me in a few Words of a Voyage he had made to *Ireland* on his Return from *Germany*, and accuſing himſelf of Indiſcretion in ſome Intelligences he had given *Patrick*, whoſe Eſtabliſhment he was then ignorant of, he conjured me to repair the mortal Wound he had given to his Repoſe, and perhaps to the Repoſe of his Wife. Heaven will pardon me, added he, for this unhappy Error, which was not at all voluntary. He finiſhed with a laſt Adieu.

What an Overplus and Surcharge of Trouble and Grief did I not feel after reading this Letter! Every Line was like a Source of empoiſoned Vapours, which threw all my Ideas and Thoughts into an inexpreſſible Confuſion. I was about beginning again this fatal Letter, to diſcover in it ſome Day-light amidſt ſuch thick Darkneſs; but thinking nevertheleſs that the preſent Circumſtances obliged me to make every thing give way to the Duties of Friendſhip, I went on in opening the firſt Paper that lay in my Way. My Surpriſe and Confuſion were augmented yet more in diſcovering in it a teſtamentary Act, by which Mr. *de Peſſes* made an abſolute Donation to my Siſter of all his Eſtate and Subſtance. Not having Friends ſo near, ſaid he in the Form of the Preamble, nor ſo poor, to make

make him prefer the Duties of Blood to thoſe of Friendſhip, out of Gratitude and Eſteem he conſtituted her his univerſal Heir, *&c.*

Where am I? cried I. What Torrents of Difficulties and Troubles come pouring down on me in the ſame Day? What Contradictions in the Caſts and Chances of Fortune? Or rather, added I, adoring the incomprehenſible Wiſdom of Providence, what Subjects, O my God, to admire the Depths of thy Diſpoſitions? But to what Point is it thy Intention to conduct us by Ways ſo ſuperior to our vain Prudence? It is to you, dear and virtuous Friend, continued I, that we muſt begin to render the laſt Duties of Eſteem and Gratitude. The Night is too far advanced, ſaid I to the Lacquey, who waited my Orders, to take any Reſolutions before to-morrow; go and paſs the Remainder of it about your dear Maſter; and depend upon a Reward in Proportion to your Affection. I ſend with you a Man of Truſt, to whom I give it in Charge to regulate for this Night every thing that Decency and Cuſtom require about the Dead; and I promiſe to be with you in the Morning, to diſpoſe things with more Order and Regularity.

I could not recover myſelf out of this Medley of Motions that ſucceeded one another in the Bottom of my Heart in ſo ſhort a Space, I retired alone into my Cloſet, where my firſt Care was to put up to Heaven an ardent Prayer, to grant to Mr. *de Peſſes* in a better Life an hundred-fold more Happineſs than he thought he loſt in quitting this. His other Papers contained Explanations and Lights into different Parts of his Subſtance. But I returned forthwith to his Letter, which I read over with a freſh Ardour. In the midſt of the Pity, which every Word revived in me for his Fate, how could the obſcure Hints that related to my Siſter and *Patrick* not raiſe in me ſome Alarms? Another Diſquiet ſeized me from the Manner in which I weighed his Words. He was perſuaded from ſome Expreſſions dropt to his Advantage, that *Roſe* was become more ſenſible of his Merit. This was enough to give me to underſtand, that my Lord *Linch* was his Murderer; but could I not from thence

thence alſo conclude, if this vain Thought had carried him out to fight againſt a furious Rival, who had, as it were, taken upon himſelf to puniſh the Happineſs which Mr. *de Peſſes* had permitted to be aſcribed to him, that this alſo had been the principal Motive to the Donation he made to my Siſter of all his Wealth? And might ſhe decently profit herſelf by his Error? This was leſs a Scruple of Conſcience than of Honour: But I always held it for a Principle that theſe two Words well underſtood are nearer a-kin than one thinks; or at leaſt, that in all Caſes where they are not at all Oppoſites, the Law of Honour is as indiſpenſible as that of Conſcience. I was in this Agitation of Thoughts, given up ſucceſſively to one or the other, and ſtill too much ſway'd by my Imagination to put them in more Order, when Word was brought me, that an unknown Perſon inquired for me. It was paſt Nine o' Clock, and the Night was dark. I ſcrupled ſome time to receive a Viſit ſo little in Seaſon; but in the Moment I was giving a Denial, he entered ſuddenly into my Chamber; and this Unknown, whoſe Boldneſs at firſt ſtruck me with ſome Fear, was the Count *de S*———.

He had on him a Perriwig and Coat that diſguiſed him, which however did not hinder me from knowing him immediately. After praying me to ſend away everybody that might hear us, he threw himſelf about my Neck, and held me a long time in his Arms. My Eagerneſs, ſaid he, ſubmitted in the Day-time to Decorum; but nothing is capable of moderating it when it can gratify itſelf with Honour. Will you reward me? added he in the ſame Tranſport. Are you reſolved to grant ſomething to my Heart? Shall I ſee the charming *Roſe?* Will you permit me to love her? She has not waited my Conſent, replied I, embracing him in my Turn, and I have betray'd her into a voluntary Confeſſion for you, that ſhe ſhould have ſuffered ſomething, if her Inclinations had been too long reſtrained by her Duty. But how opportunely, added I, are you come here! Under the Trouble I am, what Need have I not of the Conſolation and Counſel of a worthy Man? In Reality, the Opinion I had of this amiable

amiable Count, and the Inclination he had ſhewed to love me, had made me regret that in my Agitation I had not the Power to open to him a Share of my Perplexity. He did not leave me the leaſt Doubt of the Sincerity of his Friendſhip. The Intereſt of my Siſter had become his. His Aſſiſtance was a Reſource upon which I had always counted. Moreover, not finding any thing in his Viſit that might not bear the Name of an honeſt and innocent Forwardneſs, I reſolved to open to him my Heart.

You ſhall ſee *Roſe*, ſaid I, having firſt ruminated a little; you ſhall ſee her, as ſoon as the Laws of Cuſtom ſhall enable you to diſcover openly the Love you have for her. Your Impatience would not be juſt, if it ſhould make you think this Period too long. But, added I with the ſame diſquieted Air, what can ſhe lack, ſince you may ſee her when you pleaſe? She is in a Danger for which I tremble, and I ſhall not think her in Safety till I ſee her your's. I did not exaggerate my Fears in repreſenting them in ſuch lively Colours. The new Obſervations I had made to clear them up had augmented them to a Point, when calling to Mind my accidentally meeting my Lord *Linch* about the Convent, full no doubt with the ſame Fury in which he came from dipping his Hands in Blood, and ſeeking to ſatisfy it with other Enterpriſes, I was under Apprehenſions that the Night would not paſs over without his committing ſome other glaring Violence. In order to explain my Diſtruſts to the Count, I could not diſpenſe with myſelf from acquainting him with the ancient Pretenſions of two Rivals, who had unſucceſsfully aſpired to the Heart of *Roſe*, and the diſaſtrous End of Mr. *de Peſſes*, with the late Effects of his Love and Generoſity. I did not name my Lord *Linch*, of whom my Profeſſion did not permit me to be, as it were, an Accuſer; but painting out his ſtrange Character in ſuch Colours as I knew it to be, I confeſs'd to him, that we ſhould have but little Hopes of Repoſe, unleſs we could find the Means of removing ſo dangerous a Man, or of concealing my Siſter from his Purſuits.

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The Diſquiet and Aſtoniſhment of the Count diſcovered themſelves during all my Diſcourſe, but they were not yet brought to the Point I thought it capable of raiſing them to. A Violence, ſuch as you ſeem to fear, ſaid he, is impoſſible to be perpetrated in our Convents. Although a Company of Women are little capable of Reſiſtance, yet it would be neceſſary to bring Cannon down againſt the Houſe to force their Walls and Grates: All that one could promiſe himſelf with any Certainty is to be ſeconded from within; and ſuch Intelligences cannot be the Work of a Day. Nevertheleſs, added he, as ſuch Attempts may be practicable at long run, I think as you do, that ſome Meaſures ſhould be taken by Way of Prevention. I have at ſome Diſtance from *Paris* a Caſtle, that ſtands out of the Road, and is defended by a very large Moat, where you may retire with your Siſter, until the Time you ſhall be pleaſed to appoint for my Happineſs. But, added he with a Sigh, in reflecting on what moved him more than my Fears; What have you told me, and what have I not to fear from this rich Inheritance, which will go further in buſying *Roſe* than the Cares of anſwering my Love! Of how many Advantages am I deprived all at once! Shall I not then be the only Perſon to whom ſhe ſhall be indebted for her Change of Fortune? Shall I not then be the firſt who ſhall make her Condition pleaſurable and happy? She will have received good Offices from another, which will oblige her to divide her Acknowledgments, and will rob me of ſome Part of the Sentiments of her Heart. Happy Rival! I envy his Death, which gives him an Aſſurance of thoſe Rights which I am going to loſe. At length he propoſed to me to keep Mr. *de Peſſes*'s Inheritance for my Brother, or myſelf, and to conceal from my Siſter the Diſpoſition made in her Favour. I excuſed myſelf from ſuch a Thought, which would be making ourſelves guilty of a manifeſt Robbery. Reſtore it then, ſaid he, to the lawful Heirs, from whom the Deceaſed could not wreſt it without Injuſtice. I have not yet examined, anſwered I, whether Mr. *de Peſſes* in this Diſpoſition has departed from any Law; but the Diſ-

Diſcuſſion of the Point belongs leſs to me than my Siſter, and the Right of enjoying it, or the Obligation of reſtoring it, lies only at her Door.

I at firſt looked on theſe two Propoſals as a Banter; and notwithſtanding the Circumſtances of Affairs did not at all give me Room for Mirth, I did not pretend to make a more ſerious Anſwer. But he preſently mentioned to me a third Expedient, upon which he inſiſted with ſo much Warmth, that I was under no ſmall Perplexity to defend myſelf. Put, ſaid he, into my Hands the Act of Donation, and let it remain Secret between us. I will improve it in the Name of your Siſter, and put myſelf in Poſſeſſion of all that is left her. She will be ignorant of this for a long time, and my Deſign being to leave her all I have in the World, I ſhall find nothing in her Heart in Oppoſition to that Tenderneſs without Reſerve, which I would fain merit by mine. I yet combated this Caprice in vain by all Manner of Reaſons. I was nevertheleſs obliged to enter into a Part of his Views, by promiſing not to inform *Roſe* of the extraordinary Obligations ſhe owed to Mr. *de Peſſes*, at leaſt till after her Marriage. So by the moſt whimſical Fate, with two of the moſt flattering Advantages ſhe could deſire, that of being advanced to a great Fortune all of a ſudden, and being on the Point of marrying a dear Lover, ſhe was condemned to be ignorant of them both.

Nevertheleſs, the Count having renewed the Offer of his Caſtle, I did not think that Decorum had the ſame Force now as I had found myſelf under at other Times, to oblige me to reject the like Propoſals; and I had no Deſign, in acquainting my Siſter with them, to conceal from her much longer the Succeſs of his tender Affections. The Ardour of the Count, which made him already calculate Days and Seaſons, made me in a few Moments inure myſelf to talk of their Marriage, as if nothing was wanting in it but the Celebration. I diſapproved of nothing but the Deſire he ſhewed of waiting on us himſelf to his Caſtle. No, ſaid I, it will be enough if you give us a faithful Servant for our Guide. I demanded two Days for rendering the laſt Duties to *de Peſſes*, and for ordering my other

other Affairs at *Paris*. In fine, the Length of this Converſation making him think it neceſſary to retire, we embraced one another with all the Tenderneſs of which we had juſt tied the Knots; and if he carry'd away the Satisfaction of believing, that his Happineſs was out of Danger of a blow, I had the Comfort of hugging myſelf more than ever on the good Fortune of *Roſe*, which appeared to me to be eſtabliſhed on a ſolid Foundation.

I had yet Inquietudes enough remaining not to ſuffer me to reckon upon an undiſturbed Repoſe; ſo that I looked no further into the Cauſe of a very grievous Reſtleſsneſs that toſſed me about all Night. Nevertheleſs, I could not in the End reflect upon this extraordinary Diſorder in my Blood and all my Spirits, without thinking that Heaven was deſirous to forewarn me by a Kind of ſenſible Chaſtiſement, that I placed too much Confidence in the Meaſures of human Prudence, and that I ſhould be affected with Circumſtances quite different from thoſe of which I thought myſelf aſſured. But the Embarraſments, that held me employ'd the two following Days, not having given me Time to turn my Reflections on that Side, I fell directly down the Precipice which I thought to have avoided.

In the Morning I went to ſee the Corps of *de Peſſes*, which I found ready prepared to receive the Solemnities of Sepulture. The equivocal Manner in which he ſpoke of his Misfortune, having made it paſs rather for an unexpected Adventure, which cauſed leſs Suſpicion of a Duel than of an Aſſaſſination, no Inquiries were made that might oblige me to uſe further Precautions. I followed the Advice of his Confeſſor and the two Notaries who aſſiſted him, that it were better to depoſit him in the Pariſh where he died, than to remove him to that in which he lodged. They were afraid leſt the Pomp and Noiſe might raiſe People's Curioſity; and I entered into the ſame Views as to the Place of his Interment. The rich Preſent he made my Siſter had leſs Share in the Honours I did him than a Sentiment of Eſteem and Friendſhip, independent of Intereſt, and which I always thought due to his Perſon as much as to his Services.

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The Notaries gave me an Account of all they had done the Evening before by his Directions. They had in my Sister's Name, put their Seals on all that belonged to him at *Paris*; and they propoſed to me immediately to ſecure in my own Cuſtody not only his Papers and Moveables, but ſome conſiderable Sums of Money which they found in his Cloſet. This Step ſeeming to require the Participation of *Roſe*, was a Difficulty which I could not eaſily determine. Beſides the Promiſe I had made the Count *de S*———, I had alſo my Scruples of Honour, which I was reſolved to have cleared up, before I ſet forward any Pretenſions in regard to the Rights of my Siſter. I put off the two Notaries to the next Day, in hopes that the Advice of *George* (to whom I intended to pay a Viſit before Evening, and whom I knew to be a properer Perſon to determine a Queſtion of Honour than a Point of Religion and Conſcience) might help to fix my Doubts. I ought alſo to impart to him the intended Marriage of *Roſe*; and not having been abſent from him above fifteen Days, my ſole Deſign was to rid myſelf of all other Doubts before I informed him of ſuch happy News, and I flattered myſelf that this would help to eſtabliſh Peace and Union in our Family.

But this Care ſeemed to me to be leſs preſſing than that of preparing *Roſe* to change her Habitation, and of giving her all thoſe Explanations tending to her Happineſs, that her Heart was impatient to hear. It would have been a Cruelty to have held her too long in an Ignorance with which I might be reproached, not only by herſelf, but her Lover, whom I ought not to deprive of thoſe Sentiments whereof he was ſo jealous. He had no Miſtruſt that my Slowneſs did but ill correſpond with his Impatience; and the Manner in which I had explained myſelf to him the Night before could not give him any Suſpicion of that Sort. On the contrary, I perceived that the Moderation of his Deſires proceeded from the Perſuaſion he was in, that my Siſter knowing all his Ardour, and the happy Change in her Situation, would reckon herſelf accountable for the Sacrifice he made to Decorum. This would have been to deceive them both, as well as to deprive them without

without Reaſon of a Satisfaction ſo innocent. I went to *Roſe*'s Convent, to pleaſe myſelf in contributing all in my Power to the Happineſs of this Pair of irreproachable Lovers.

By what Lights could I foreſee that I was going to occaſion them more Miſchief than I intended to procure them Pleaſure? It is here that, without following the Order of my own Informations, I am going to unveil at one Stroke what was for a long Time concealed from myſelf, I mean an horrible Treachery, that would have diffuſed too much Obſcurity over the moſt moving Part of this Hiſtory, had I delay'd to unfold it, at a time when the Compaſſion of Heaven let me into the Knowledge of it, that is to ſay, after the dire Effects it produced. Thoſe who had loſt Sight of my Lord *Linch*, or who might have imagined that the Terror of his Crime ought to have made him abandon *Paris*, had taken up too favourable an Idea of this furious *Iriſhman*. Encouraged by his Boldneſs and Obſtinacy, rather than by any proper Meaſures, of which he ought to have made a little Account, he contented himſelf with changing his Lodgings; and he thought of nothing but the Means of gathering the Fruit of his blind Cruelty. All Sorts of Reaſons removing from him the Thoughts of appearing before me, my accidental meeting him the Evening before had in ſome Meaſure embarraſſed him, and I ſatisfied his Deſires as much as my own in paſſing down another Street to avoid him. But the Opportunity of ſeeing me come out of the Convent, where he might eaſily imagine I went every Day, and the Memory he had preſerved of the Situation of the Parlour ſince he had conducted *Roſe* thither in Company with me, raiſed in him a Thought, of which the Execution was but too eaſy for ſuch an Adventurer as he. In waiting till he found proper Openings for his other Deſigns, he reſolved to dive into our's, in procuring himſelf the Means of hearkening to our Diſcourſe. A ſmall Sum ſerved him to corrupt the exterior Servants of the Convent, and under ſuch Pretexts as he was pleaſed to make, he obtained the Liberty of hiding himſelf the next Day in the Parlour, towards the Time that the Cuſtom of the Cloiſter obliged

liged me to make my ordinary Visits. A Screen that stood some Paces from the Grate favoured his Artifice; he was behind it when I arrived, and in a Situation so commodious that he could not lose one Word of our Discourse.

My Heart being full of what I came to acquaint my Sister with, and under no Mistrust of a Place which I took to be a Sanctuary for Secrets, I did not spare to use much Tenderness and Ardour in my Expressions. I did not observe that *Rose* searched in my Eyes for what she had to hope from my last Promises. If all that you have desired, said I, be sufficient to make you happy, nothing now is wanting to compleat your Satisfaction. All Obstacles are over; you are free to love, sure of pleasing, and I require no other Moderation in your Sentiments, than that which you ought to submit to Heaven, from whom you have received at once such an Abundance of Favours. Do not interrupt me, said I, seeing her Joy endeavouring to break out, I publish to you a Happiness which surprises myself, and which merits well to be explained. Your unknown Lover is called the Count *de S*——: His Birth is distinguished, his Estate considerable, and his Love such as his Conduct has already declared to you. He burns with Impatience to see you his, and your Marriage shall be celebrated to-morrow, if Reasons, which we ought to approve of, do not yet oblige us to some Delay. I continued to add all the Testimonies which I thought due to the Merit and Forwardness of the Count; and without blaming the modest Disorder in which every Word seemed to cast *Rose*, I commended her for being sensible to the Love of a Man as amiable as virtuous.

It was my own Gratitude that guided my Tongue. If one should represent to himself the Tone of a Discourse animated by a Motive so tender, and the Answers of *Rose*, who forthwith opened to me her Heart with that Trust which she reposed in a Brother, whom she found a Confident as well as a Friend, one may without Difficulty conceive, that not only a single Expression could not escape my Lord *Linch*, but that in the Progress of a Discourse so animated, the just Complaints

Complaints we made of his Barbarity were renewed more than once with as much Bitterneſs as Heat. He devoured them all. His Curioſity ſtronger than his Reſentment inflamed him according to the Meaſures in which I communicated my Reſolutions to my Siſter. At length, I acquainted her with the Project I had formed with the Count. He did not loſe the leaſt Circumſtance of it : And the Means by which I flattered myſelf I ſhould avoid his Perſecutions, became as it were the Plan upon which he formed his own Deſigns. I gave Notice to *Roſe* to hold herſelf in Readineſs to be gone the next Evening in a Coach of her Lover's. With the Precautions I have taken, ſaid I, do not apprehend any thing from your Perſecutor. He is ignorant even of the Road we ſhall take to get out of his Way ; and from the Deſcription the Count has made me of his Country-Houſe, I promiſe you there as much Tranquillity as Pleaſure. The furious *Linch* will without Doubt go over to look for you in *Ireland*; but he will ſome Time or other give me Thanks for his Error, if it happens to help to ſave him here from Puniſhment. You ſhall not ſee me again, added I, till to-morrow towards Evening. Do not mention what I have told you to any Perſon living, and only diſpoſe your Companions ſo as to take leave of them without Surpriſe. I left *Roſe* ſo much contented with this Diſcourſe, that I carried away with me a lively Impreſſion of her Joy ; and every thing I did had ſome Reliſh of it until the Hour I had promiſed to rejoin her.

The End of the Firſt Volume.

5 AP 66

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